fangirl

Based on the bestselling novel by

RAINBOW ROWELL

4

Adapted by

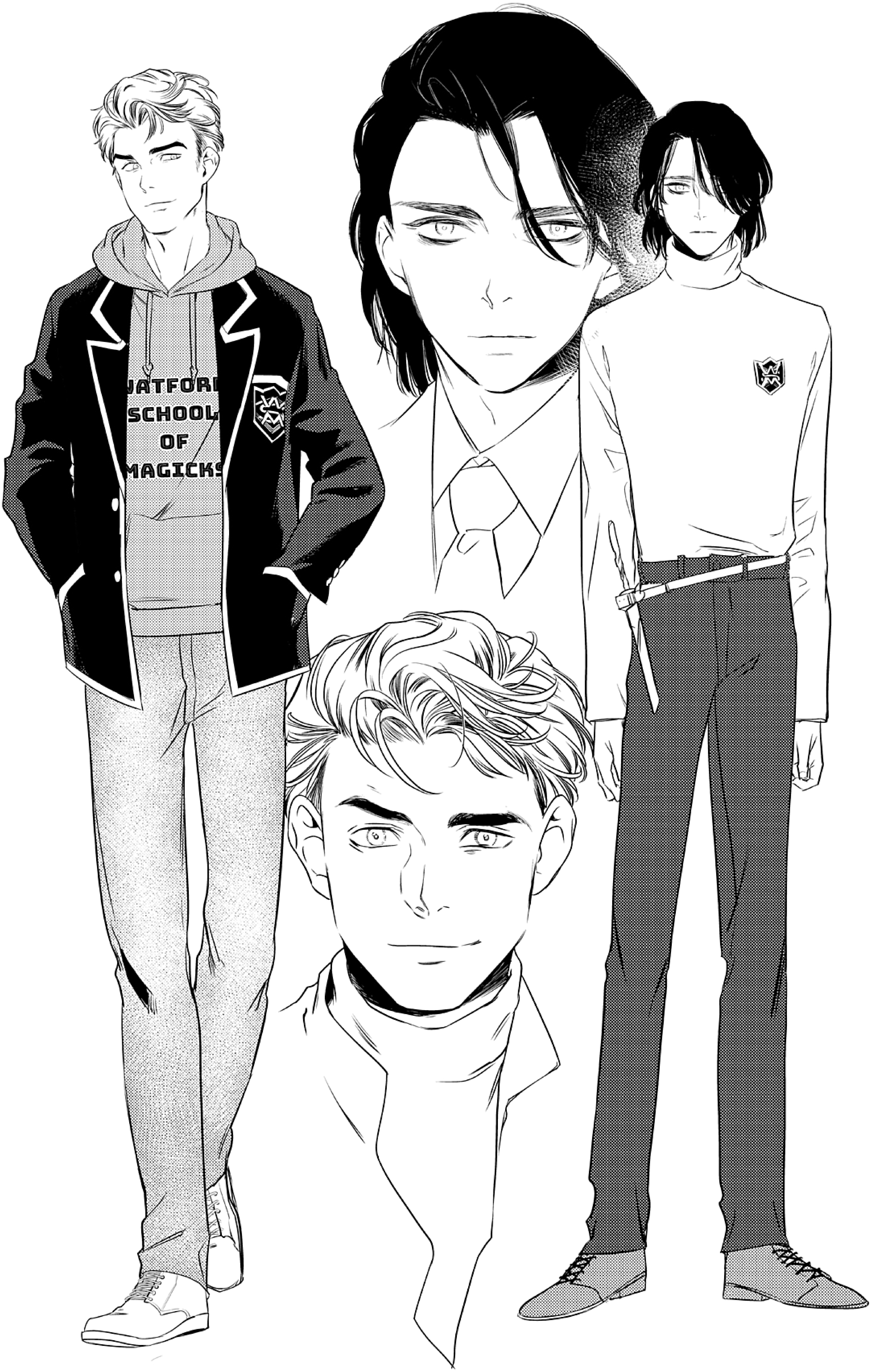
RAINBOW ROWELL

Illustrated by

GABI NAM

fangirl

4


WATFORD
SCHOOL
OF
MAGICKS

fangirl

Based on the
bestselling novel by

RAINBOW
ROWELL

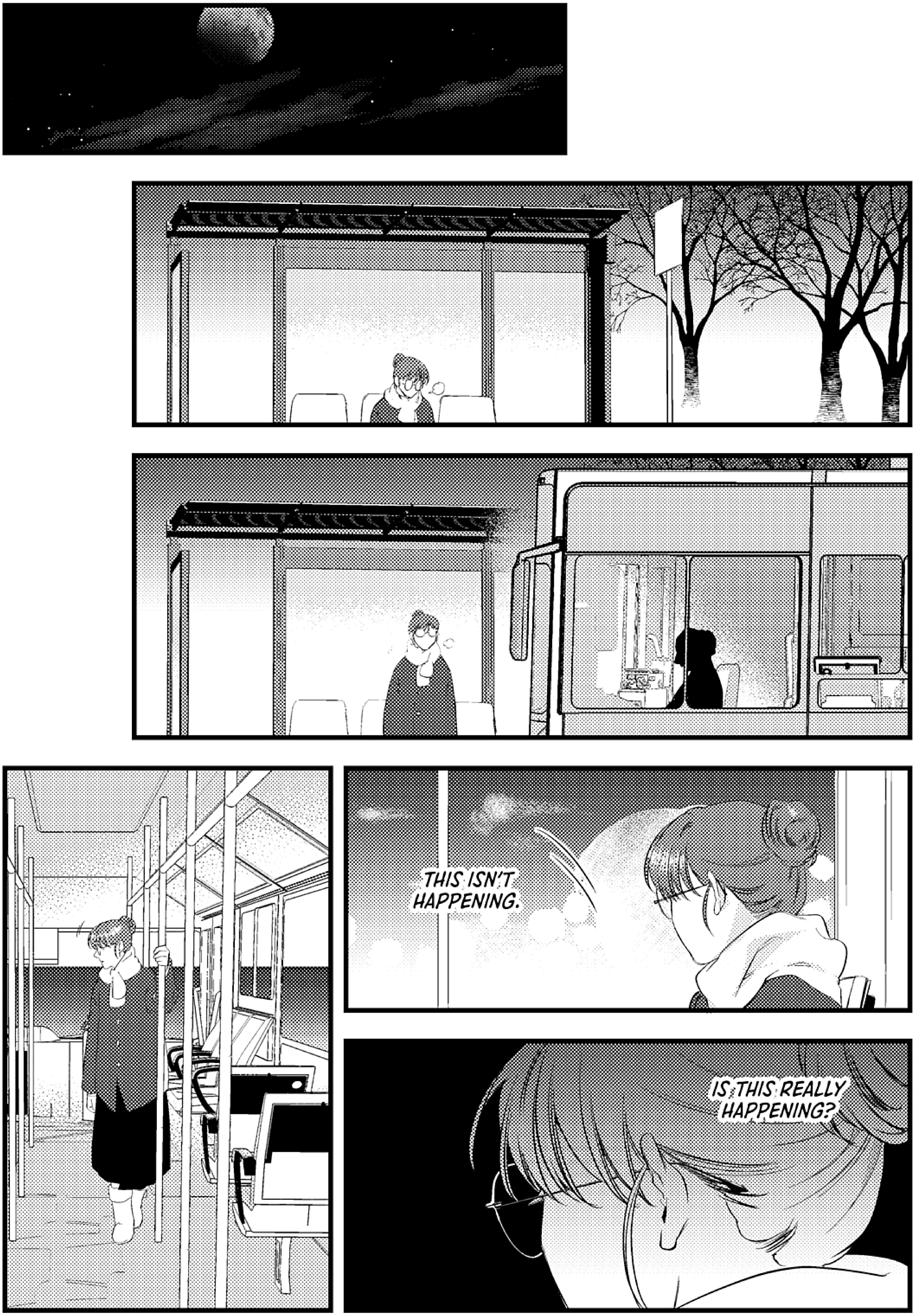
4

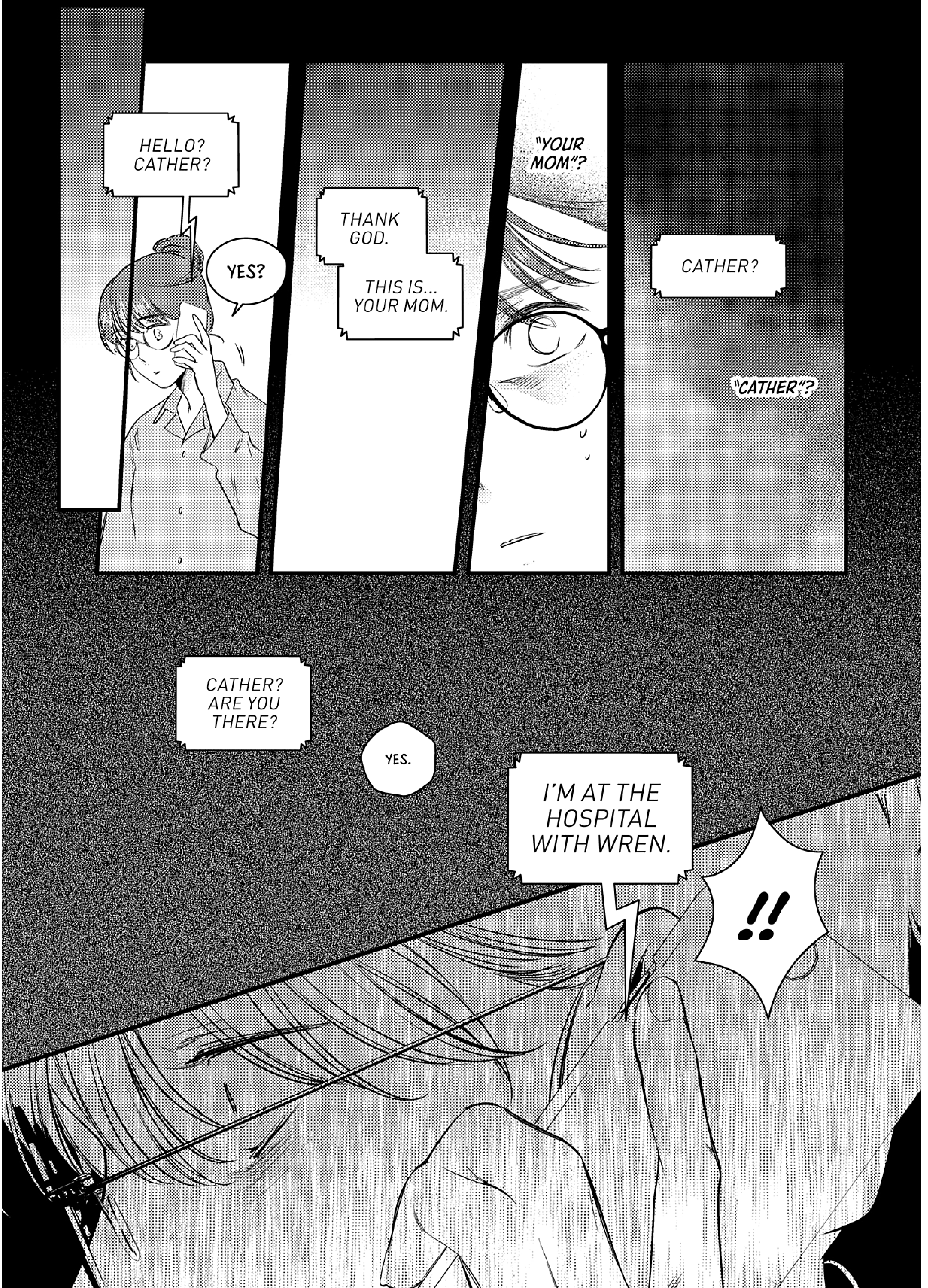
Adapted by
RAINBOW ROWELL

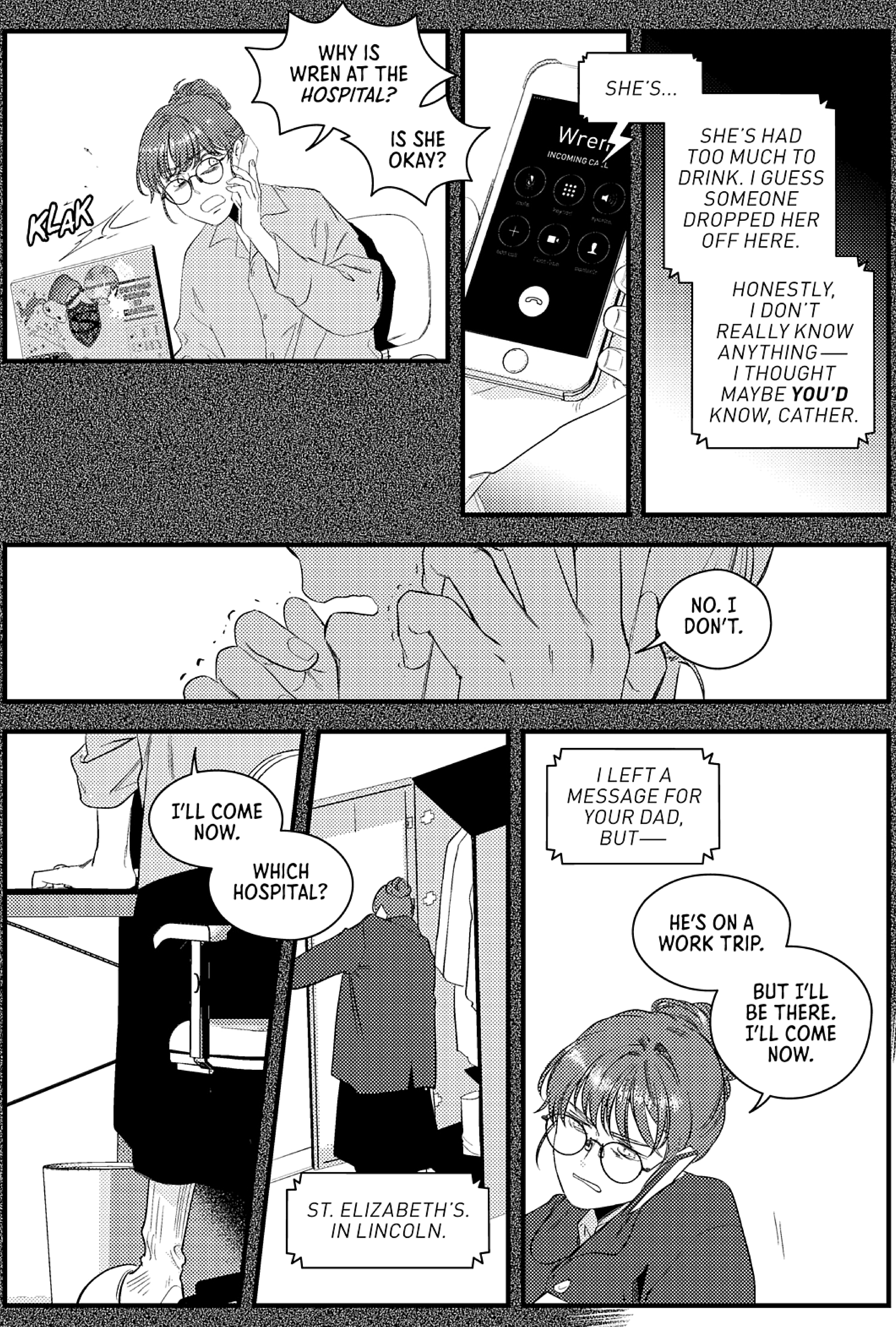
Illustrated by
GABI NAM

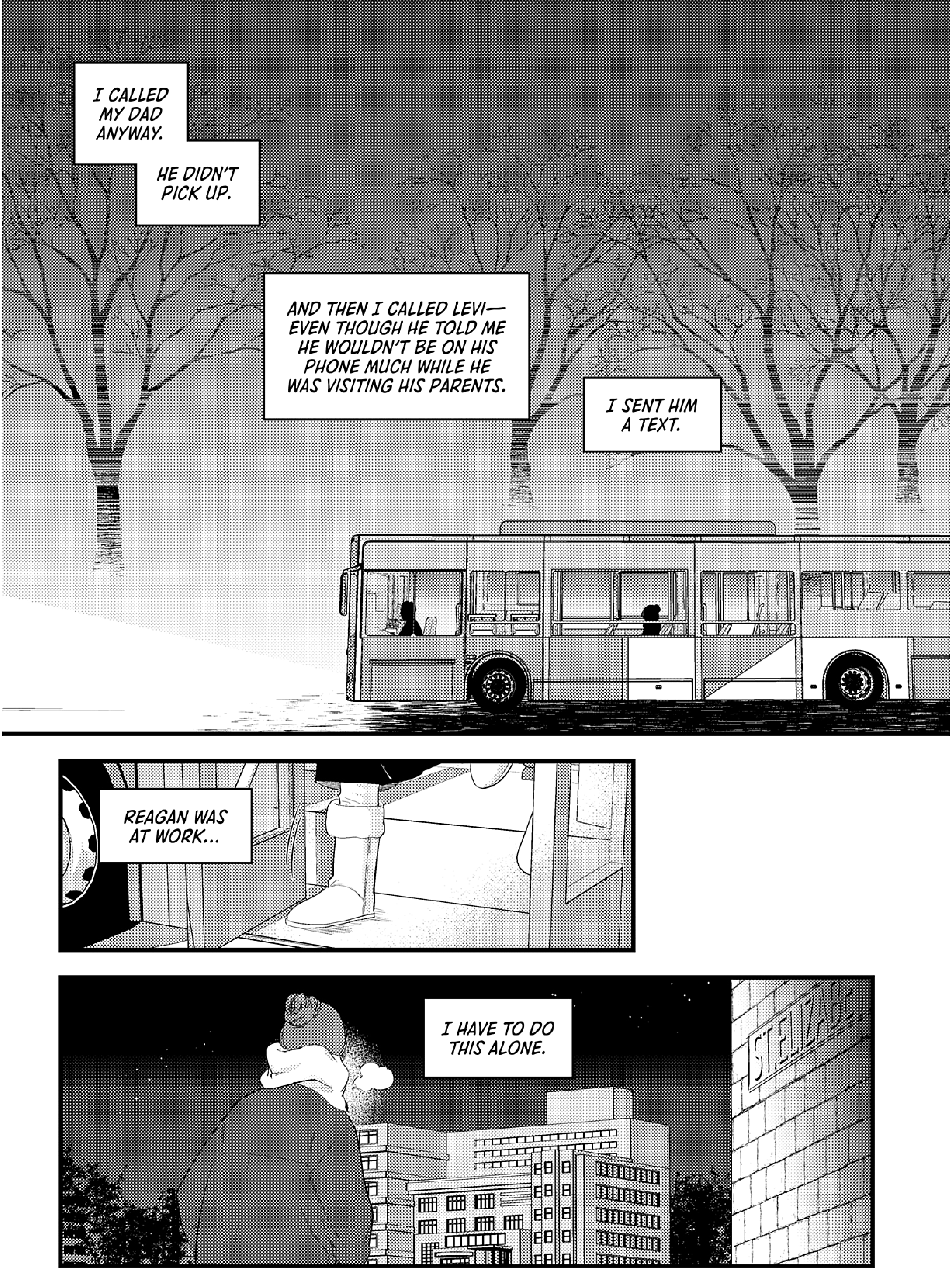
VIZ ORIGINALS

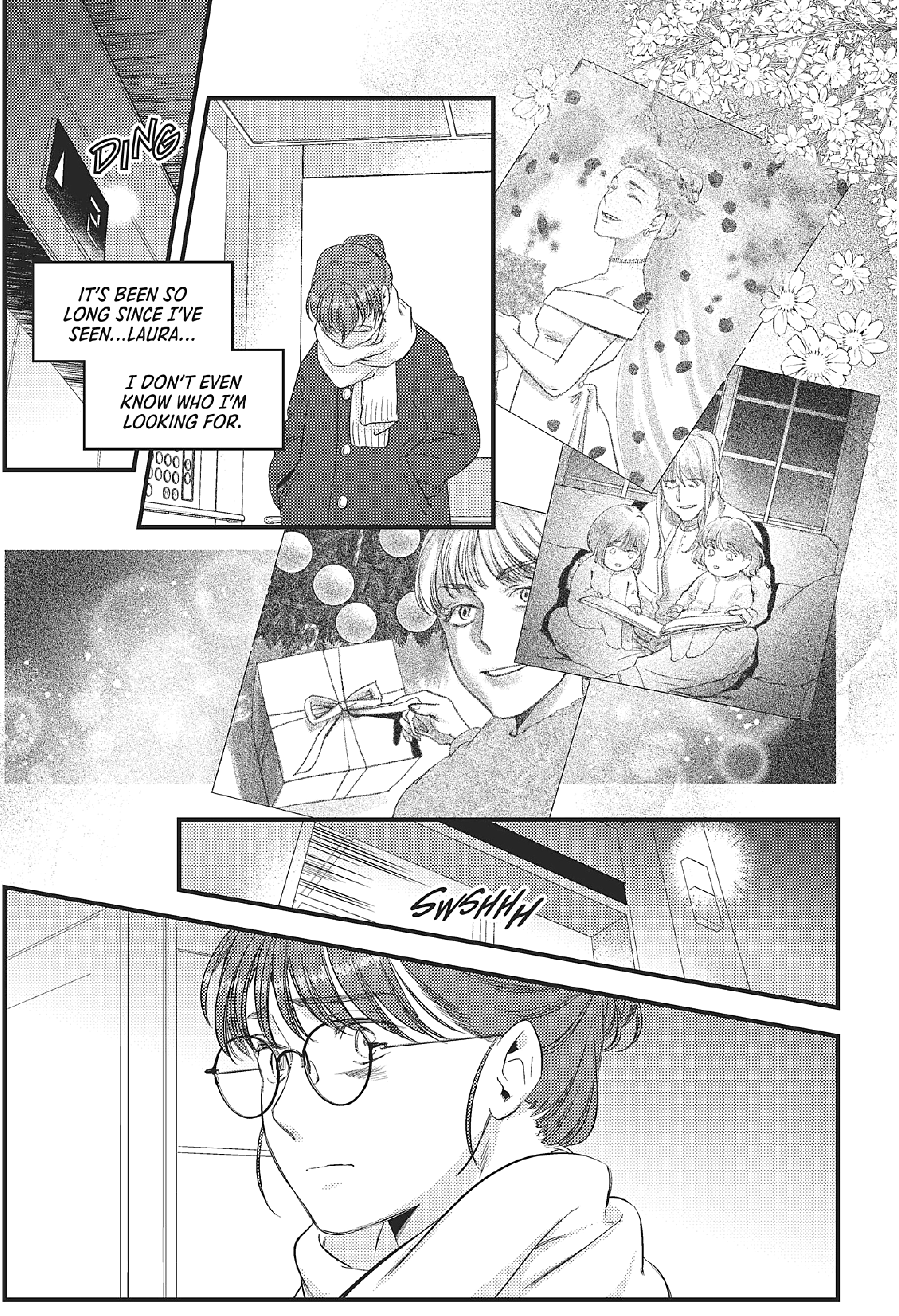
fangirl

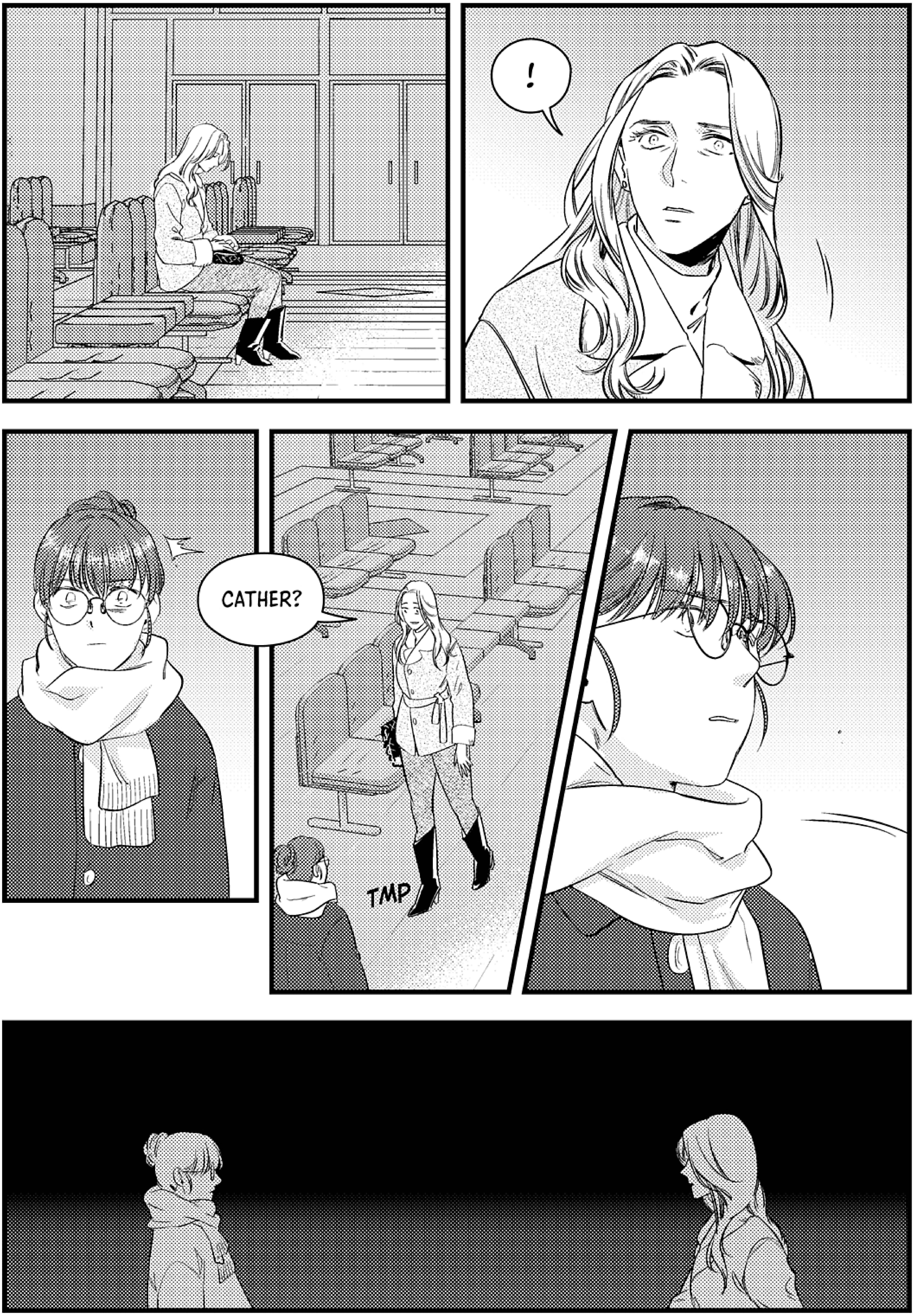

THIS ISN'T HAPPENING.
IS THIS REALLY HAPPENING?

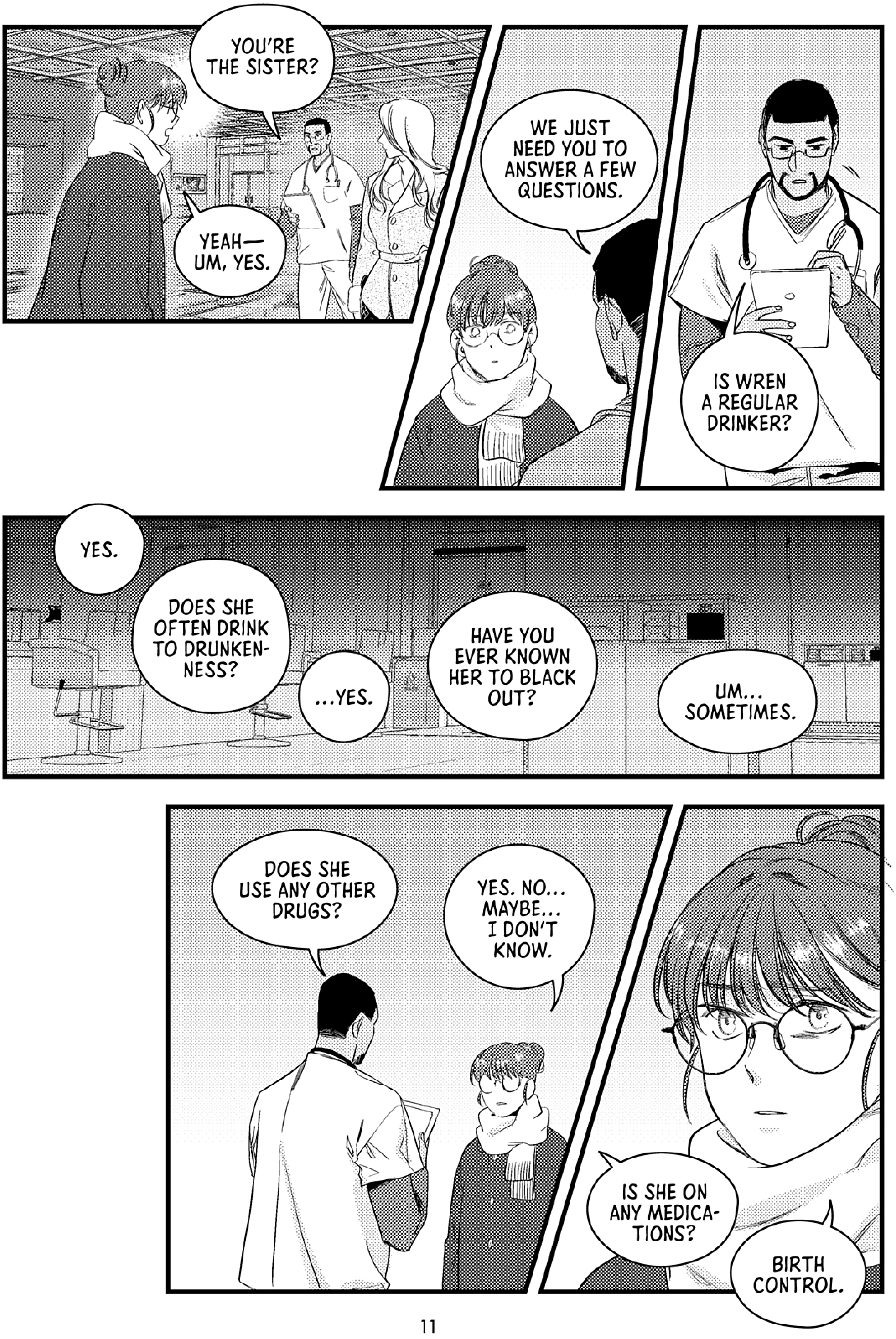

HELLO? CATHER?
YES?
THANK GOD.
THIS IS... YOUR MOM.
"YOUR MOM"?
CATHER?
"CATHER"?
CATHER? ARE YOU THERE?
YES.
I'M AT THE HOSPITAL WITH WREN.
!!

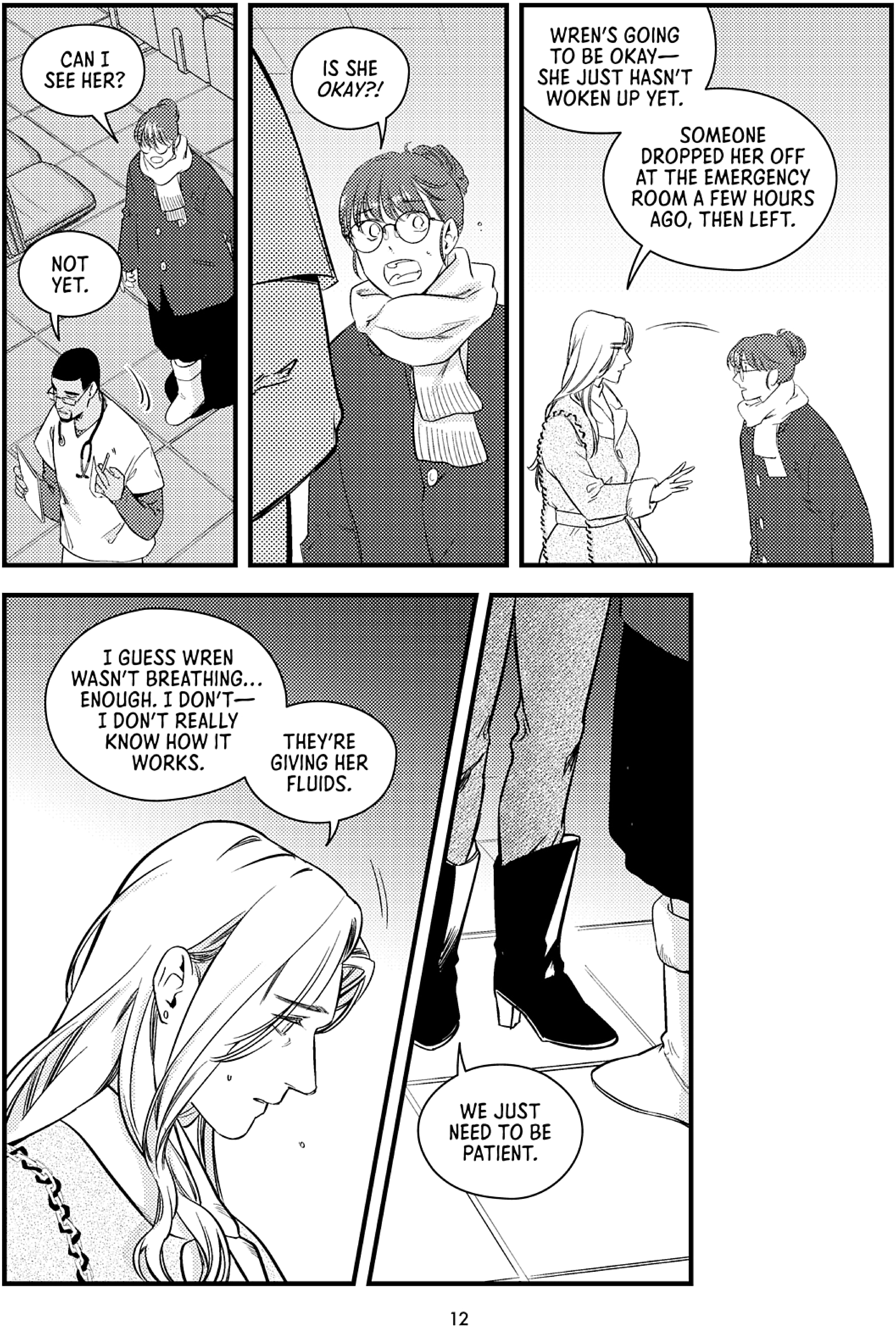

WHY IS WREN AT THE *HOSPITAL?*
IS SHE OKAY?
KLAK
Wren
INCOMING CALL
SHE'S...
SHE'S HAD TOO MUCH TO DRINK. I GUESS SOMEONE DROPPED HER OFF HERE.
HONESTLY, I DON'T REALLY KNOW ANYTHING— I THOUGHT MAYBE ***YOU'D*** *KNOW, CATHER.*
NO. I DON'T.
I'LL COME NOW.
WHICH HOSPITAL?
ST. ELIZABETH'S. IN LINCOLN.
I LEFT A MESSAGE FOR YOUR DAD, BUT—
HE'S ON A WORK TRIP.
BUT I'LL BE THERE. I'LL COME NOW.

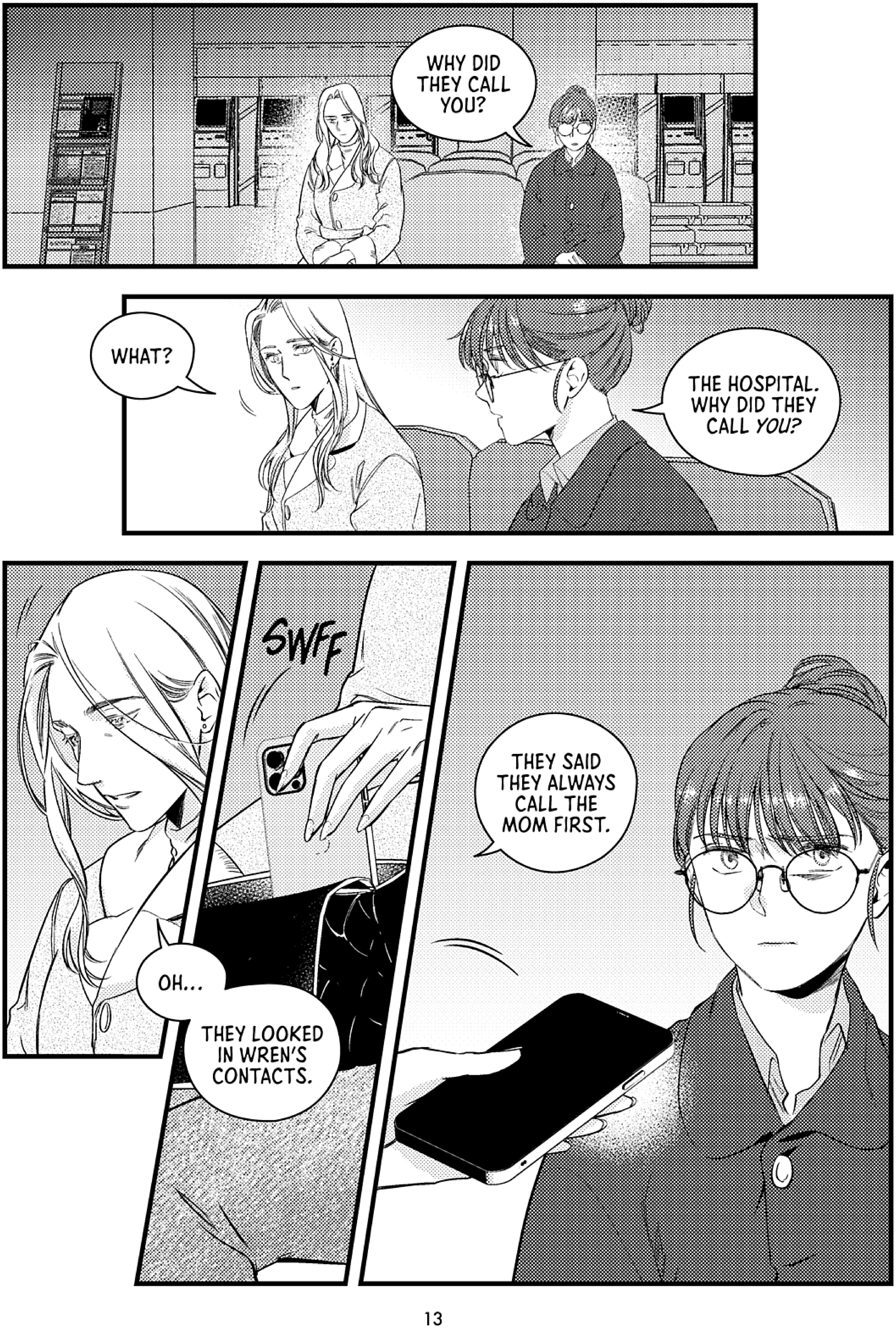

I CALLED MY DAD ANYWAY.
HE DIDN'T PICK UP.
AND THEN I CALLED LEVI—EVEN THOUGH HE TOLD ME HE WOULDN'T BE ON HIS PHONE MUCH WHILE HE WAS VISITING HIS PARENTS.
I SENT HIM A TEXT.
REAGAN WAS AT WORK...
I HAVE TO DO THIS ALONE.
ST.ELIZABE

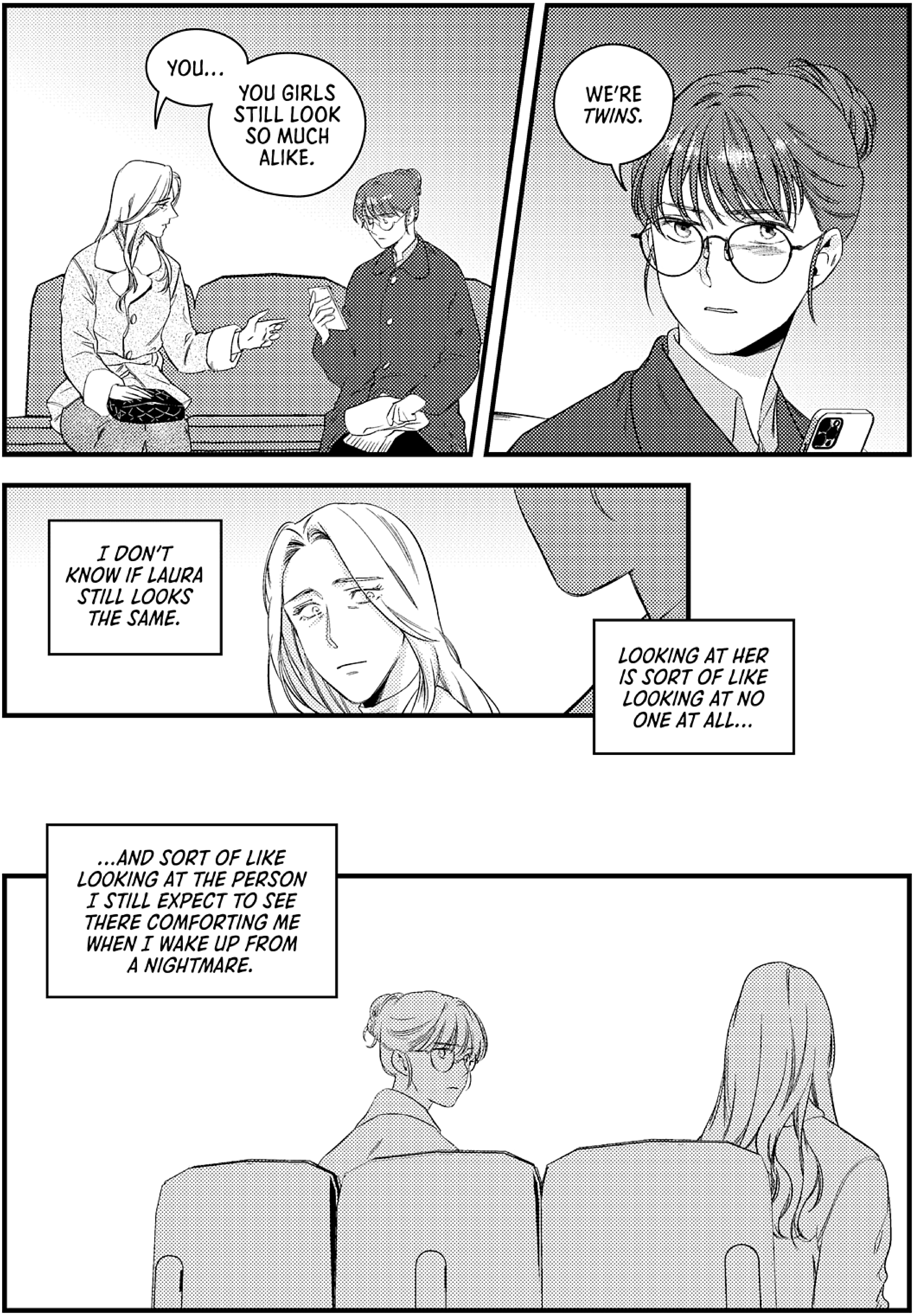

DING
IT'S BEEN SO LONG SINCE I'VE SEEN...LAURA...
I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHO I'M LOOKING FOR.
SWSHHH

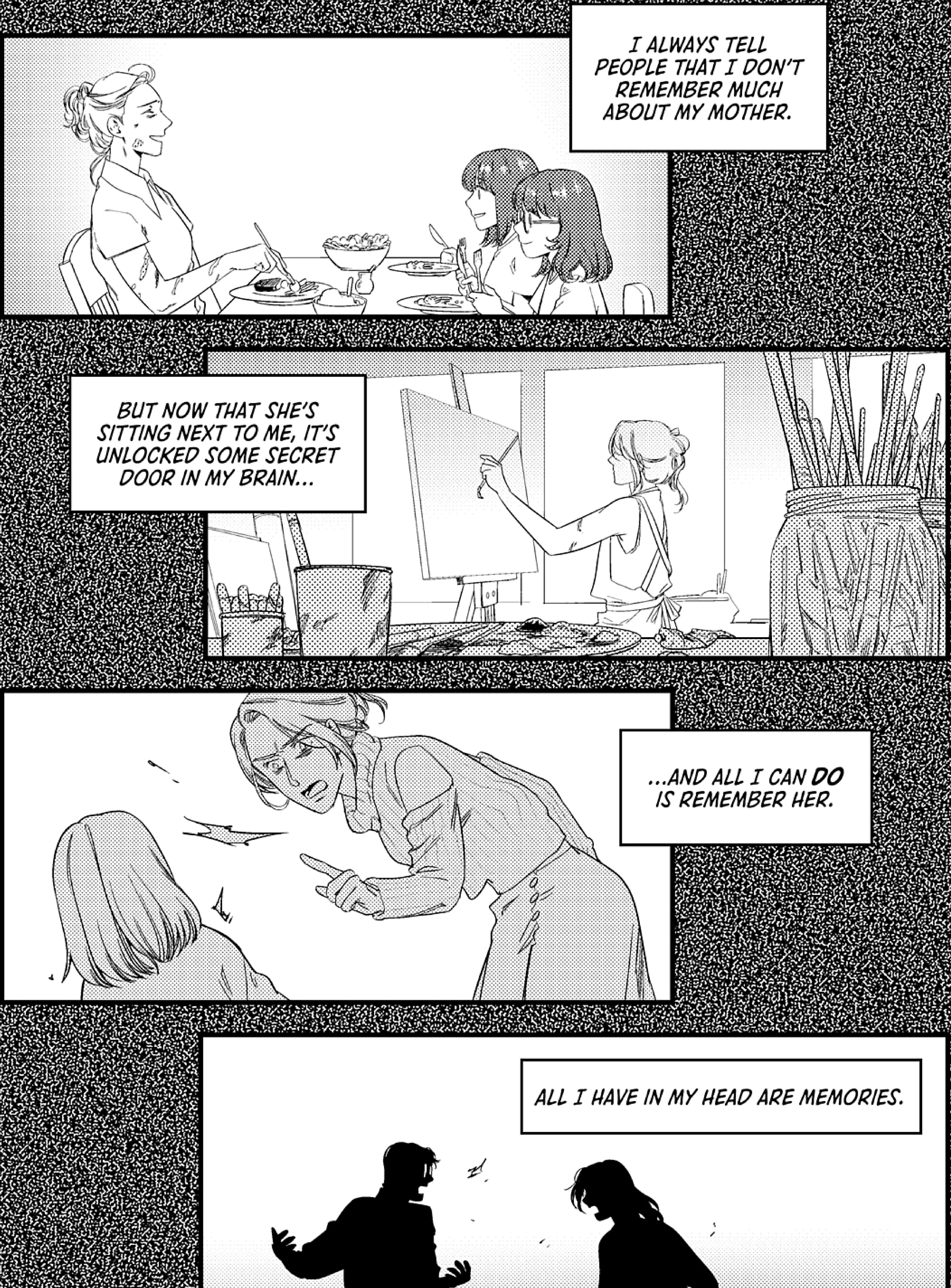

!
CATHER?
TMP

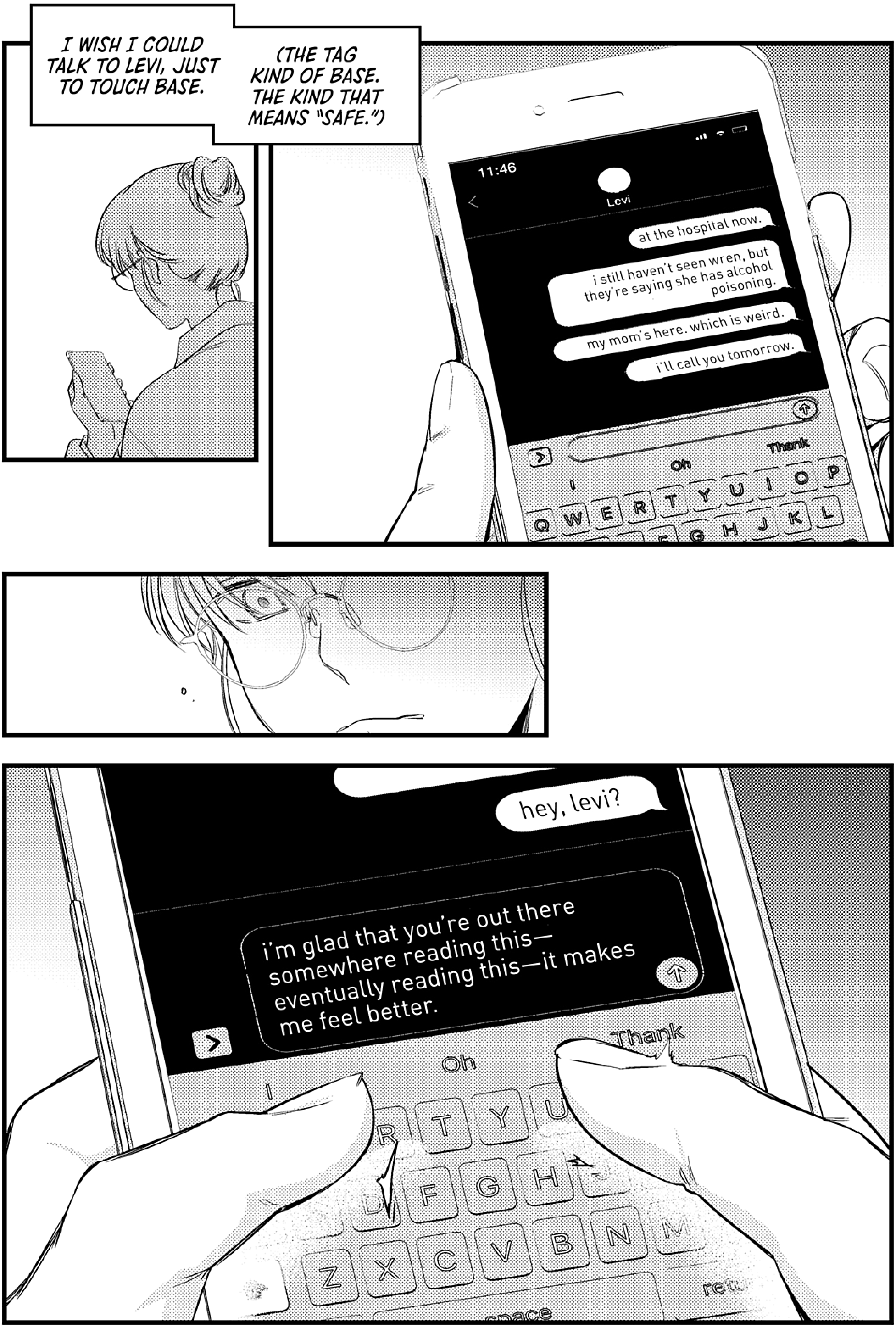

YOU'RE THE SISTER?
YEAH— UM, YES.
WE JUST NEED YOU TO ANSWER A FEW QUESTIONS.
IS WREN A REGULAR DRINKER?
YES.
DOES SHE OFTEN DRINK TO DRUNKENNESS?
...YES.
HAVE YOU EVER KNOWN HER TO BLACK OUT?
UM... SOMETIMES.
DOES SHE USE ANY OTHER DRUGS?
YES. NO... MAYBE... I DON'T KNOW.
IS SHE ON ANY MEDICATIONS?
BIRTH CONTROL.


CAN I SEE HER?
NOT YET.
IS SHE *OKAY?!*
WREN'S GOING TO BE OKAY— SHE JUST HASN'T WOKEN UP YET.
SOMEONE DROPPED HER OFF AT THE EMERGENCY ROOM A FEW HOURS AGO, THEN LEFT.
I GUESS WREN WASN'T BREATHING... ENOUGH. I DON'T— I DON'T REALLY KNOW HOW IT WORKS.
THEY'RE GIVING HER FLUIDS.
WE JUST NEED TO BE PATIENT.


WHY DID THEY CALL YOU?
WHAT?
THE HOSPITAL. WHY DID THEY CALL *YOU?*
SWFF
THEY SAID THEY ALWAYS CALL THE MOM FIRST.
OH...
THEY LOOKED IN WREN'S CONTACTS.


YOU...
YOU GIRLS STILL LOOK SO MUCH ALIKE.
WE'RE *TWINS.*
I DON'T KNOW IF LAURA STILL LOOKS THE SAME.
LOOKING AT HER IS SORT OF LIKE LOOKING AT NO ONE AT ALL...
...AND SORT OF LIKE LOOKING AT THE PERSON I STILL EXPECT TO SEE THERE COMFORTING ME WHEN I WAKE UP FROM A NIGHTMARE.


I ALWAYS TELL PEOPLE THAT I DON'T REMEMBER MUCH ABOUT MY MOTHER.
BUT NOW THAT SHE'S SITTING NEXT TO ME, IT'S UNLOCKED SOME SECRET DOOR IN MY BRAIN...
...AND ALL I CAN **DO** IS REMEMBER HER.
ALL I HAVE IN MY HEAD ARE MEMORIES.


I WISH I COULD TALK TO LEVI, JUST TO TOUCH BASE.
(THE TAG KIND OF BASE. THE KIND THAT MEANS "SAFE.")
11:46
Levi

at the hospital now.

i still haven't seen wren, but they're saying she has alcohol poisoning.

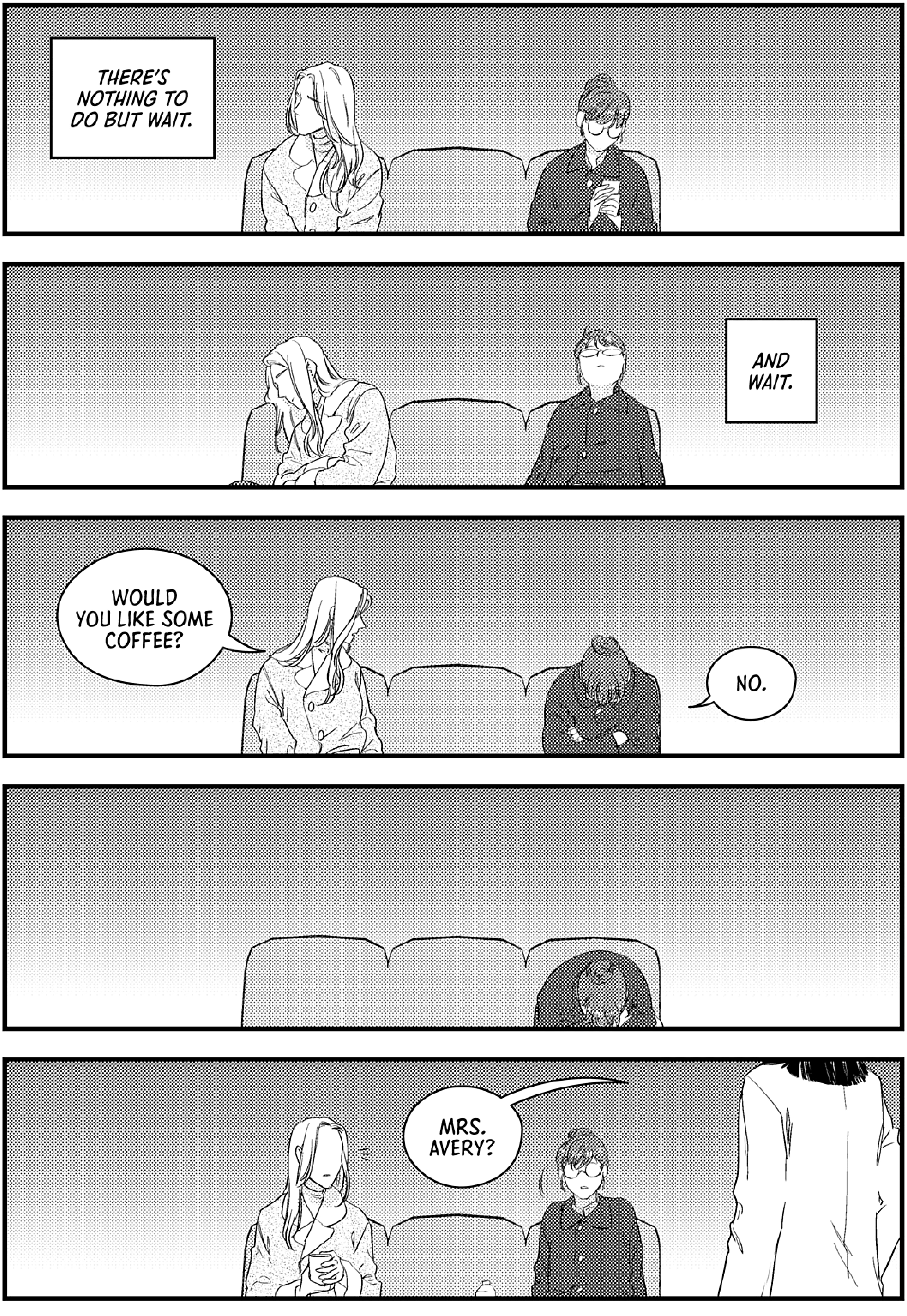
my mom's here. which is weird.

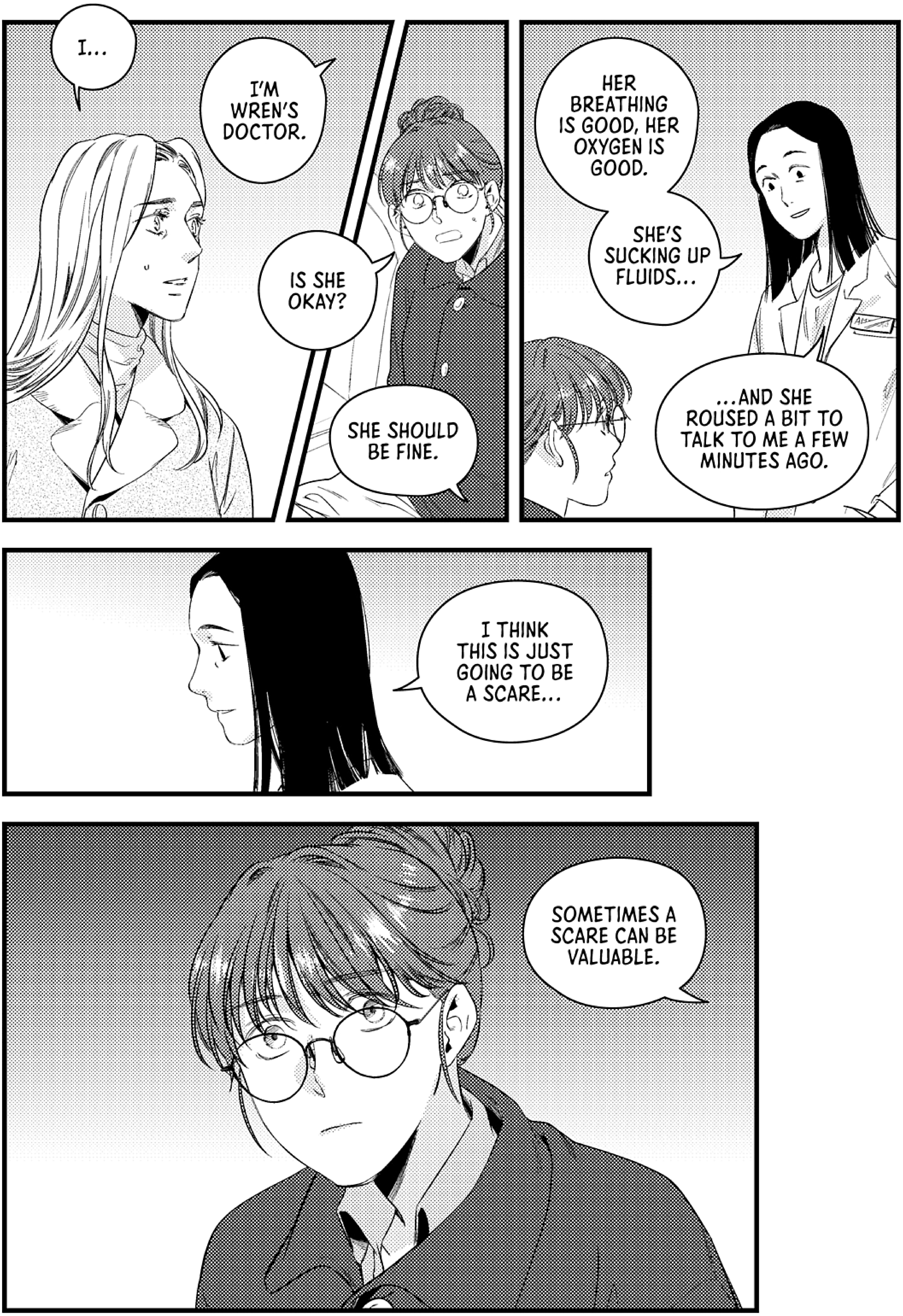
i'll call you tomorrow.

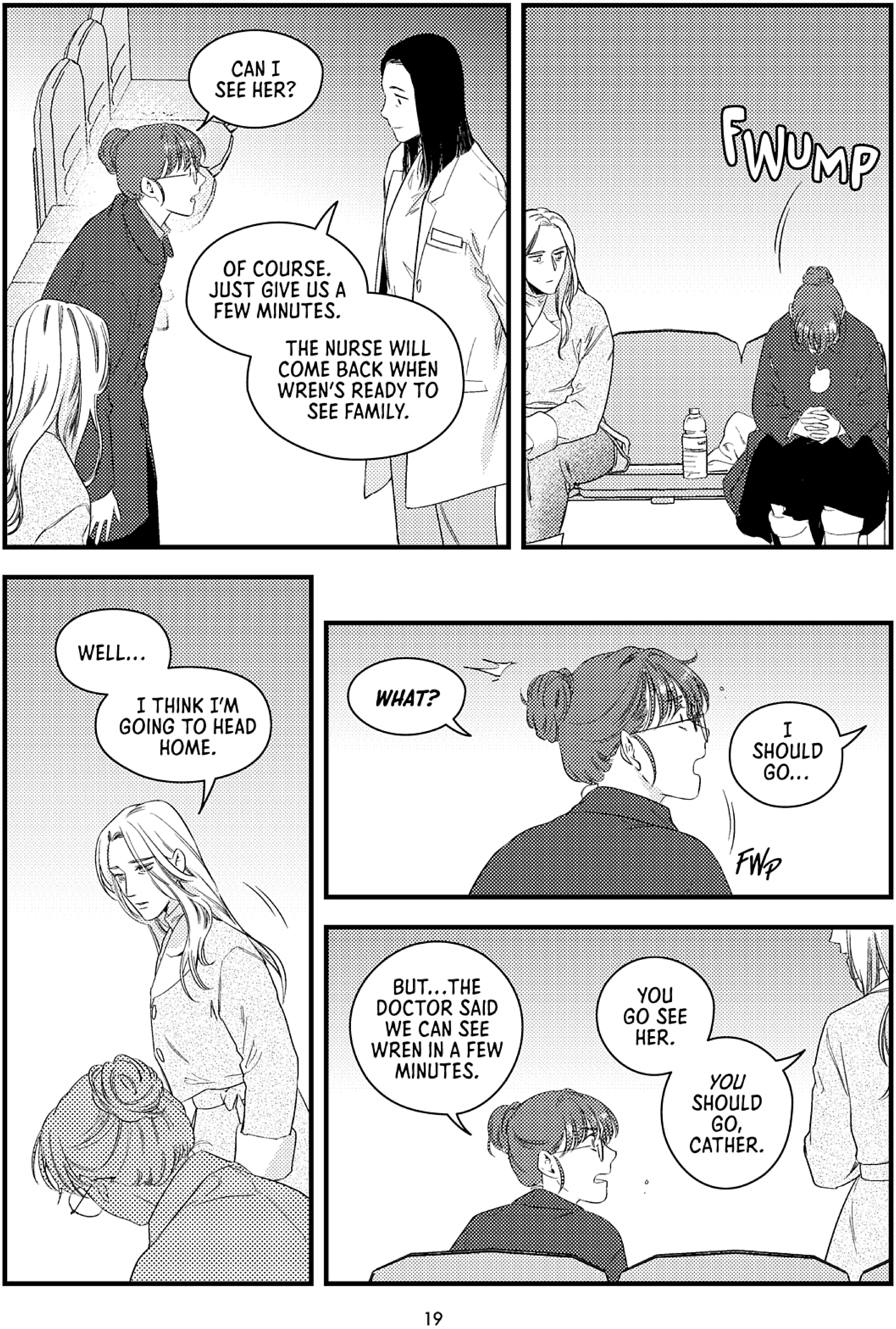
Thank
Oh
I
Q W E R T Y U I O P
A S D F G H J K L
Z X C V B N M
return
space

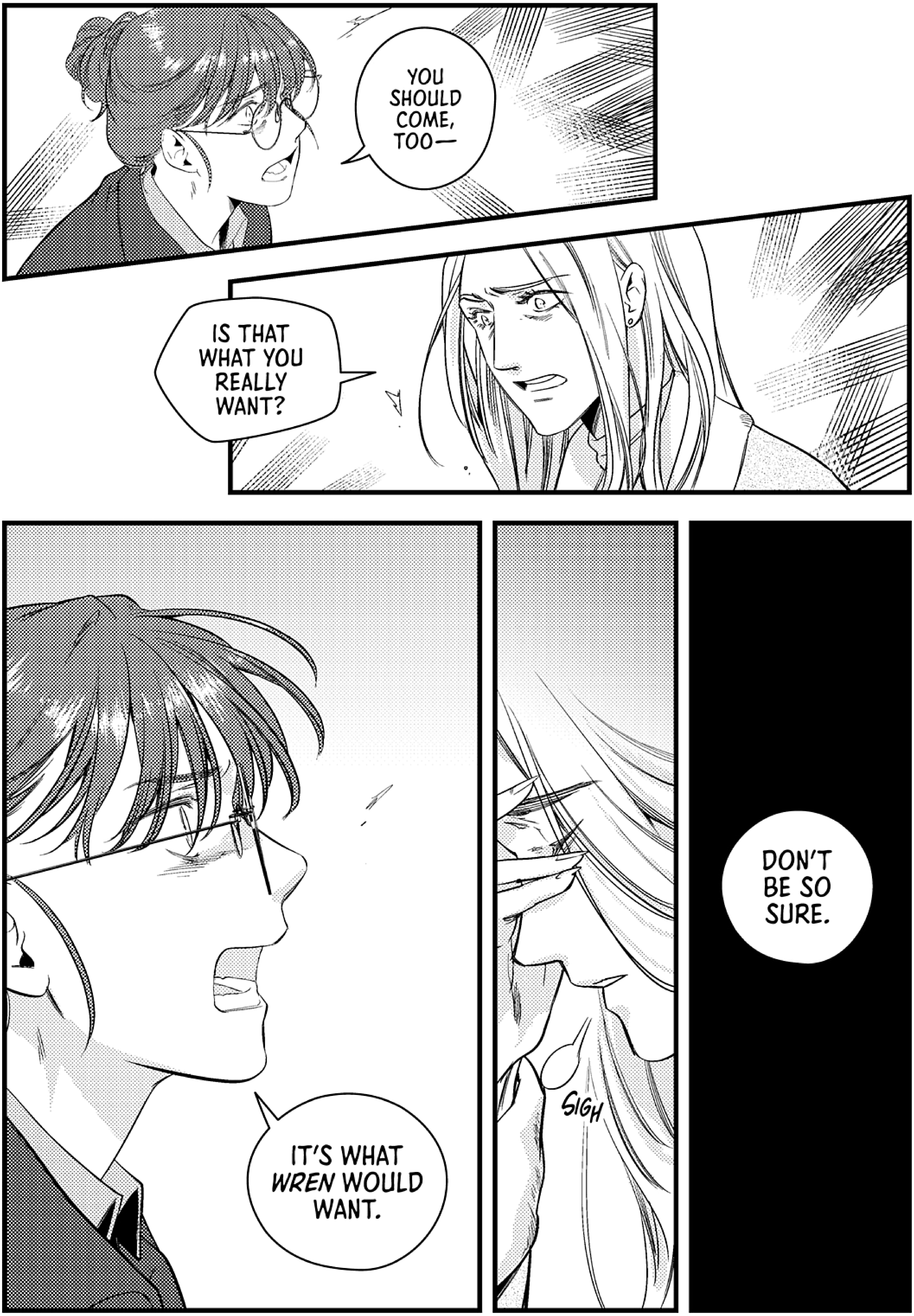
hey, levi?

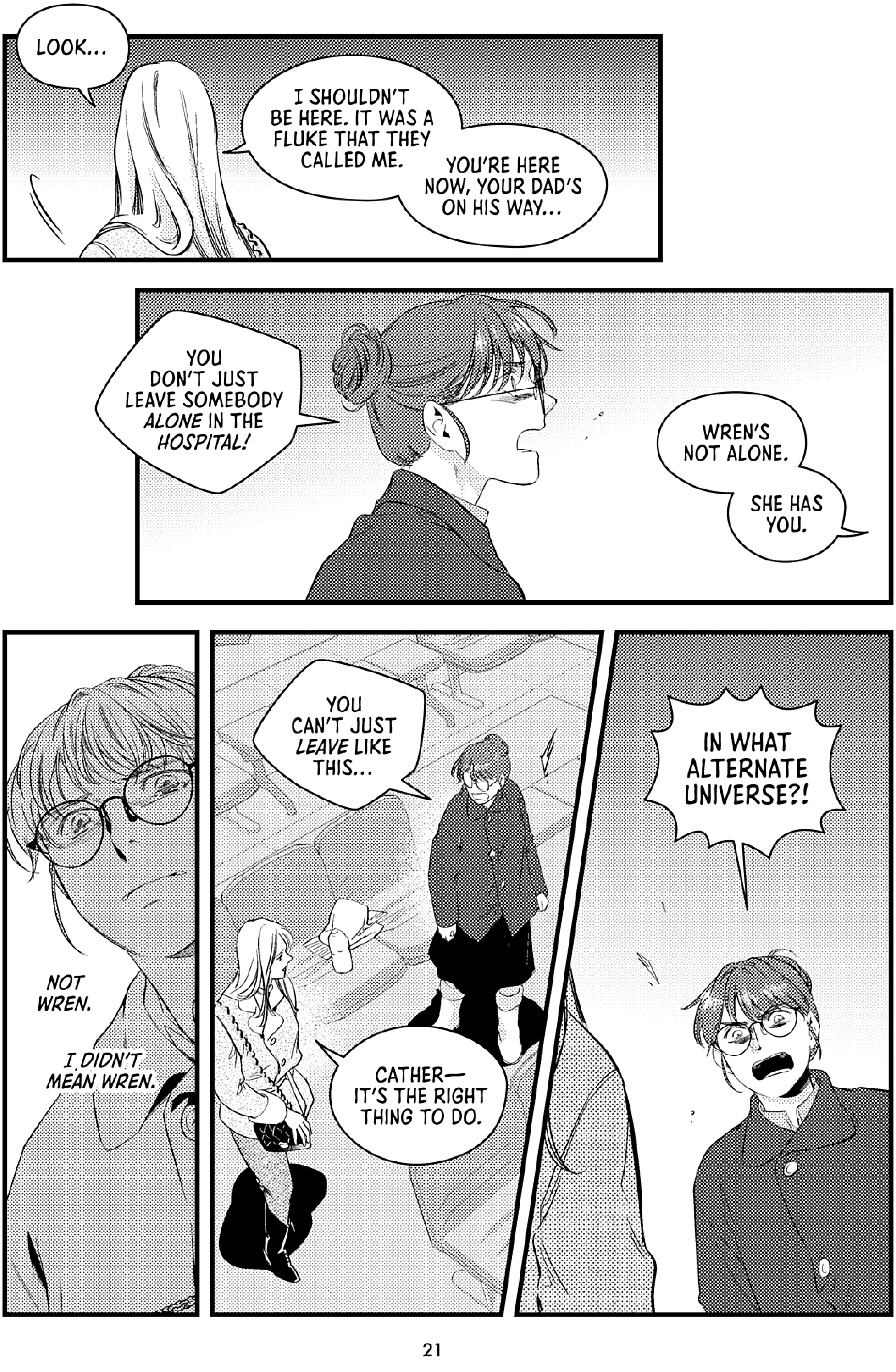
i'm glad that you're out there somewhere reading this—eventually reading this—it makes me feel better.

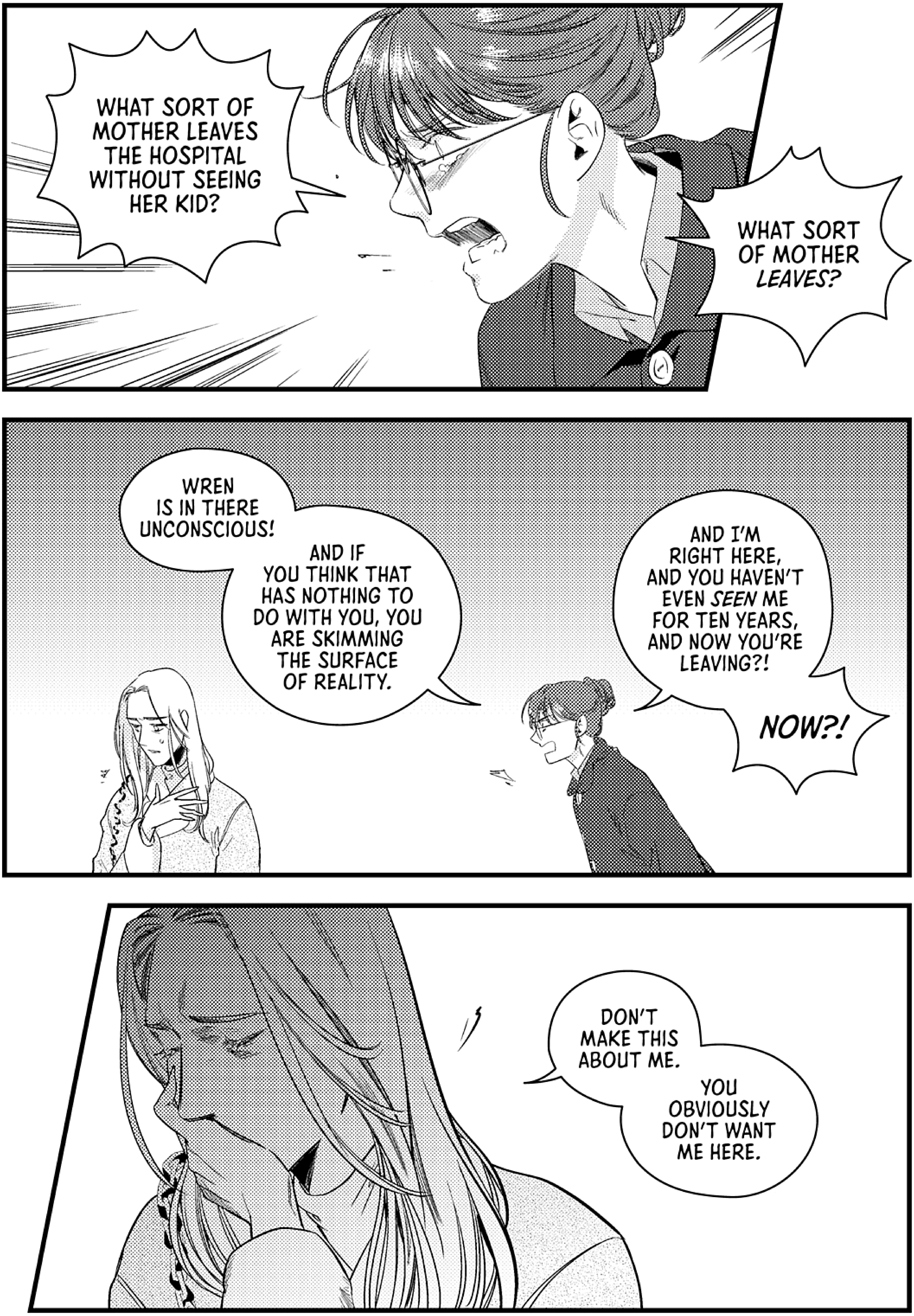

THERE'S NOTHING TO DO BUT WAIT.
AND WAIT.
WOULD YOU LIKE SOME COFFEE?
NO.
MRS. AVERY?

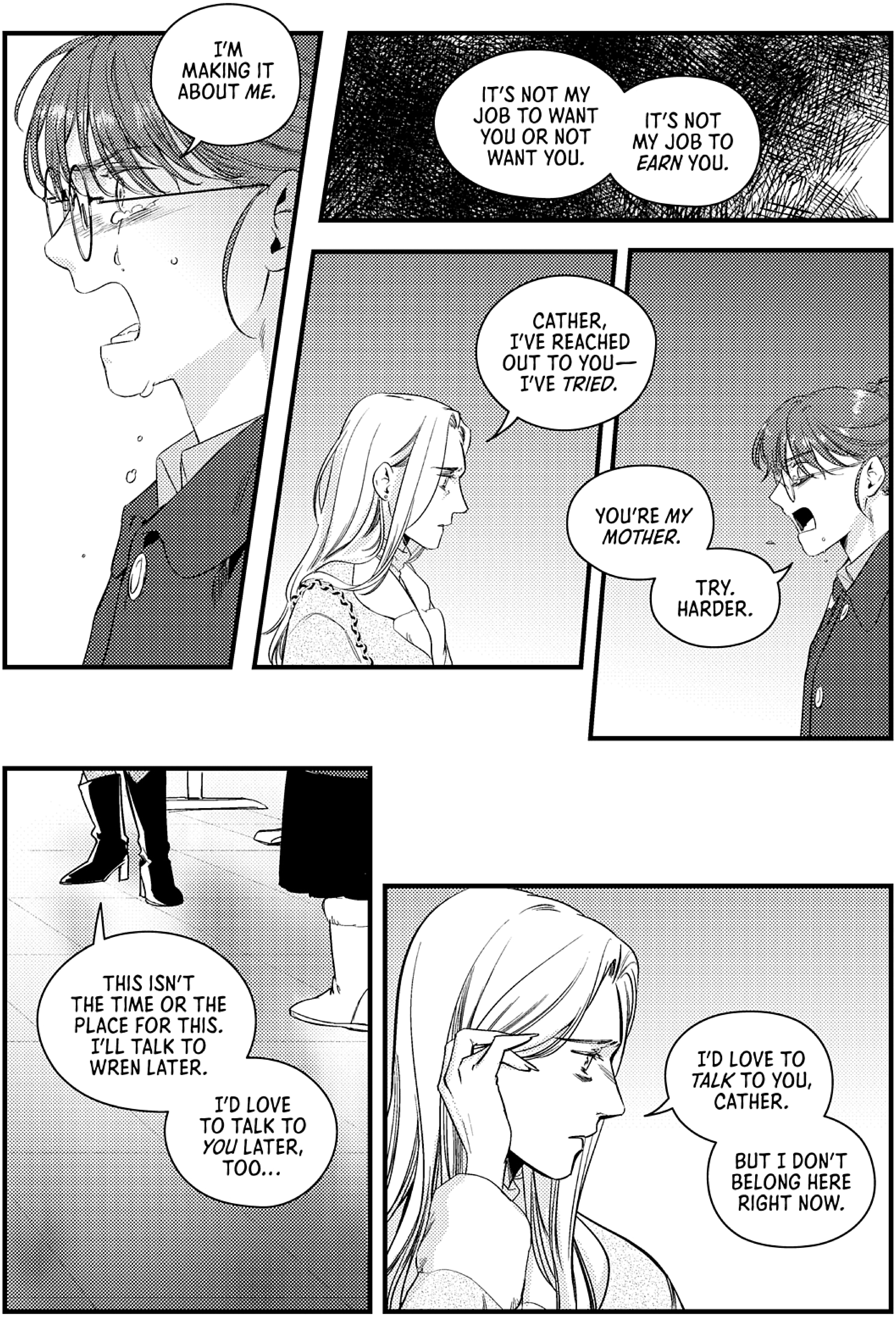

I...
I'M WREN'S DOCTOR.
IS SHE OKAY?
SHE SHOULD BE FINE.
HER BREATHING IS GOOD, HER OXYGEN IS GOOD.
SHE'S SUCKING UP FLUIDS...
...AND SHE ROUSED A BIT TO TALK TO ME A FEW MINUTES AGO.
I THINK THIS IS JUST GOING TO BE A SCARE...
SOMETIMES A SCARE CAN BE VALUABLE.

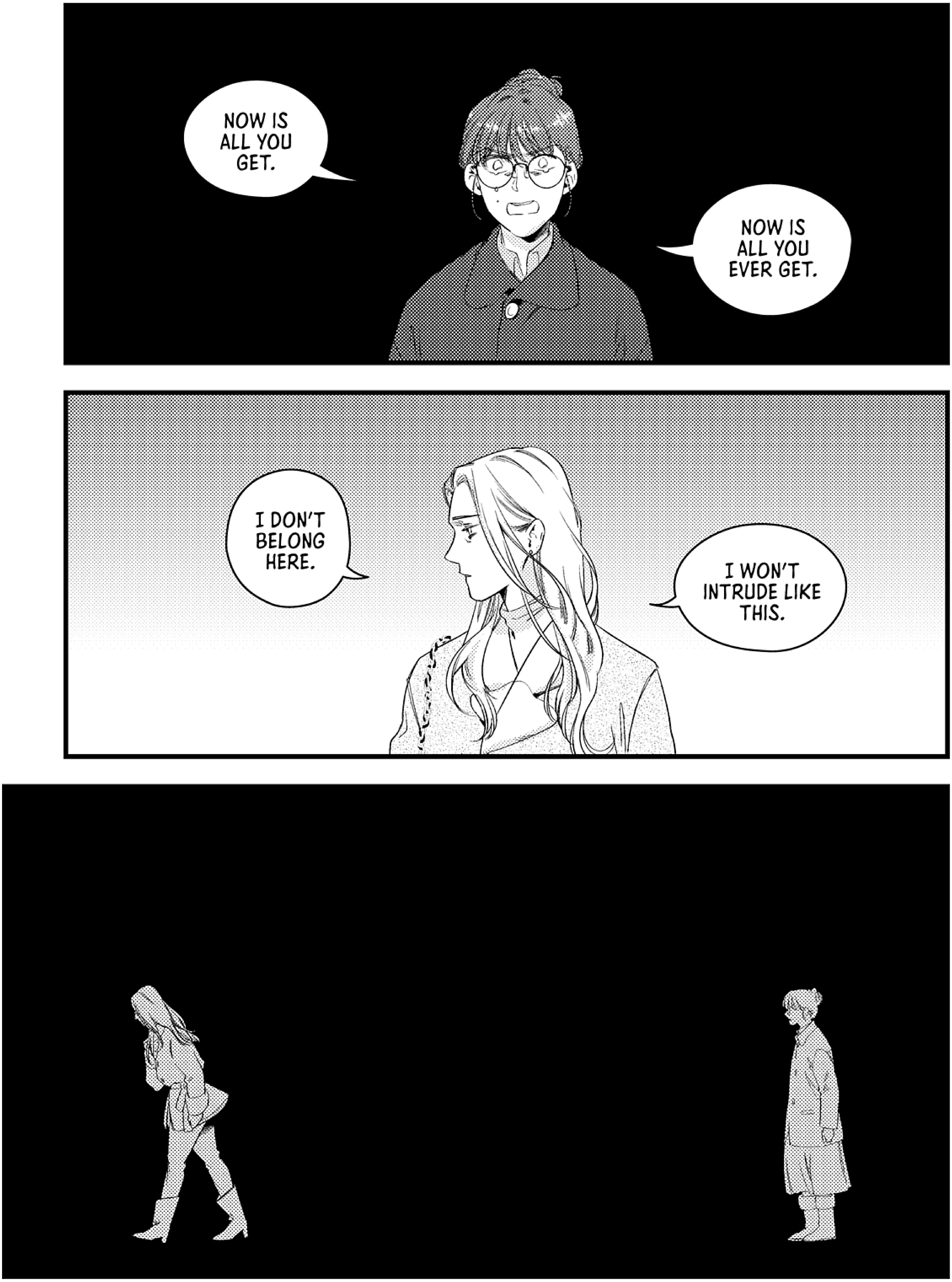

CAN I SEE HER?
OF COURSE. JUST GIVE US A FEW MINUTES.
THE NURSE WILL COME BACK WHEN WREN'S READY TO SEE FAMILY.
FWUMP
WELL...
I THINK I'M GOING TO HEAD HOME.
WHAT?
I SHOULD GO...
FWP
BUT...THE DOCTOR SAID WE CAN SEE WREN IN A FEW MINUTES.
YOU GO SEE HER.
YOU SHOULD GO, CATHER.


YOU SHOULD COME, TOO—
IS THAT WHAT YOU REALLY WANT?
IT'S WHAT *WREN* WOULD WANT.
SIGH
DON'T BE SO SURE.


LOOK...
I SHOULDN'T BE HERE. IT WAS A FLUKE THAT THEY CALLED ME.
YOU'RE HERE NOW, YOUR DAD'S ON HIS WAY...
YOU DON'T JUST LEAVE SOMEBODY *ALONE* IN THE *HOSPITAL!*
WREN'S NOT ALONE.
SHE HAS YOU.
NOT WREN.
I DIDN'T MEAN WREN.
YOU CAN'T JUST *LEAVE* LIKE THIS...
CATHER— IT'S THE RIGHT THING TO DO.
IN WHAT ALTERNATE UNIVERSE?!


WHAT SORT OF MOTHER LEAVES THE HOSPITAL WITHOUT SEEING HER KID?
WHAT SORT OF MOTHER *LEAVES?*
WREN IS IN THERE UNCONSCIOUS!
AND IF YOU THINK THAT HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH YOU, YOU ARE SKIMMING THE SURFACE OF REALITY.
AND I'M RIGHT HERE, AND YOU HAVEN'T EVEN *SEEN* ME FOR TEN YEARS, AND NOW YOU'RE LEAVING?!
NOW?!
DON'T MAKE THIS ABOUT ME.
YOU OBVIOUSLY DON'T WANT ME HERE.


I'M MAKING IT ABOUT *ME.*
IT'S NOT MY JOB TO WANT YOU OR NOT WANT YOU.
IT'S NOT MY JOB TO *EARN* YOU.
CATHER, I'VE REACHED OUT TO YOU— I'VE *TRIED.*
YOU'RE *MY MOTHER.*
TRY. HARDER.
THIS ISN'T THE TIME OR THE PLACE FOR THIS. I'LL TALK TO WREN LATER.
I'D LOVE TO TALK TO *YOU* LATER, TOO...
I'D LOVE TO *TALK* TO YOU, CATHER.
BUT I DON'T BELONG HERE RIGHT NOW.


NOW IS ALL YOU GET.
NOW IS ALL YOU EVER GET.
I DON'T BELONG HERE.
I WON'T INTRUDE LIKE THIS.

From *Simon Snow and the Seventh Oak*

Chapter 23

Copyright © Gemma T. Leslie

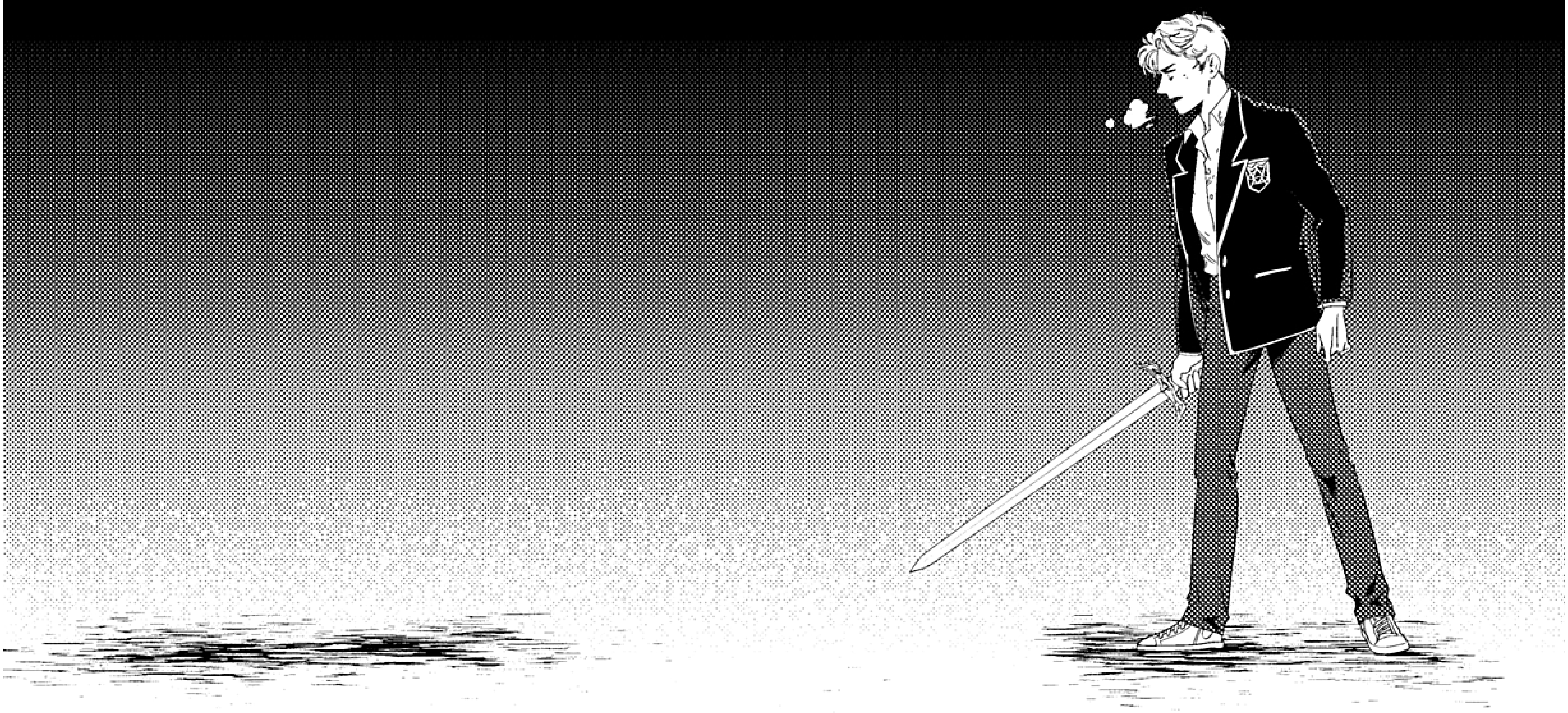
He'd have to tell the
Mage what he saw.

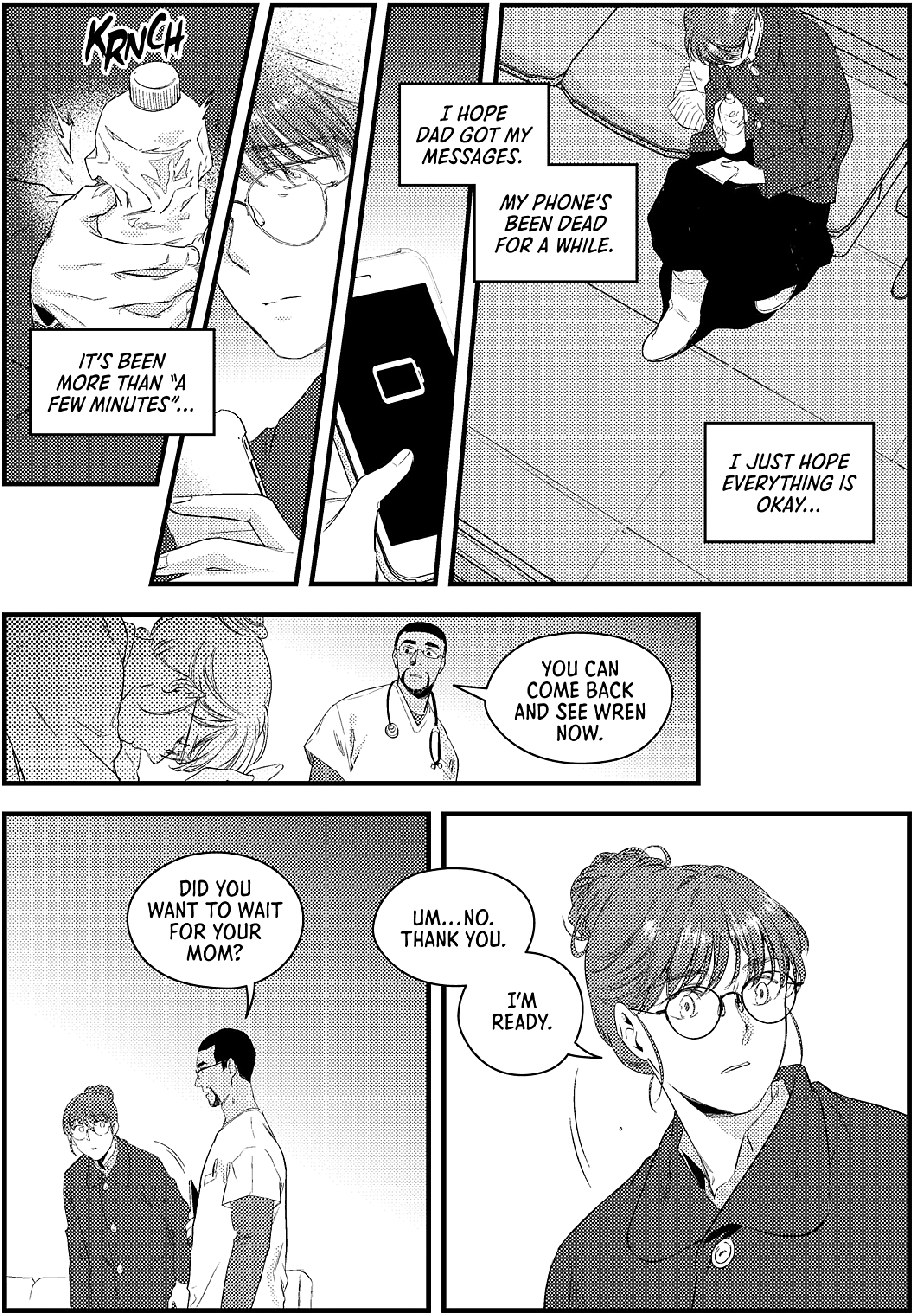
*"I've finally seen
the Humdrum, sir.
I know what we're
fighting—me."*

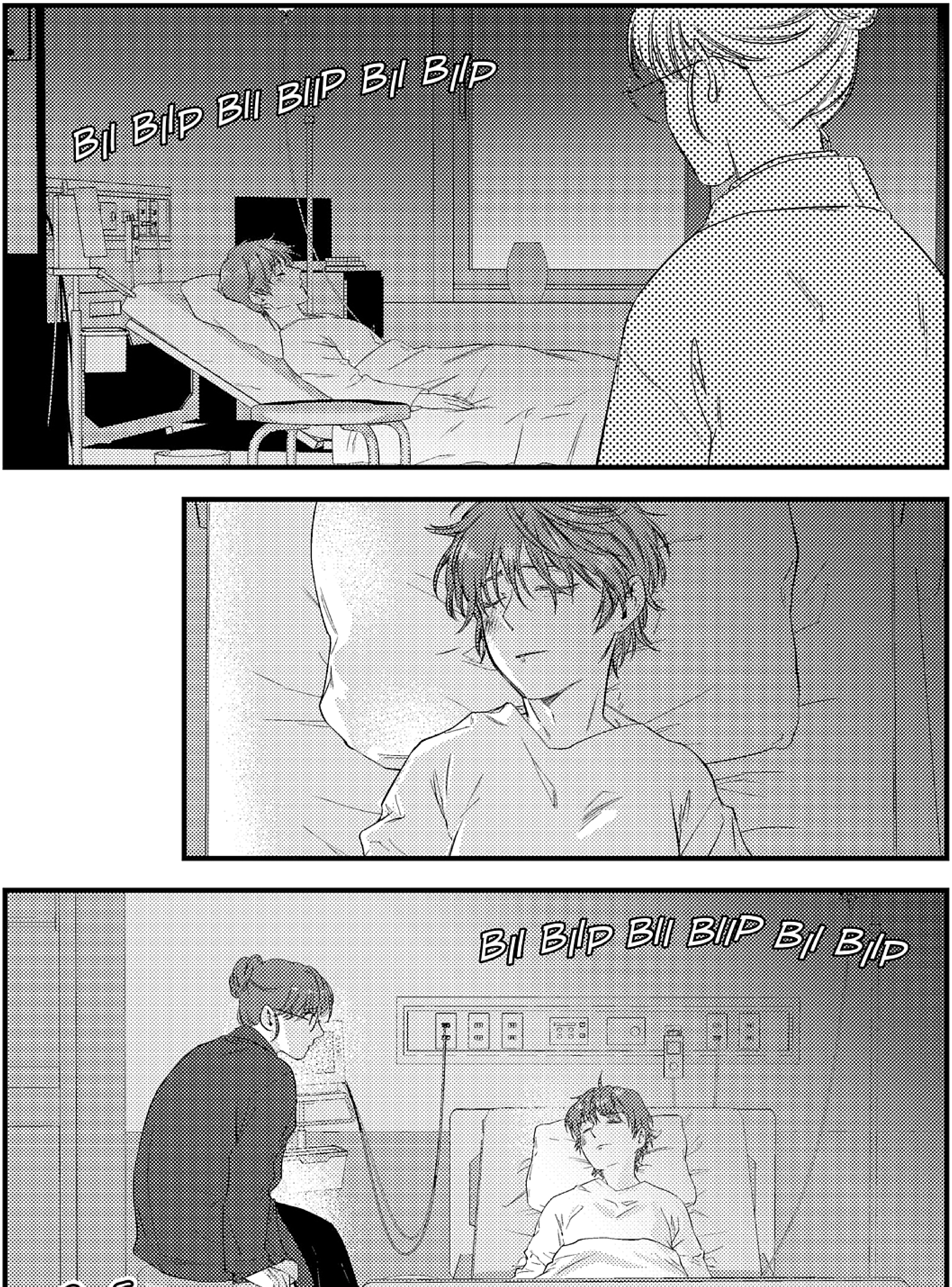
"What's left of you,"
the monster had said.

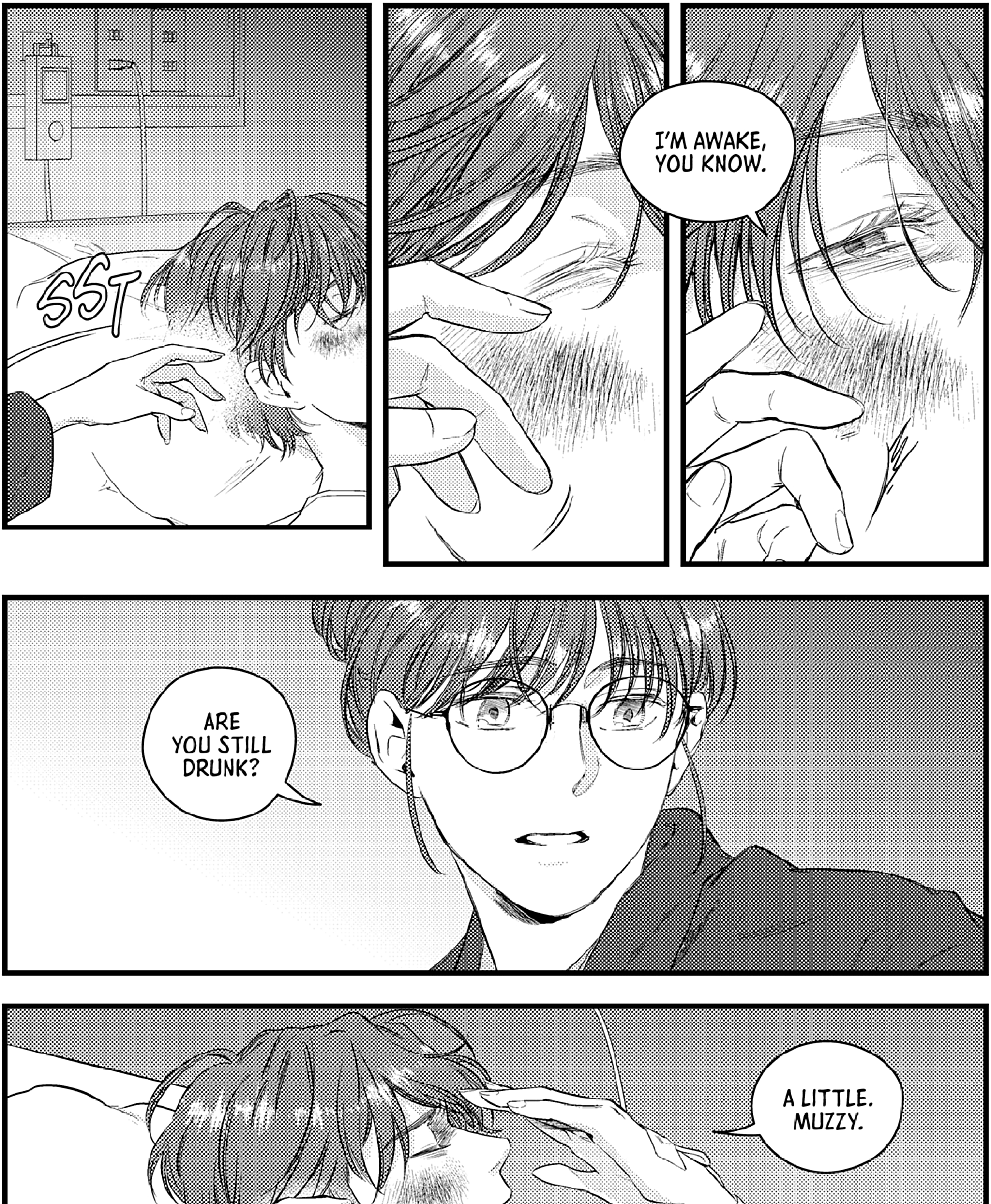
What is left of me?
Simon wondered.
*A ghost? A hole?
An echo?*

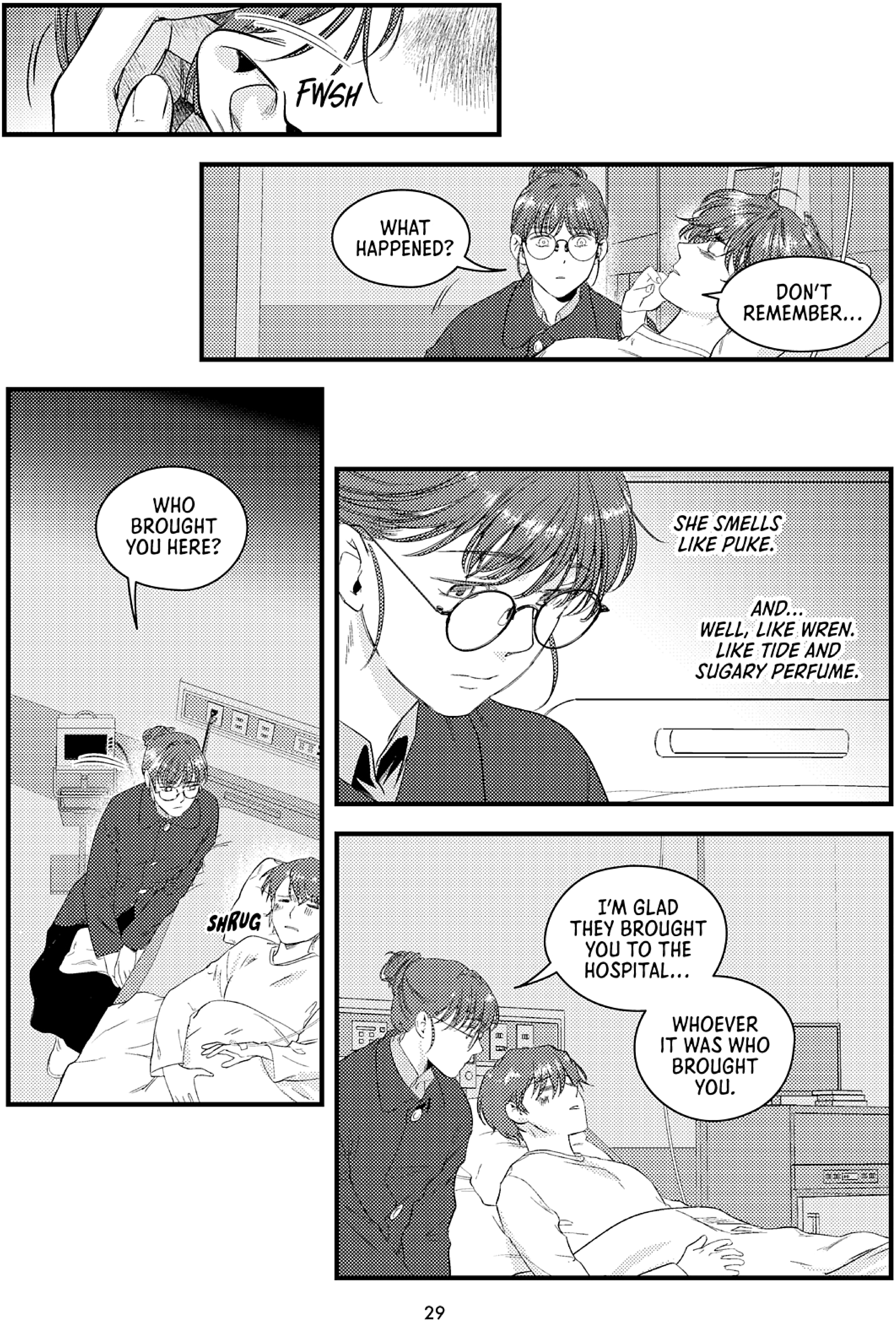
*An angry little boy with
nervous hands?*

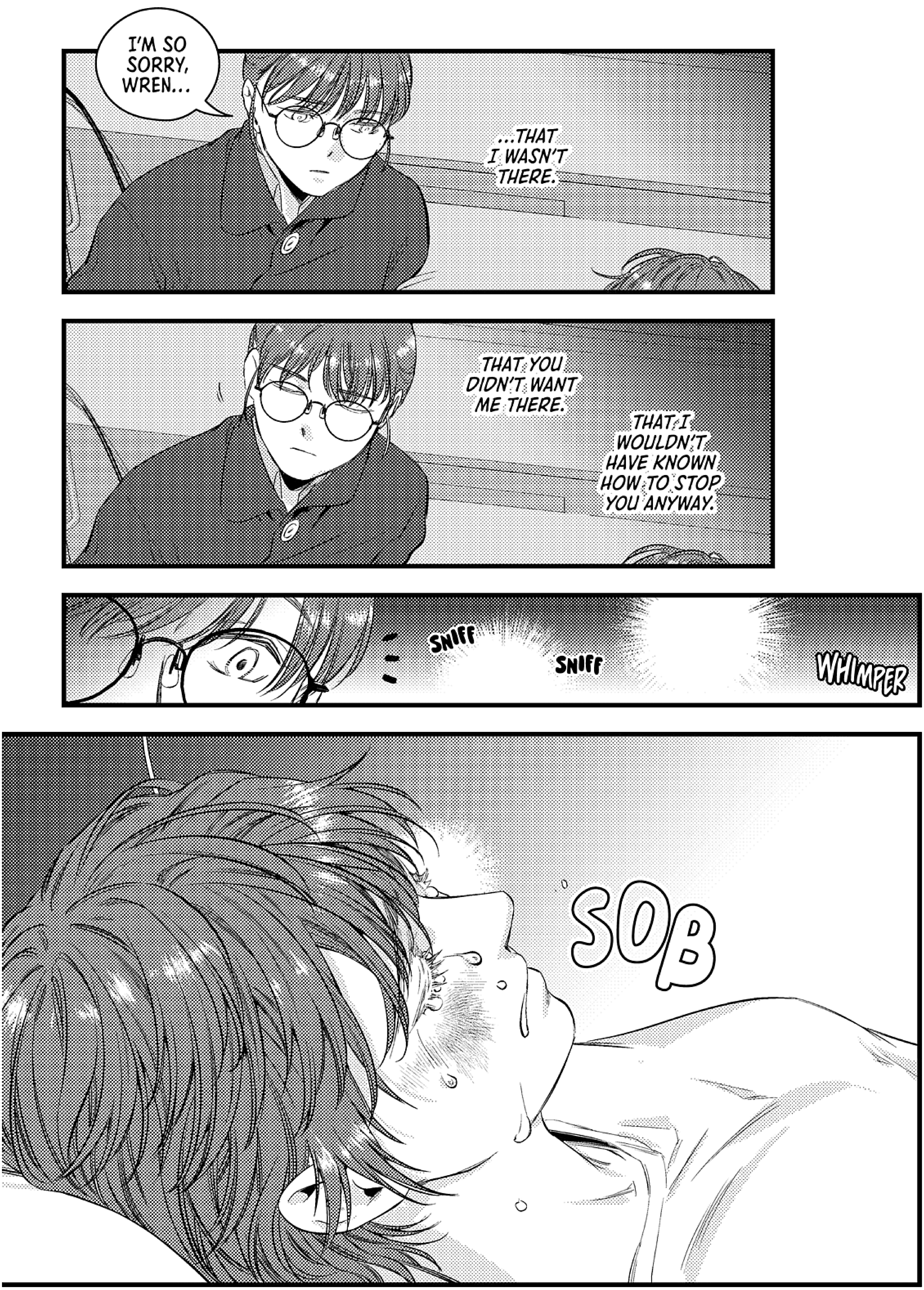


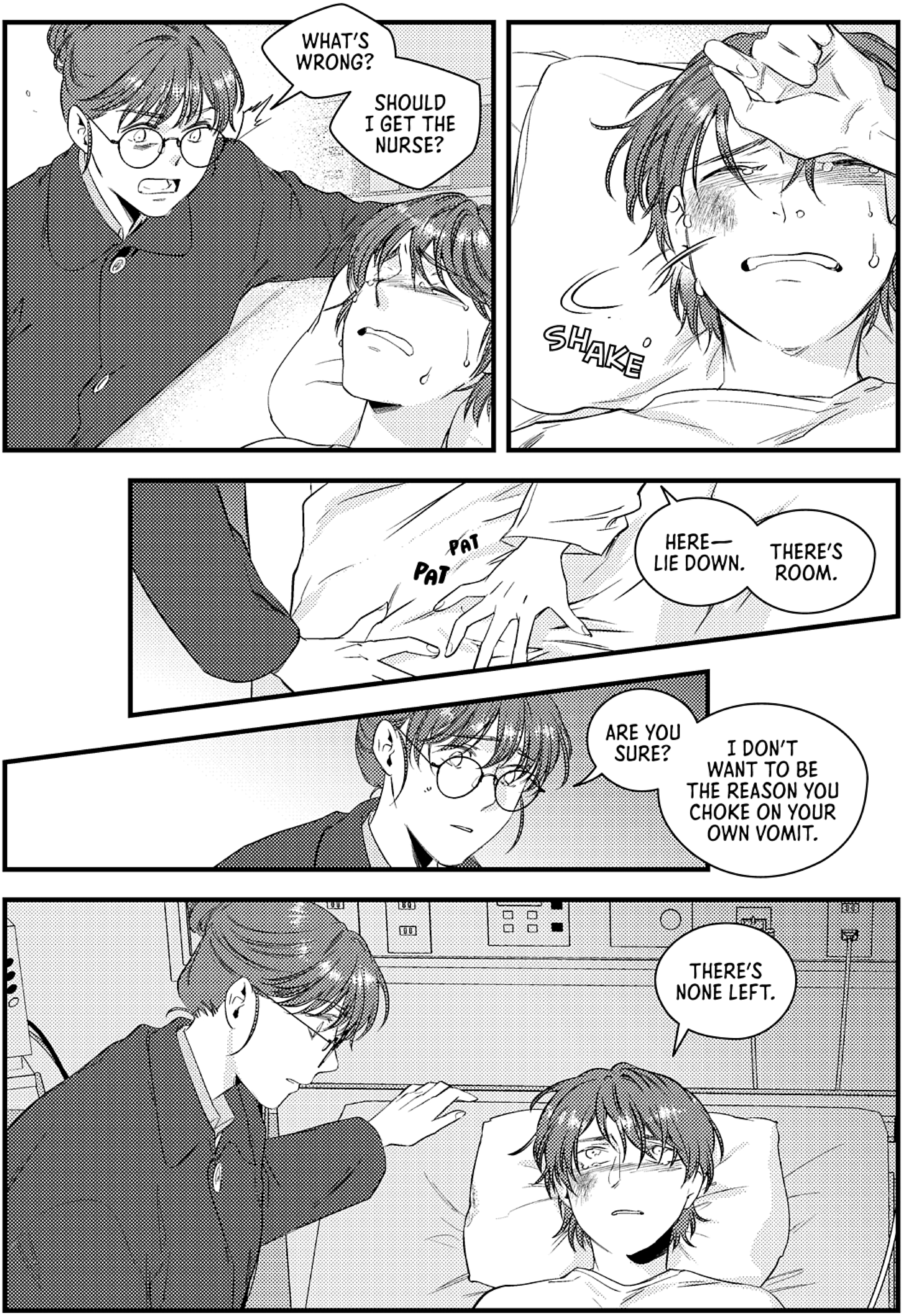

KRNCH
IT'S BEEN MORE THAN "A FEW MINUTES"...
I HOPE DAD GOT MY MESSAGES.
MY PHONE'S BEEN DEAD FOR A WHILE.
I JUST HOPE EVERYTHING IS OKAY...
YOU CAN COME BACK AND SEE WREN NOW.
DID YOU WANT TO WAIT FOR YOUR MOM?
UM...NO. THANK YOU.
I'M READY.

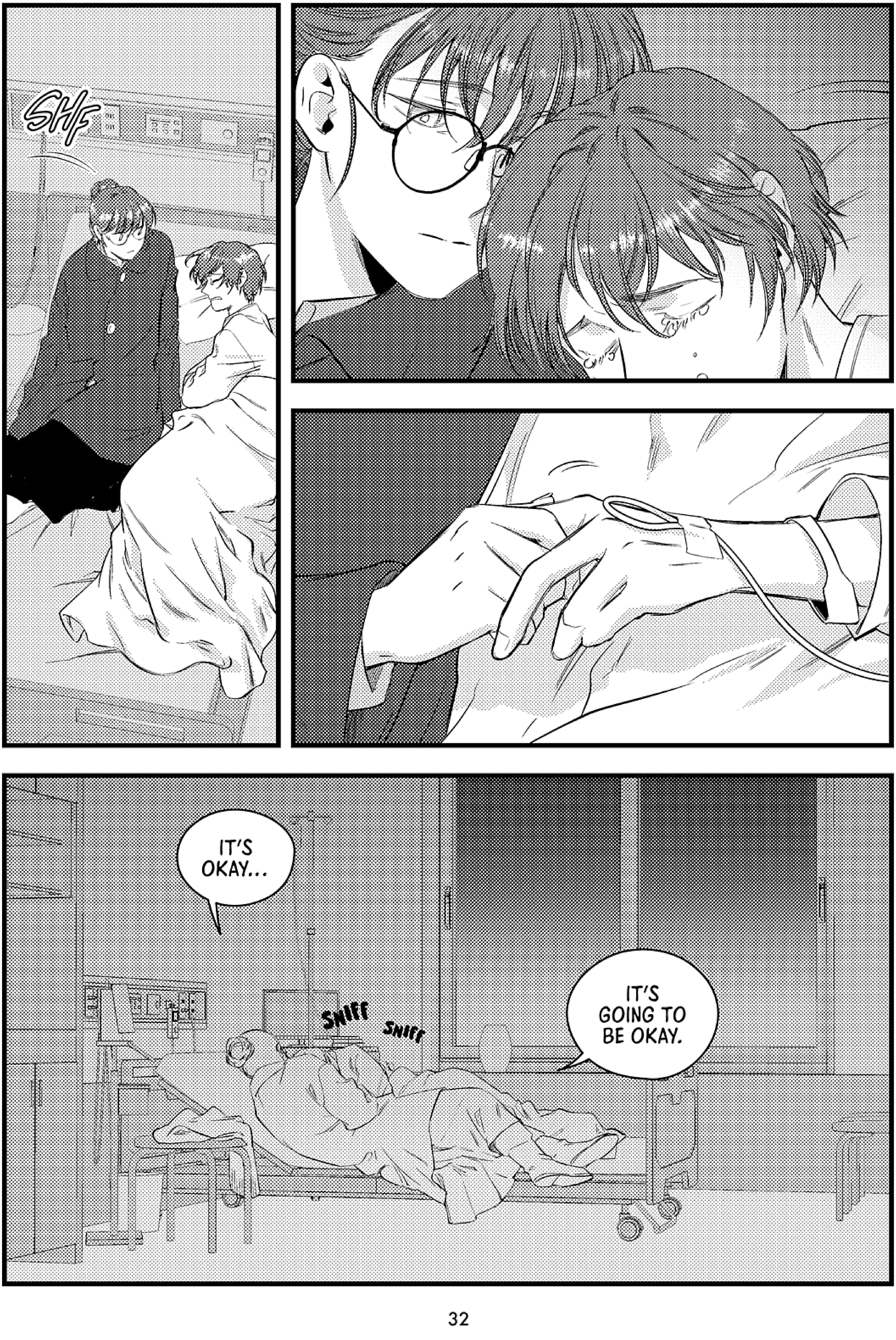

BII BIIP BII BIIP BII BIIP
BII BIIP BII BIIP BII BIIP
SHF

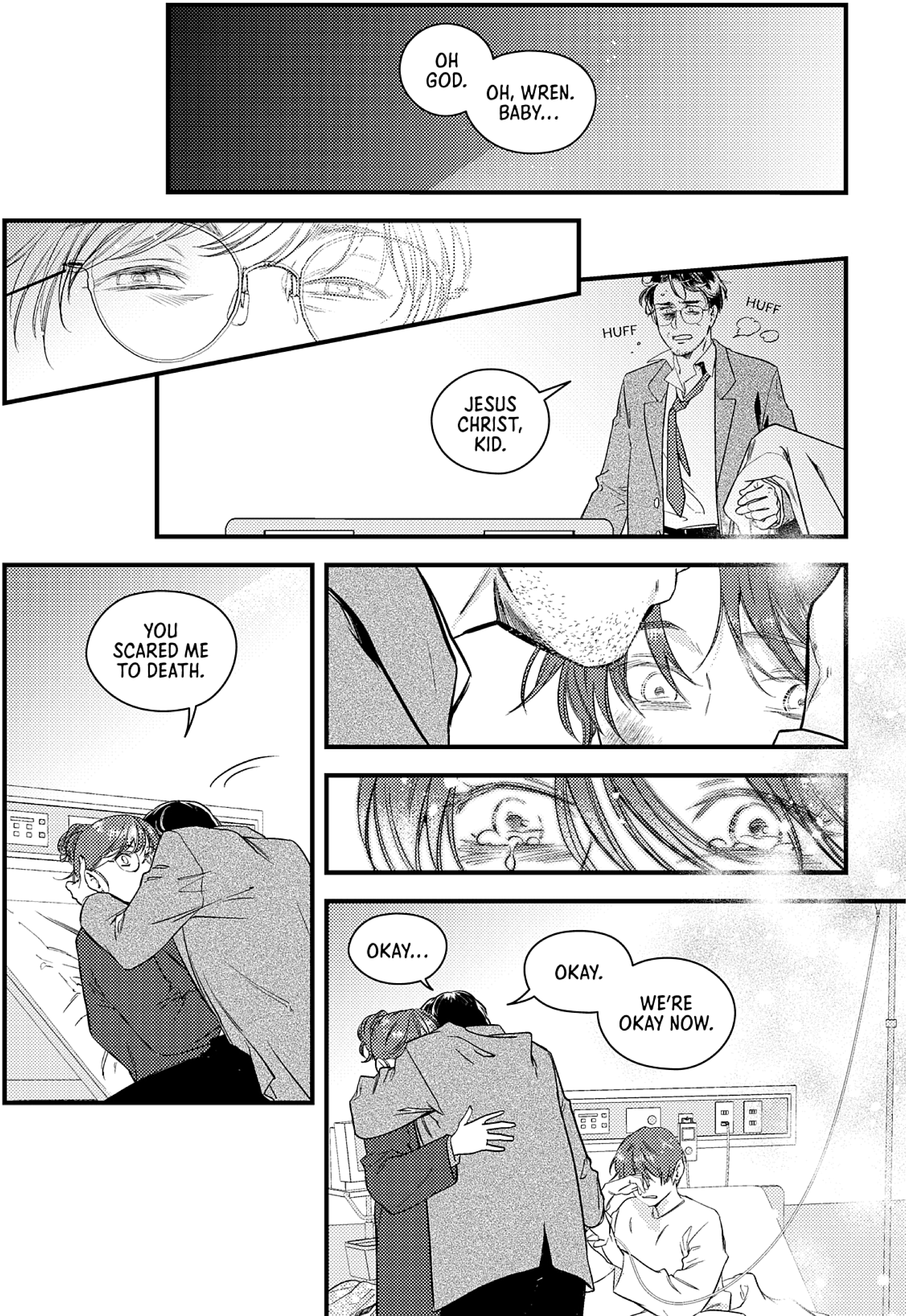

SST
I'M AWAKE, YOU KNOW.
ARE YOU STILL DRUNK?
A LITTLE. MUZZY.

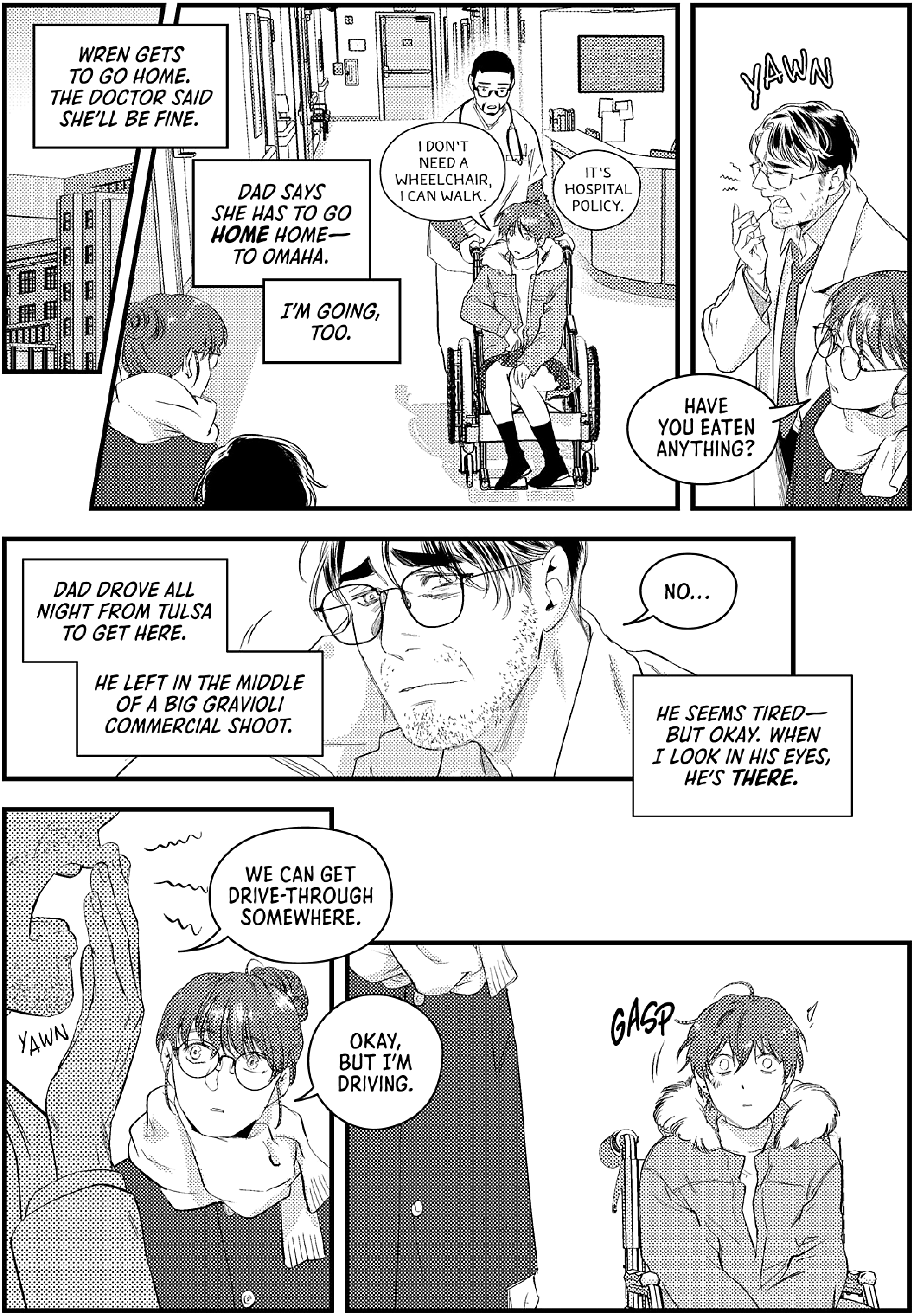

FWSH
WHAT HAPPENED?
DON'T REMEMBER...
WHO BROUGHT YOU HERE?
SHRUG
SHE SMELLS LIKE PUKE.
AND... WELL, LIKE WREN. LIKE TIDE AND SUGARY PERFUME.
I'M GLAD THEY BROUGHT YOU TO THE HOSPITAL...
WHOEVER IT WAS WHO BROUGHT YOU.

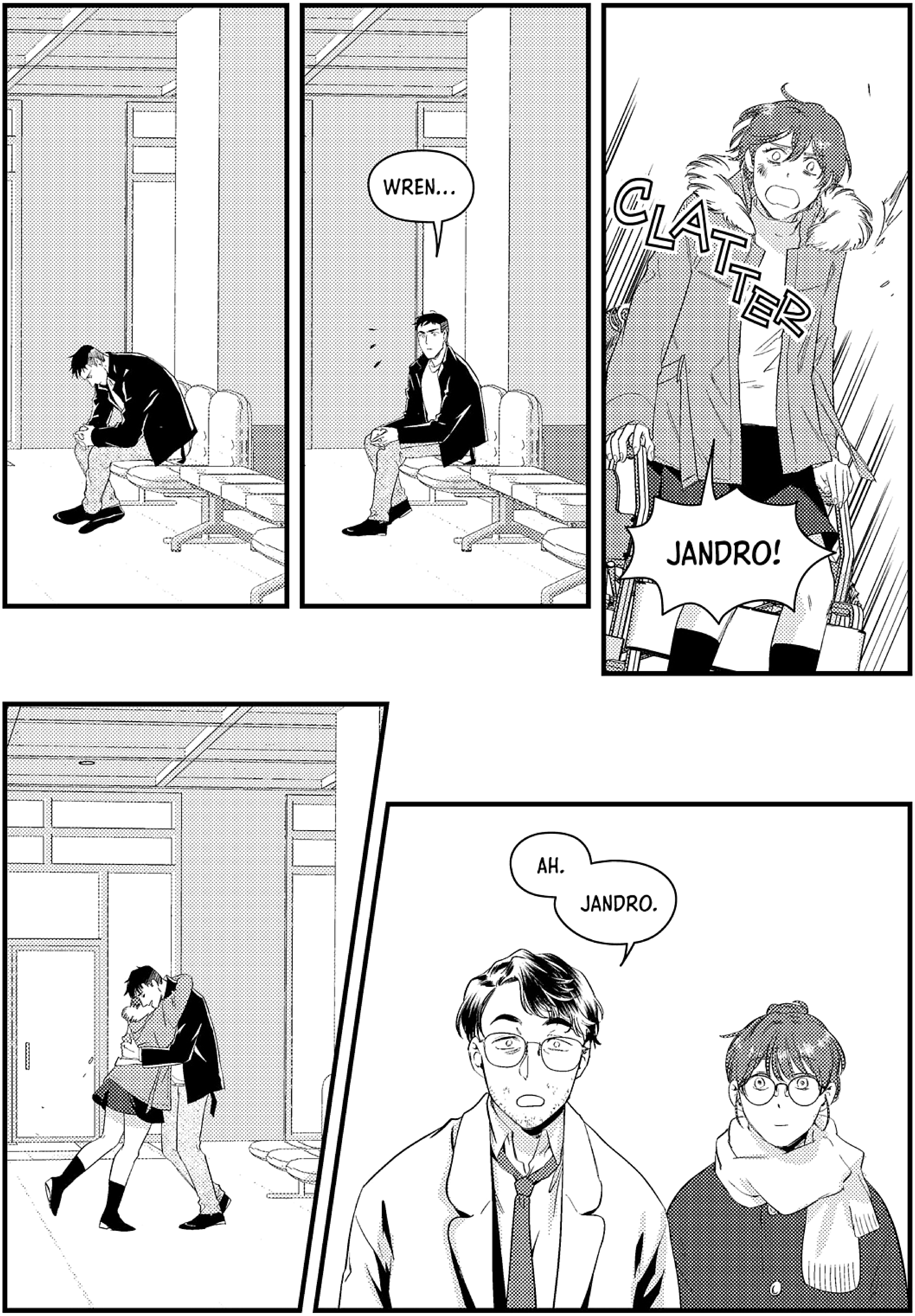

I'M SO SORRY, WREN...
...THAT I WASN'T THERE.
THAT YOU DIDN'T WANT ME THERE.
THAT I WOULDN'T HAVE KNOWN HOW TO STOP YOU ANYWAY.
SNIFF
SNIFF
WHIMPER
SOB

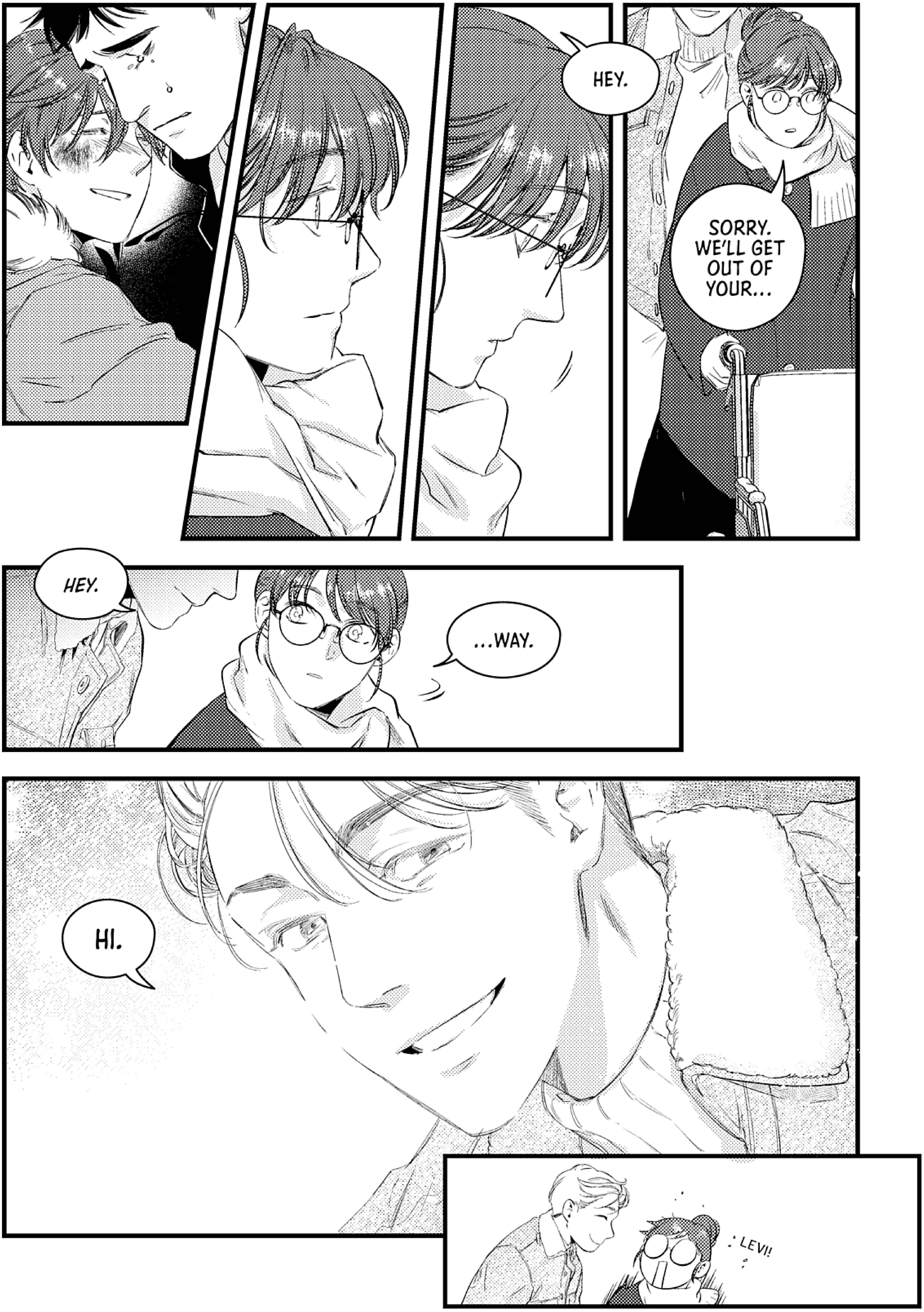

WHAT'S WRONG?
SHOULD I GET THE NURSE?
SHAKE
PAT PAT
HERE— LIE DOWN.
THERE'S ROOM.
ARE YOU SURE?
I DON'T WANT TO BE THE REASON YOU CHOKE ON YOUR OWN VOMIT.
THERE'S NONE LEFT.

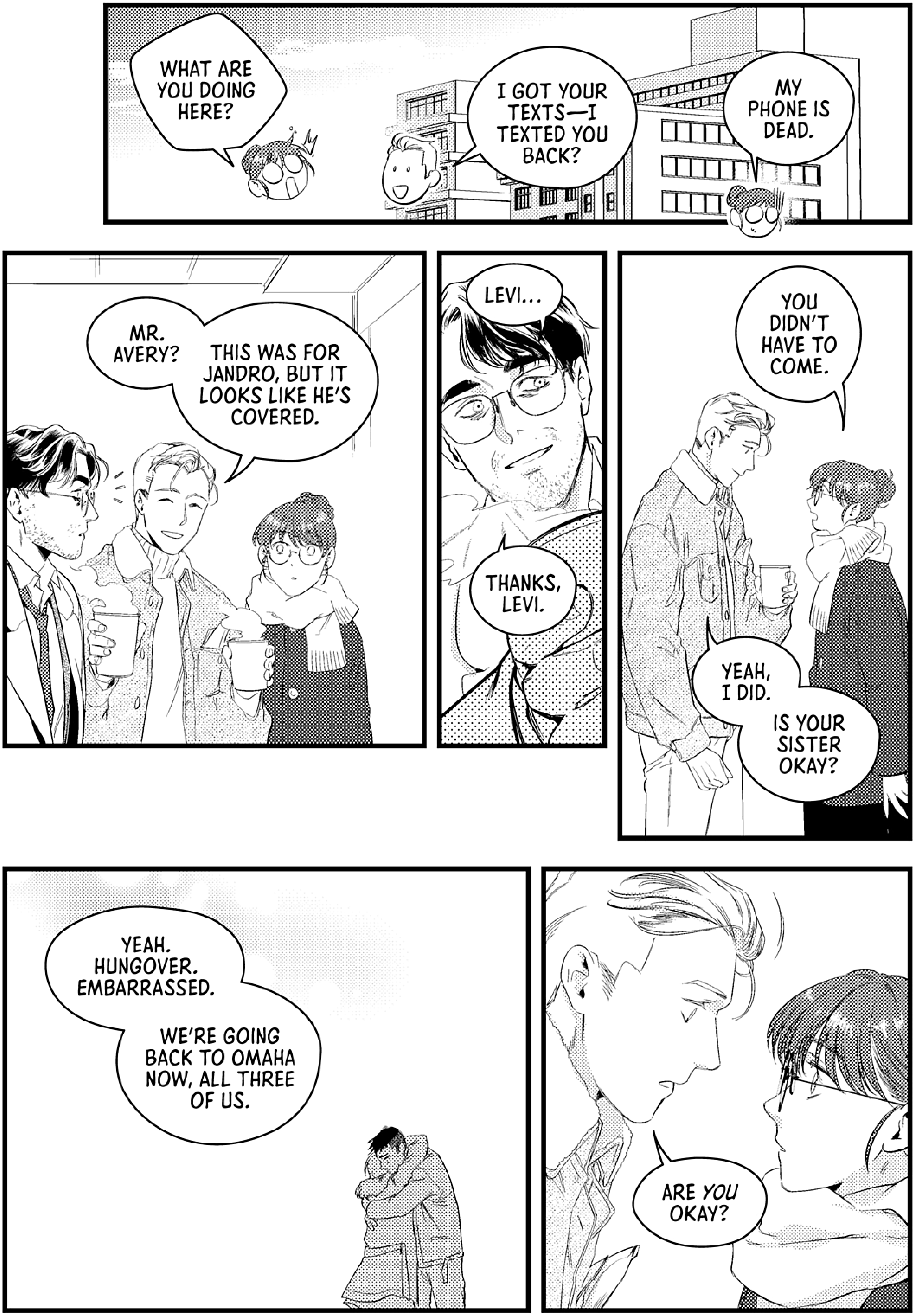

SHF
IT'S OKAY...
SNIFF
SNIFF
IT'S GOING TO BE OKAY.

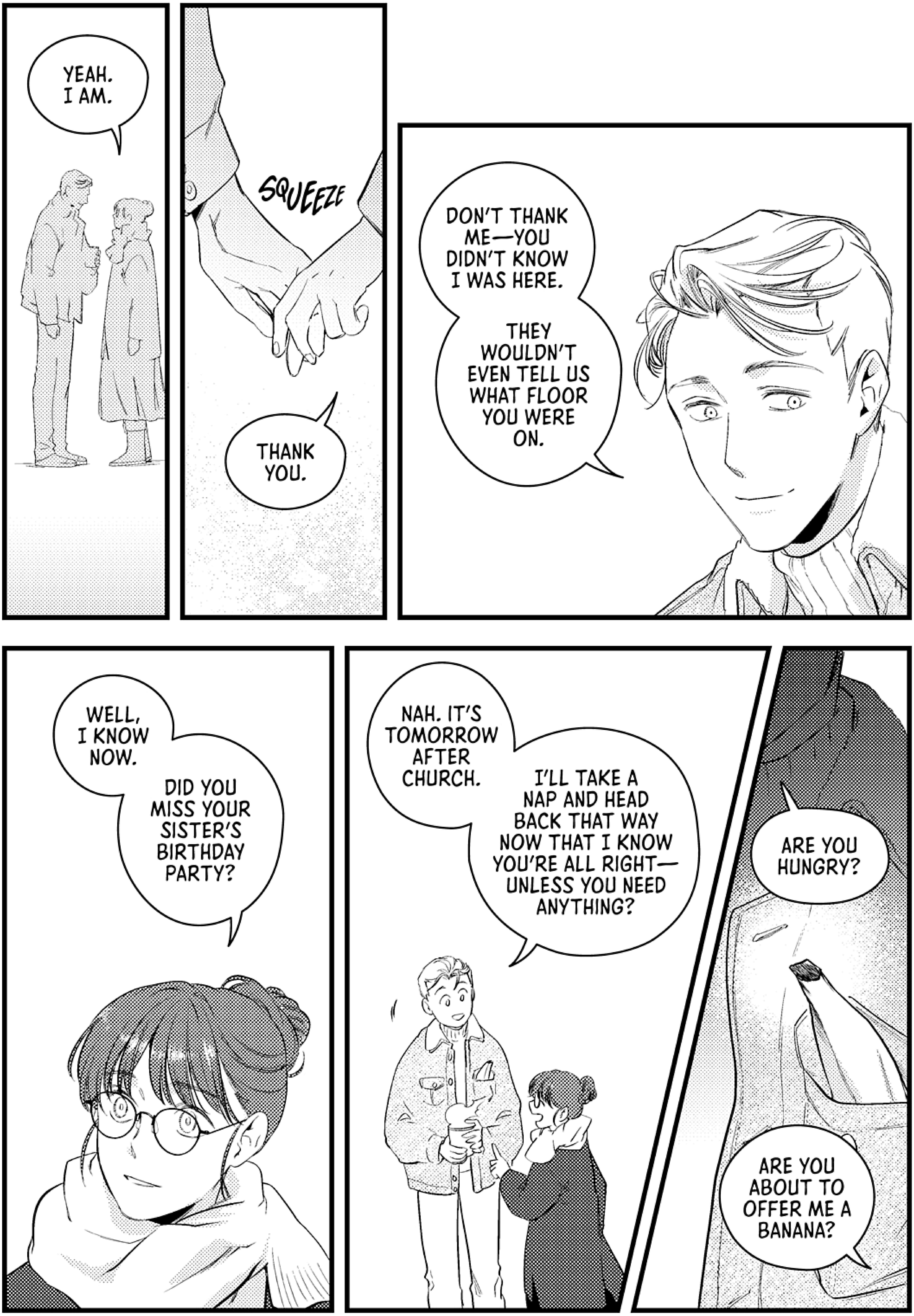

OH GOD.
OH, WREN. BABY...
HUFF
HUFF
JESUS CHRIST, KID.
YOU SCARED ME TO DEATH.
OKAY...
OKAY.
WE'RE OKAY NOW.

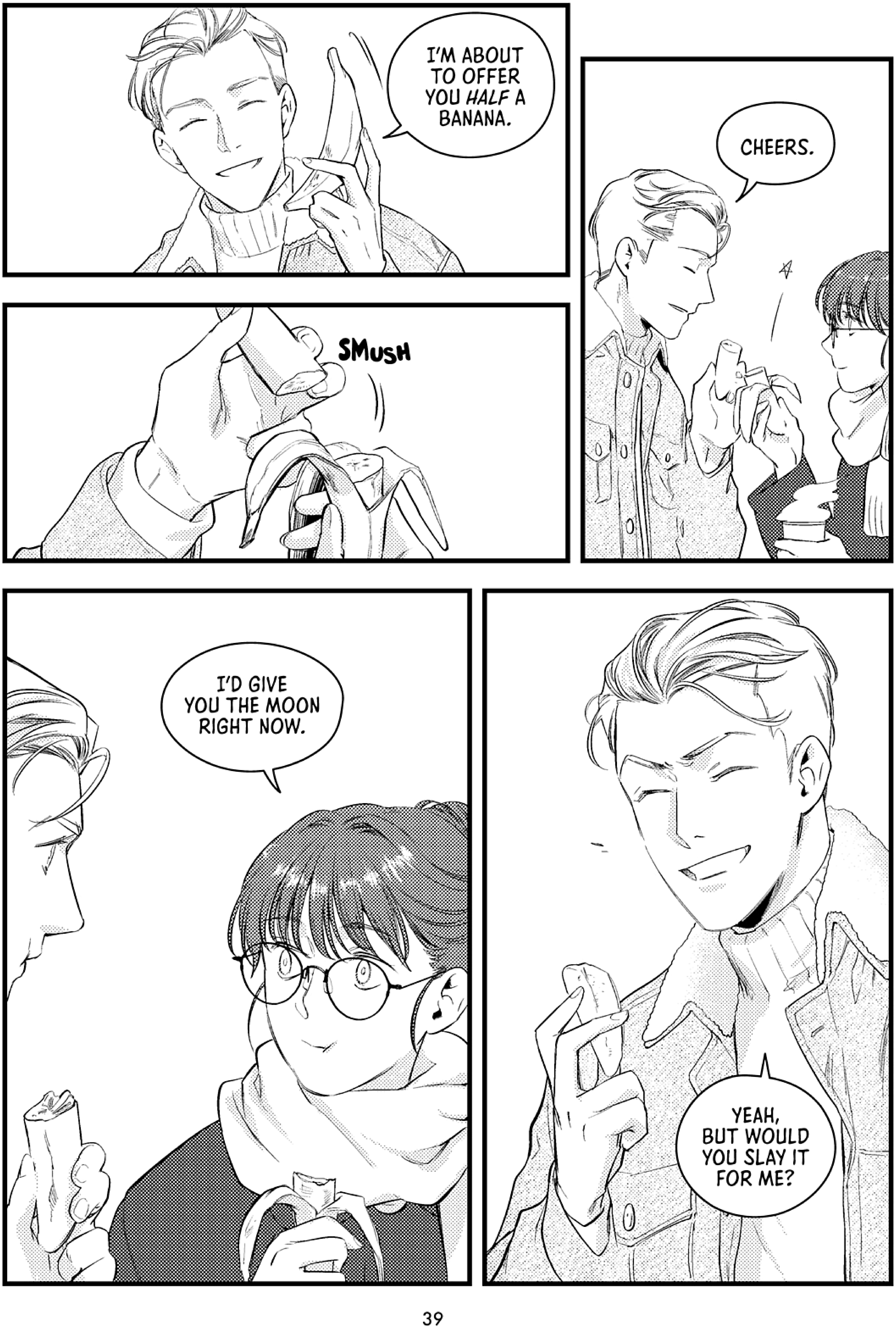

WREN GETS TO GO HOME. THE DOCTOR SAID SHE'LL BE FINE.
DAD SAYS SHE HAS TO GO **HOME** HOME— TO OMAHA.
I'M GOING, TOO.
I DON'T NEED A WHEELCHAIR, I CAN WALK.
IT'S HOSPITAL POLICY.
YAWN
HAVE YOU EATEN ANYTHING?
DAD DROVE ALL NIGHT FROM TULSA TO GET HERE.
HE LEFT IN THE MIDDLE OF A BIG GRAVIOLI COMMERCIAL SHOOT.
NO...
HE SEEMS TIRED— BUT OKAY. WHEN I LOOK IN HIS EYES, HE'S **THERE.**
WE CAN GET DRIVE-THROUGH SOMEWHERE.
YAWN
OKAY, BUT I'M DRIVING.
GASP

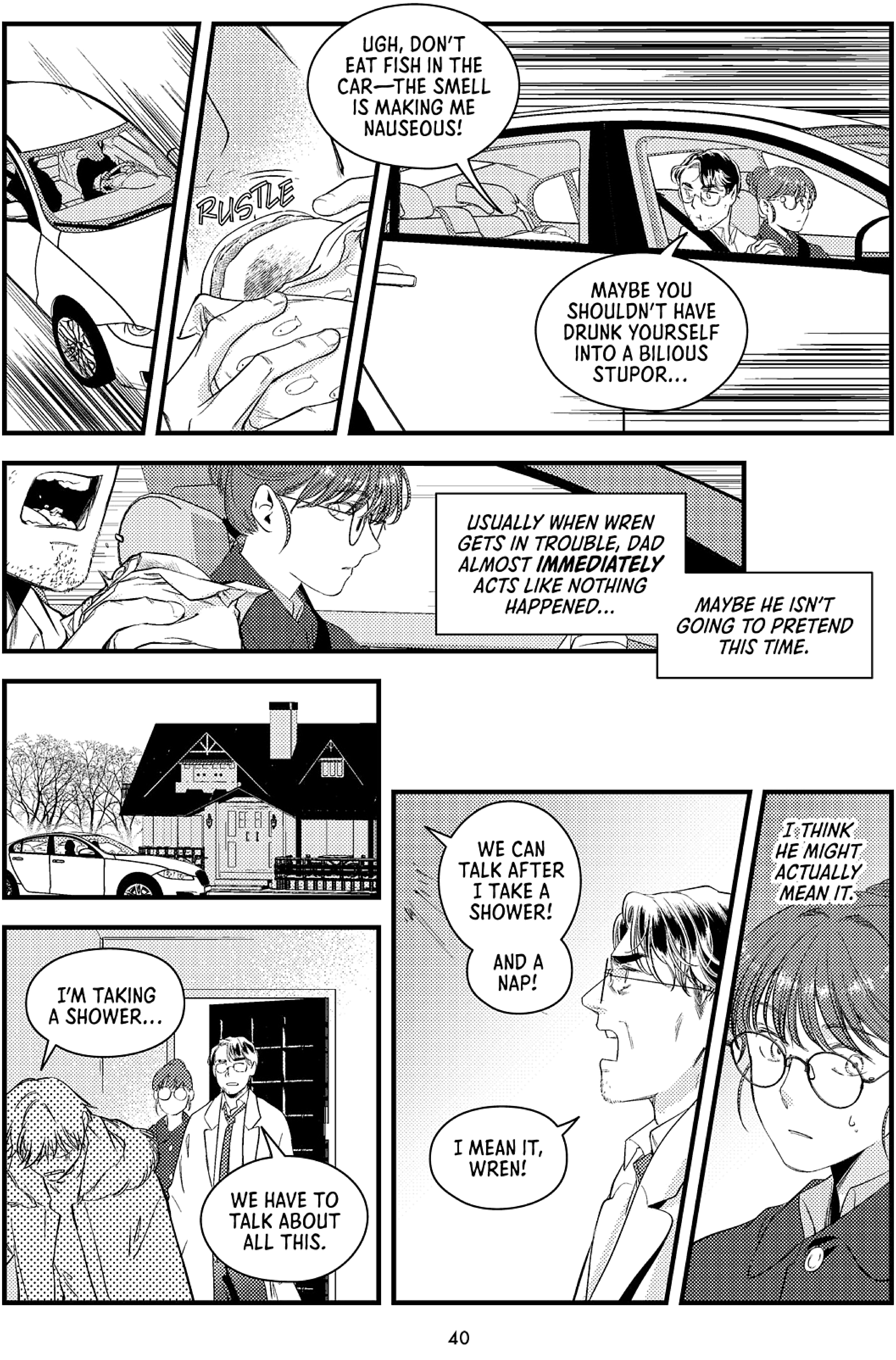

WREN...
CLATTER
JANDRO!
AH.
JANDRO.


HEY.
SORRY. WE'LL GET OUT OF YOUR...
HEY.
...WAY.
HI.
LEVI!

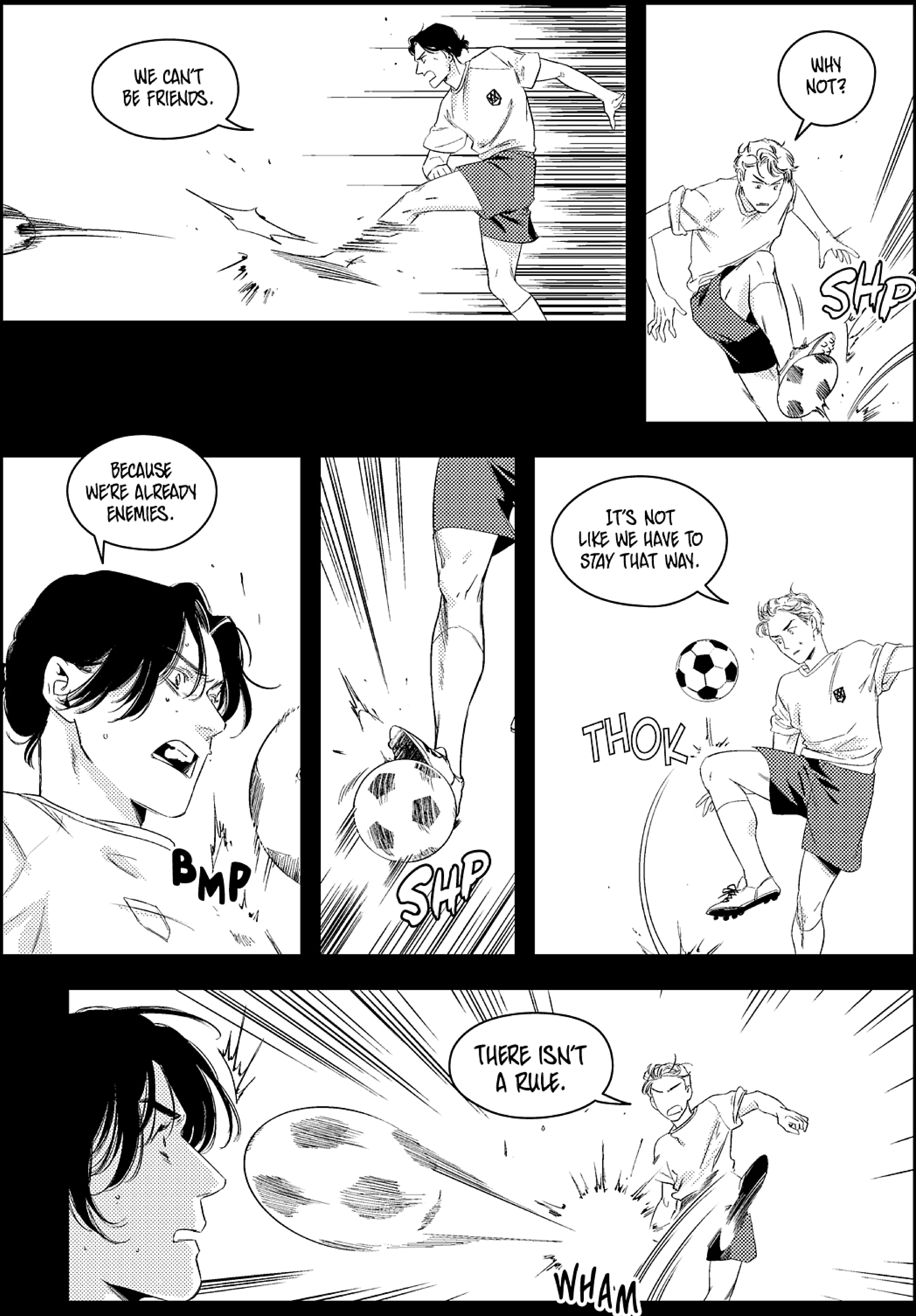

WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
I GOT YOUR TEXTS—I TEXTED YOU BACK?
MY PHONE IS DEAD.
MR. AVERY?
THIS WAS FOR JANDRO, BUT IT LOOKS LIKE HE'S COVERED.
LEVI...
THANKS, LEVI.
YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO COME.
YEAH, I DID.
IS YOUR SISTER OKAY?
YEAH. HUNGOVER. EMBARRASSED.
WE'RE GOING BACK TO OMAHA NOW, ALL THREE OF US.
ARE *YOU* OKAY?

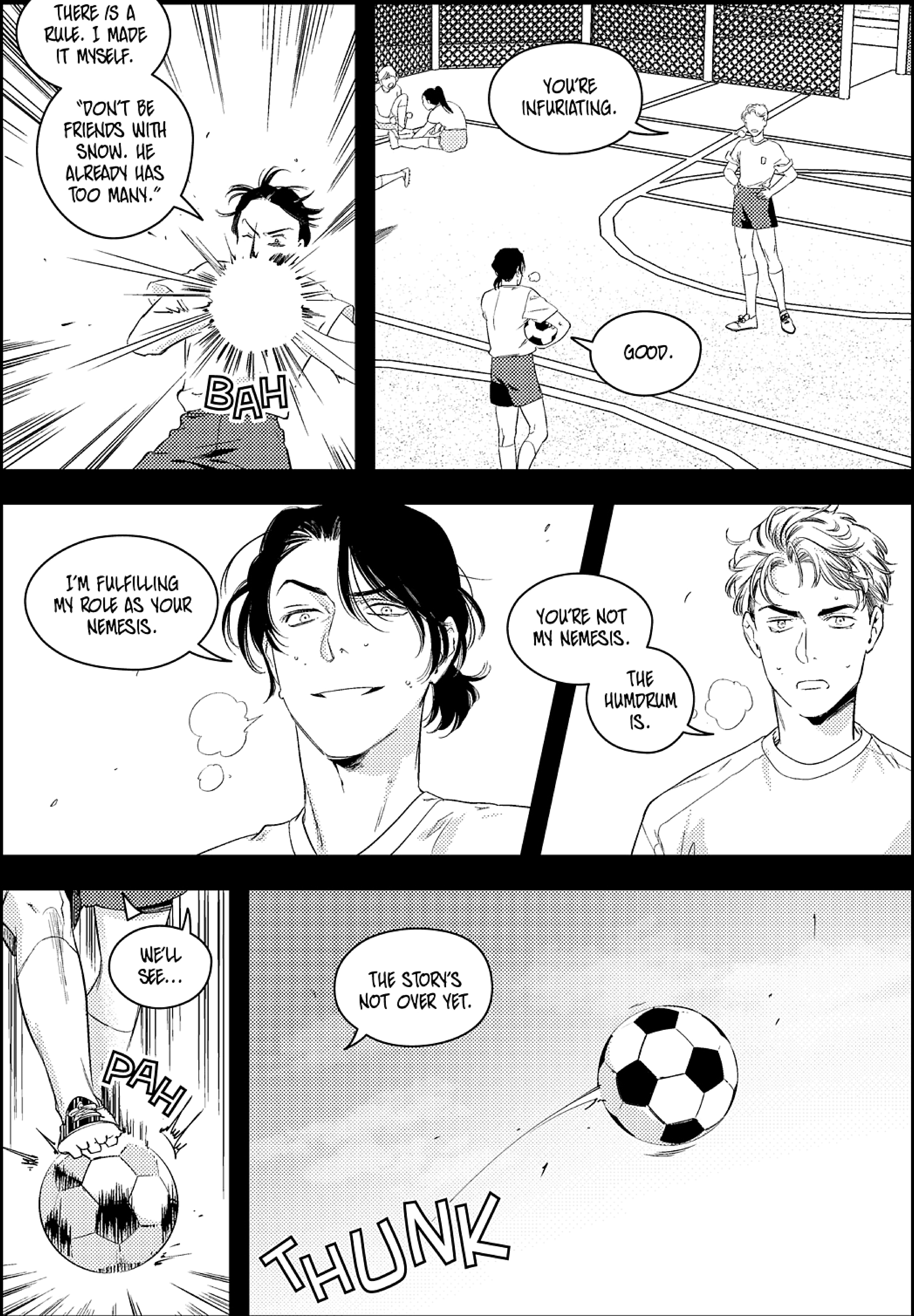

YEAH. I AM.
SQUEEZE
THANK YOU.
DON'T THANK ME—YOU DIDN'T KNOW I WAS HERE.
THEY WOULDN'T EVEN TELL US WHAT FLOOR YOU WERE ON.
WELL, I KNOW NOW.
DID YOU MISS YOUR SISTER'S BIRTHDAY PARTY?
NAH. IT'S TOMORROW AFTER CHURCH.
I'LL TAKE A NAP AND HEAD BACK THAT WAY NOW THAT I KNOW YOU'RE ALL RIGHT— UNLESS YOU NEED ANYTHING?
ARE YOU HUNGRY?
ARE YOU ABOUT TO OFFER ME A BANANA?

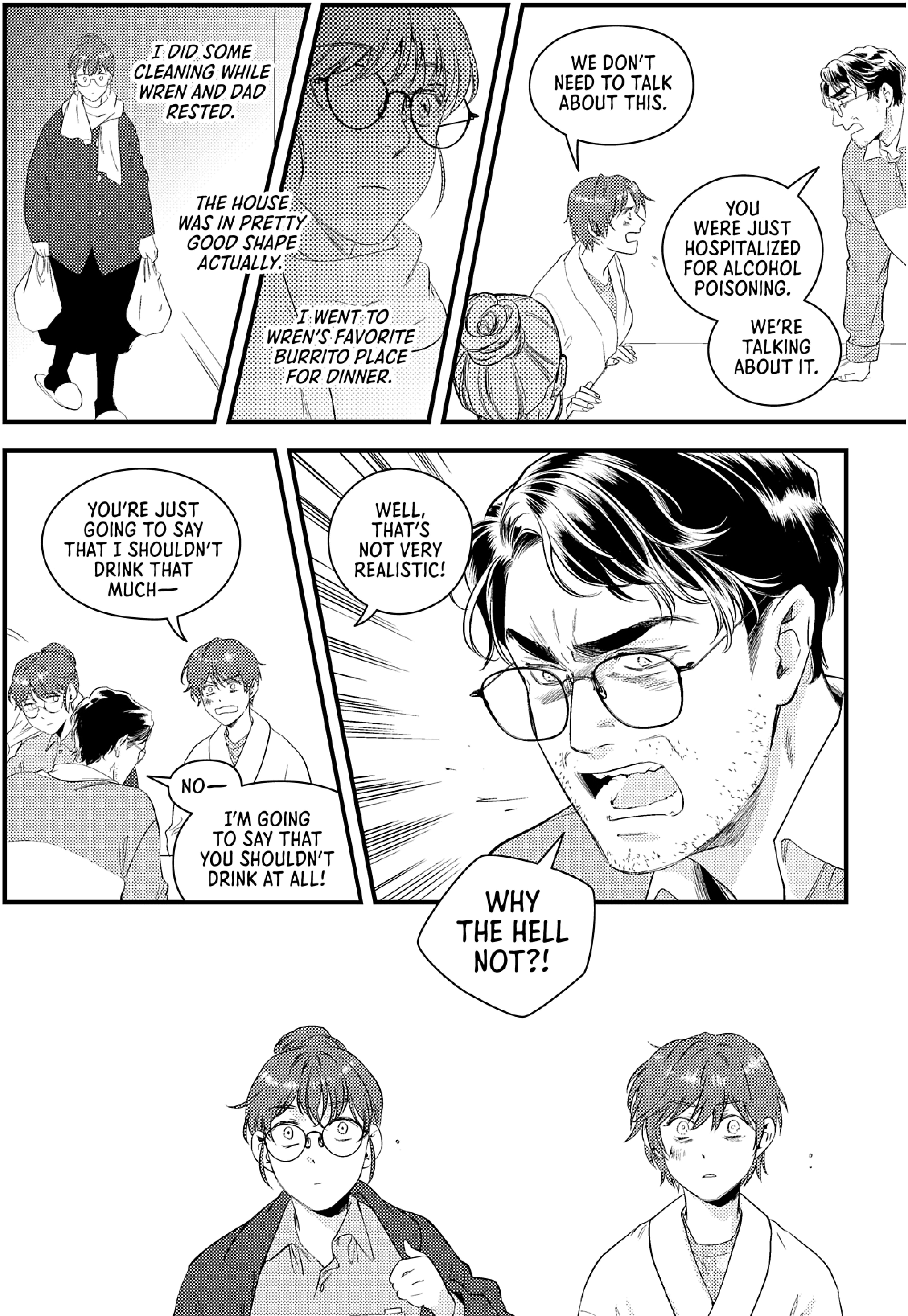

I'M ABOUT TO OFFER YOU *HALF* A BANANA.
CHEERS.
SMUSH
I'D GIVE YOU THE MOON RIGHT NOW.
YEAH, BUT WOULD YOU SLAY IT FOR ME?

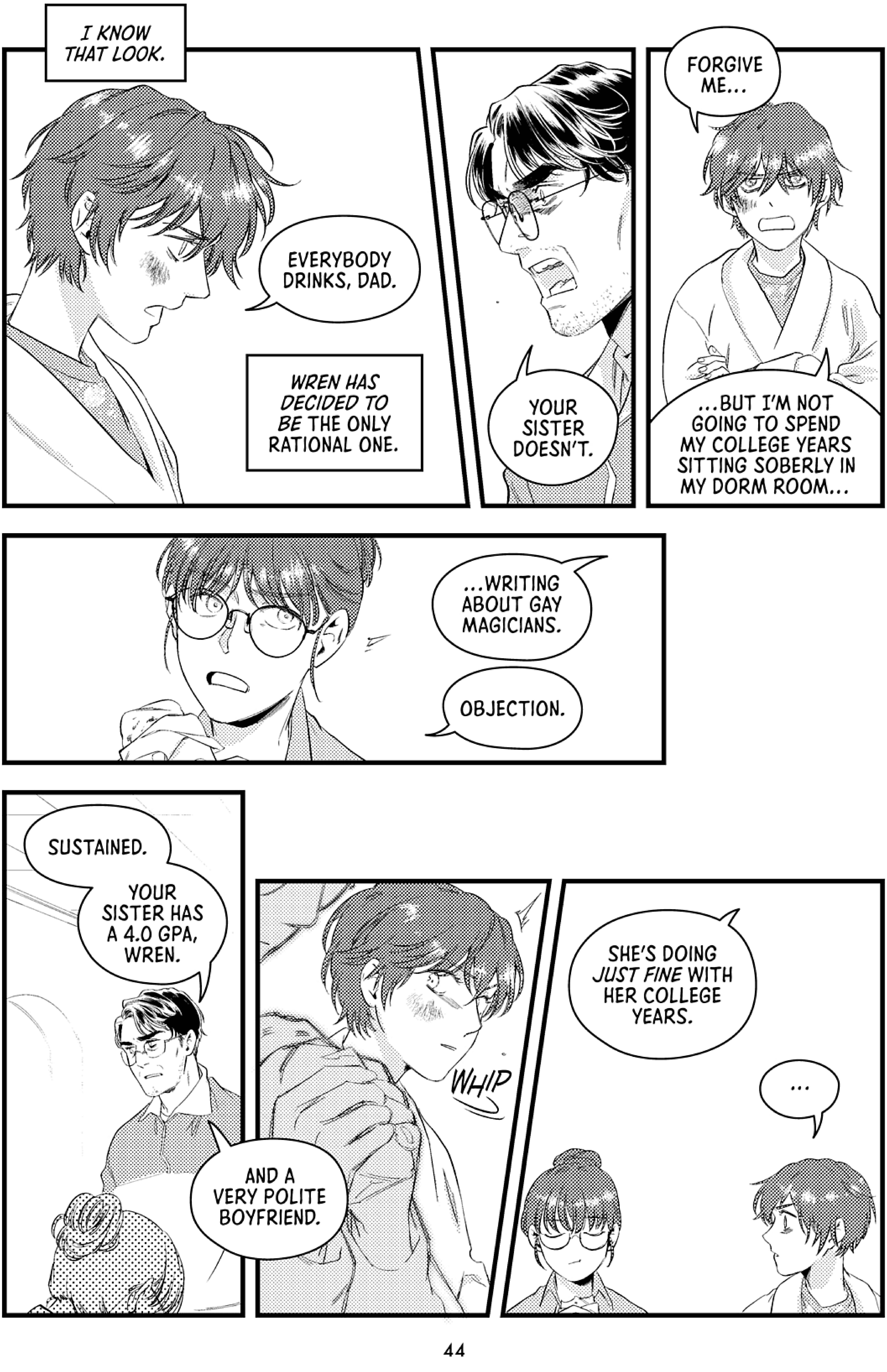

RUSTLE
UGH, DON'T EAT FISH IN THE CAR—THE SMELL IS MAKING ME NAUSEOUS!
MAYBE YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE DRUNK YOURSELF INTO A BILIOUS STUPOR...
USUALLY WHEN WREN GETS IN TROUBLE, DAD ALMOST **IMMEDIATELY** ACTS LIKE NOTHING HAPPENED...
MAYBE HE ISN'T GOING TO PRETEND THIS TIME.
I'M TAKING A SHOWER...
WE HAVE TO TALK ABOUT ALL THIS.
WE CAN TALK AFTER I TAKE A SHOWER!
AND A NAP!
I MEAN IT, WREN!
I THINK HE MIGHT ACTUALLY MEAN IT.

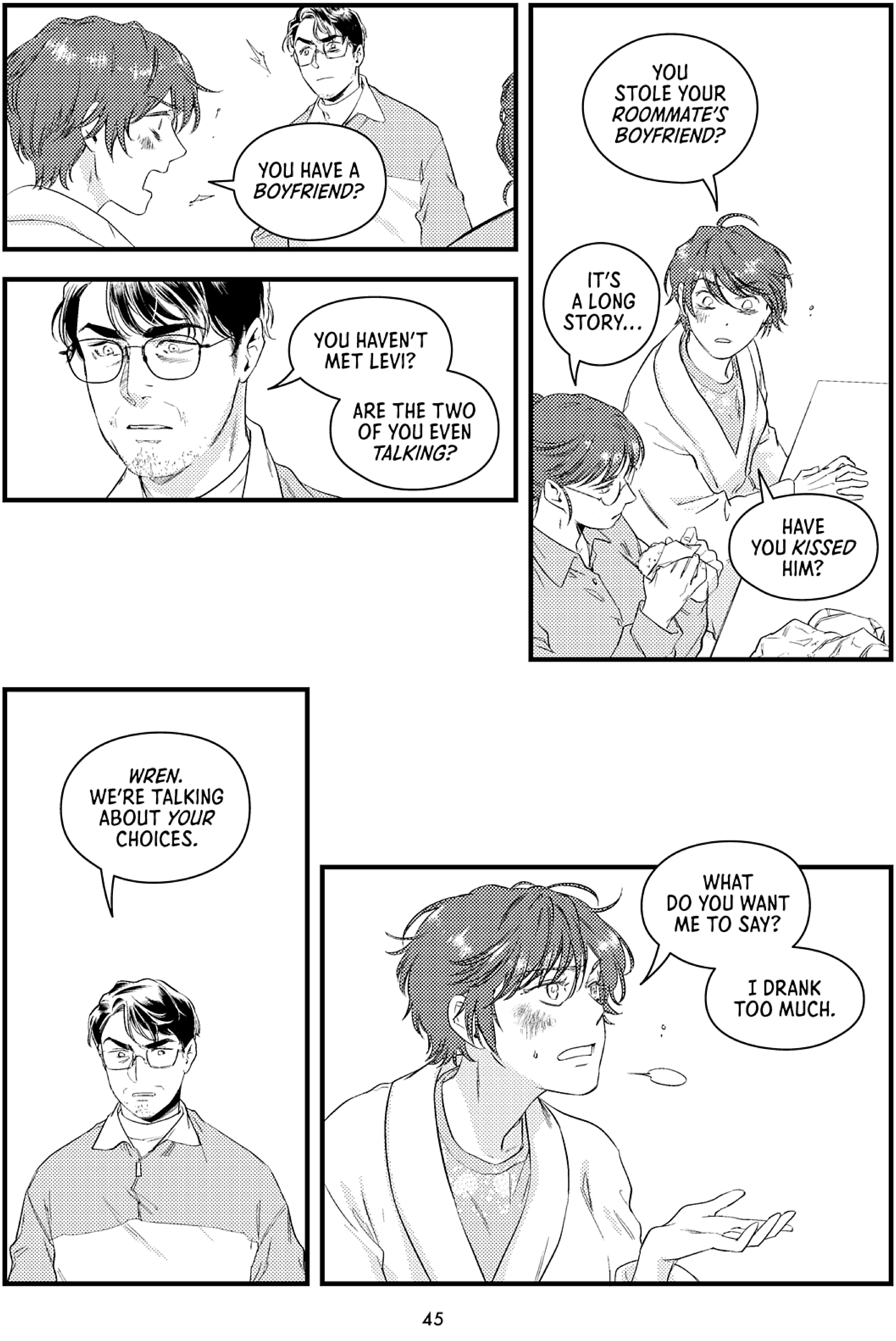
From “Baz If”
By FanFixx.net authors Magicath and Wrenegade
Archived three years ago

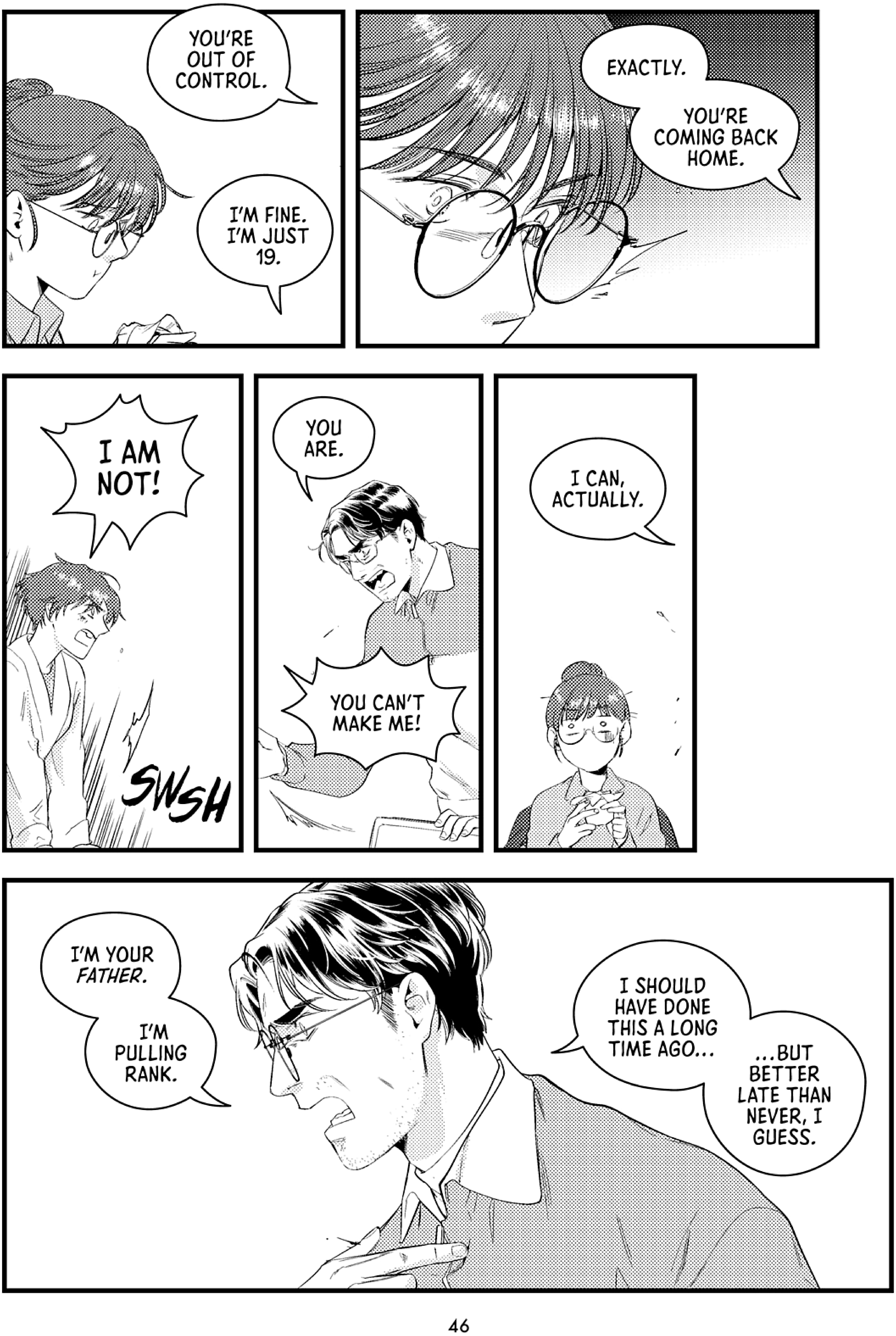

WE CAN'T BE FRIENDS.
WHY NOT?
SHP
BECAUSE WE'RE ALREADY ENEMIES.
BMP
SHP
IT'S NOT LIKE WE HAVE TO STAY THAT WAY.
THOK
THERE ISN'T A RULE.
WHAM

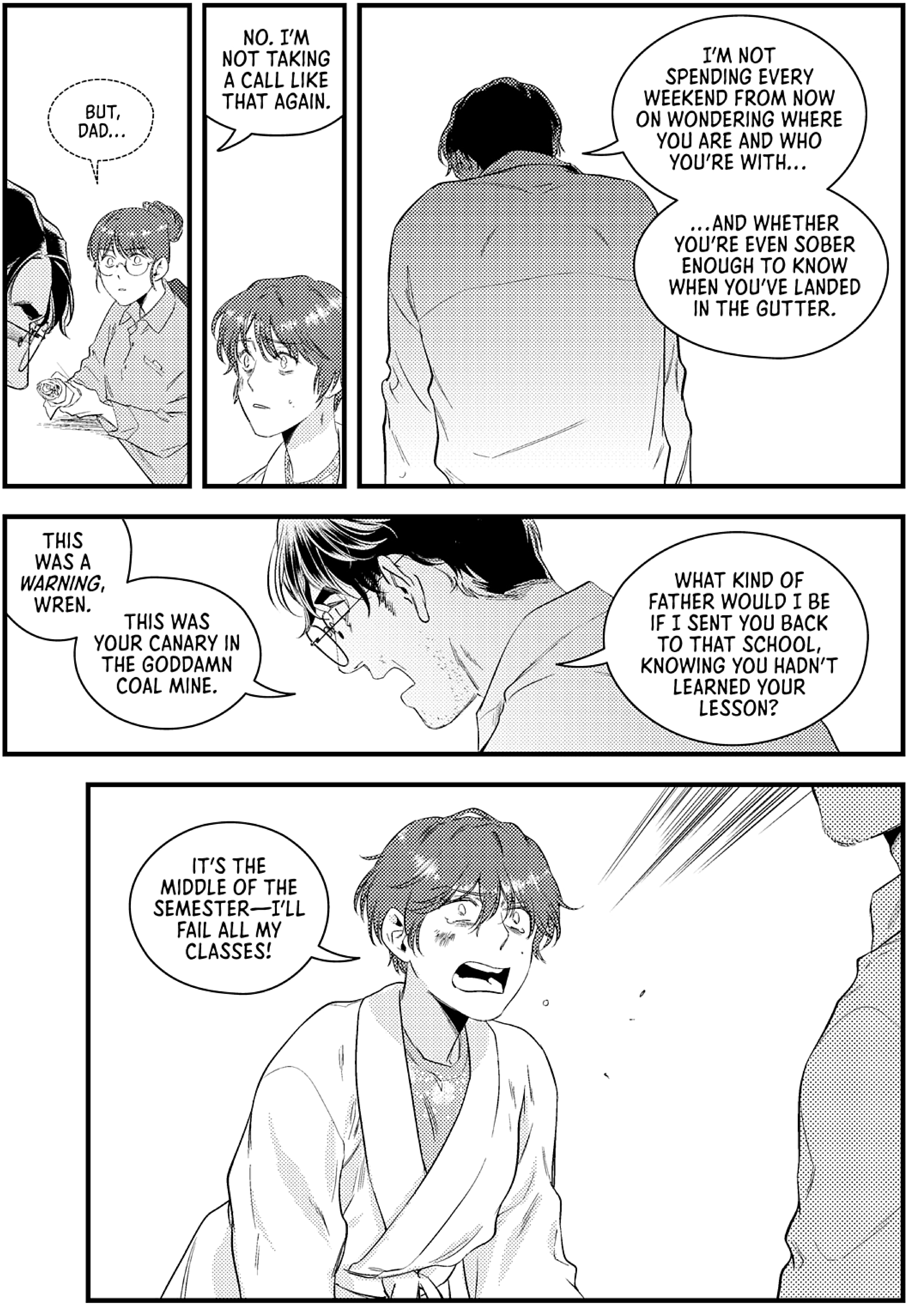

THERE IS A RULE. I MADE IT MYSELF.
"DON'T BE FRIENDS WITH SNOW. HE ALREADY HAS TOO MANY."
BAH
YOU'RE INFURIATING.
GOOD.
I'M FULFILLING MY ROLE AS YOUR NEMESIS.
YOU'RE NOT MY NEMESIS.
THE HUMDRUM IS.
WE'LL SEE...
PAH
THE STORY'S NOT OVER YET.
THUNK

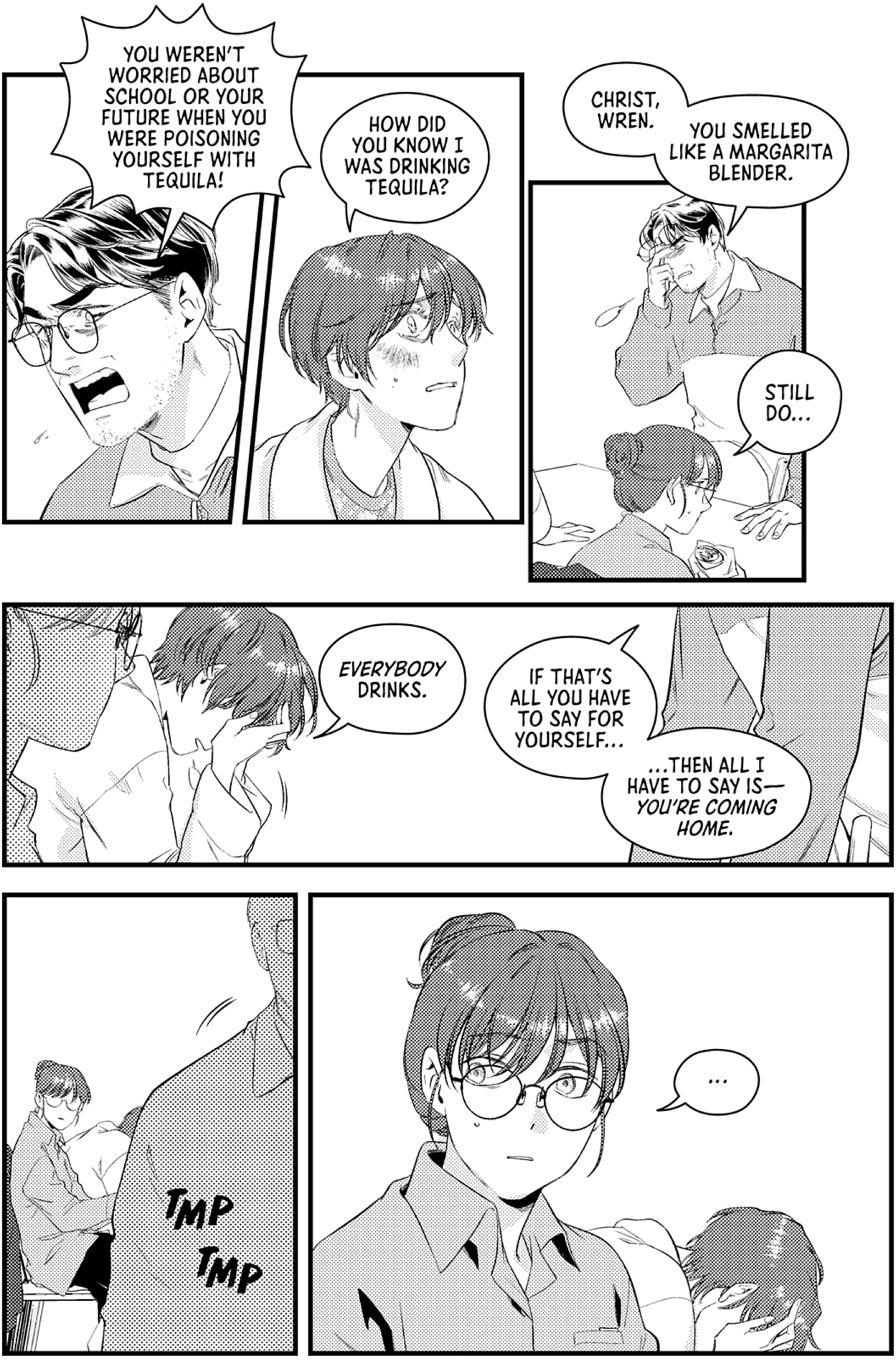

I DID SOME CLEANING WHILE WREN AND DAD RESTED.
THE HOUSE WAS IN PRETTY GOOD SHAPE ACTUALLY.
I WENT TO WREN'S FAVORITE BURRITO PLACE FOR DINNER.
WE DON'T NEED TO TALK ABOUT THIS.
YOU WERE JUST HOSPITALIZED FOR ALCOHOL POISONING.
WE'RE TALKING ABOUT IT.
YOU'RE JUST GOING TO SAY THAT I SHOULDN'T DRINK THAT MUCH—
NO—
I'M GOING TO SAY THAT YOU SHOULDN'T DRINK AT ALL!
WELL, THAT'S NOT VERY REALISTIC!
WHY THE HELL NOT?!

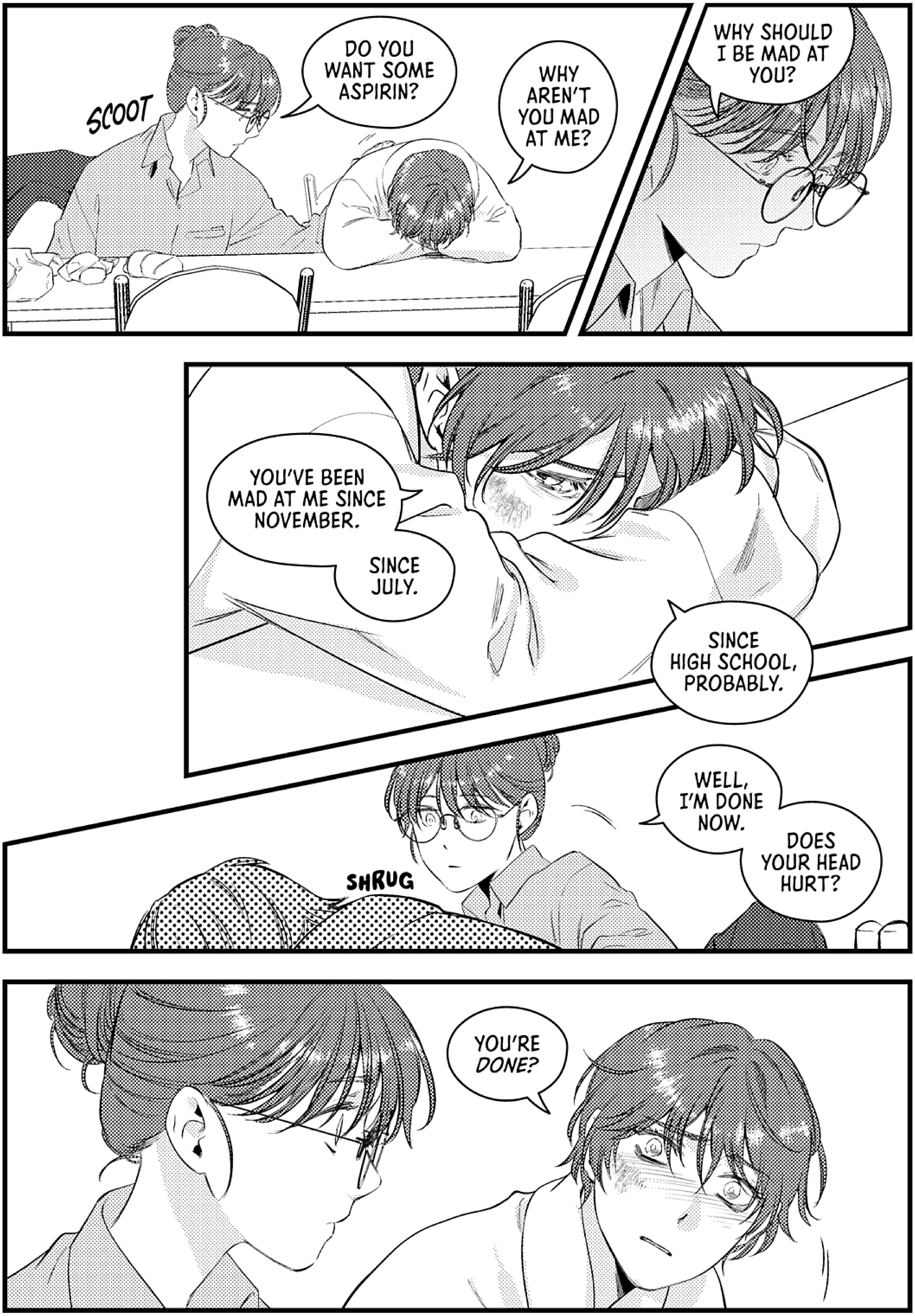

I KNOW THAT LOOK.
EVERYBODY DRINKS, DAD.
WREN HAS DECIDED TO *BE* THE ONLY RATIONAL ONE.
YOUR SISTER DOESN'T.
FORGIVE ME...
...BUT I'M NOT GOING TO SPEND MY COLLEGE YEARS SITTING SOBERLY IN MY DORM ROOM...
...WRITING ABOUT GAY MAGICIANS.
OBJECTION.
SUSTAINED.
YOUR SISTER HAS A 4.0 GPA, WREN.
AND A VERY POLITE BOYFRIEND.
WHIP
SHE'S DOING *JUST FINE* WITH HER COLLEGE YEARS.
...

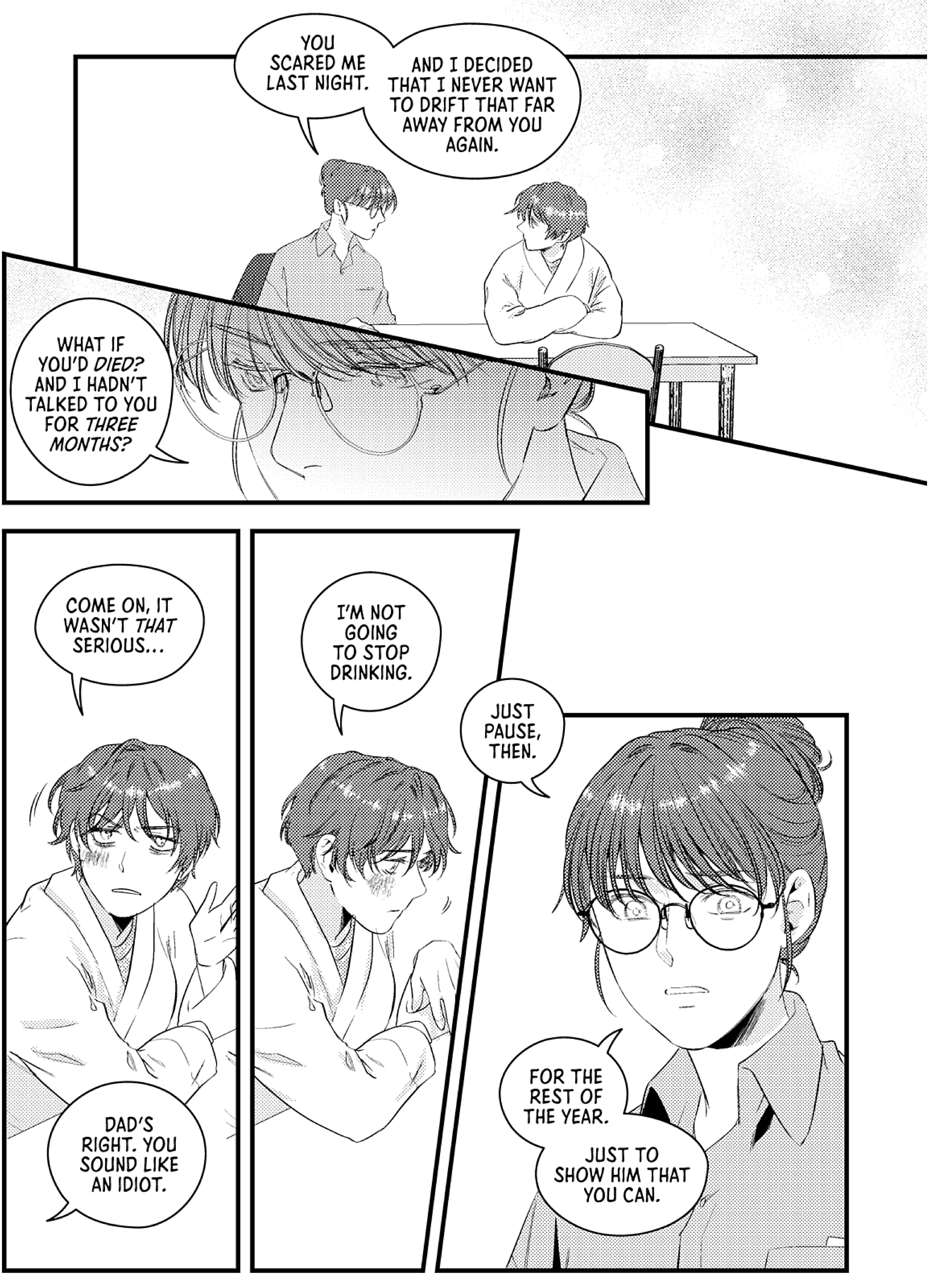

YOU HAVE A *BOYFRIEND?*
YOU HAVEN'T MET LEVI?
ARE THE TWO OF YOU EVEN *TALKING?*
YOU STOLE YOUR *ROOMMATE'S BOYFRIEND?*
IT'S A LONG STORY...
HAVE YOU *KISSED* HIM?
WREN. WE'RE TALKING ABOUT *YOUR* CHOICES.
WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO SAY?
I DRANK TOO MUCH.

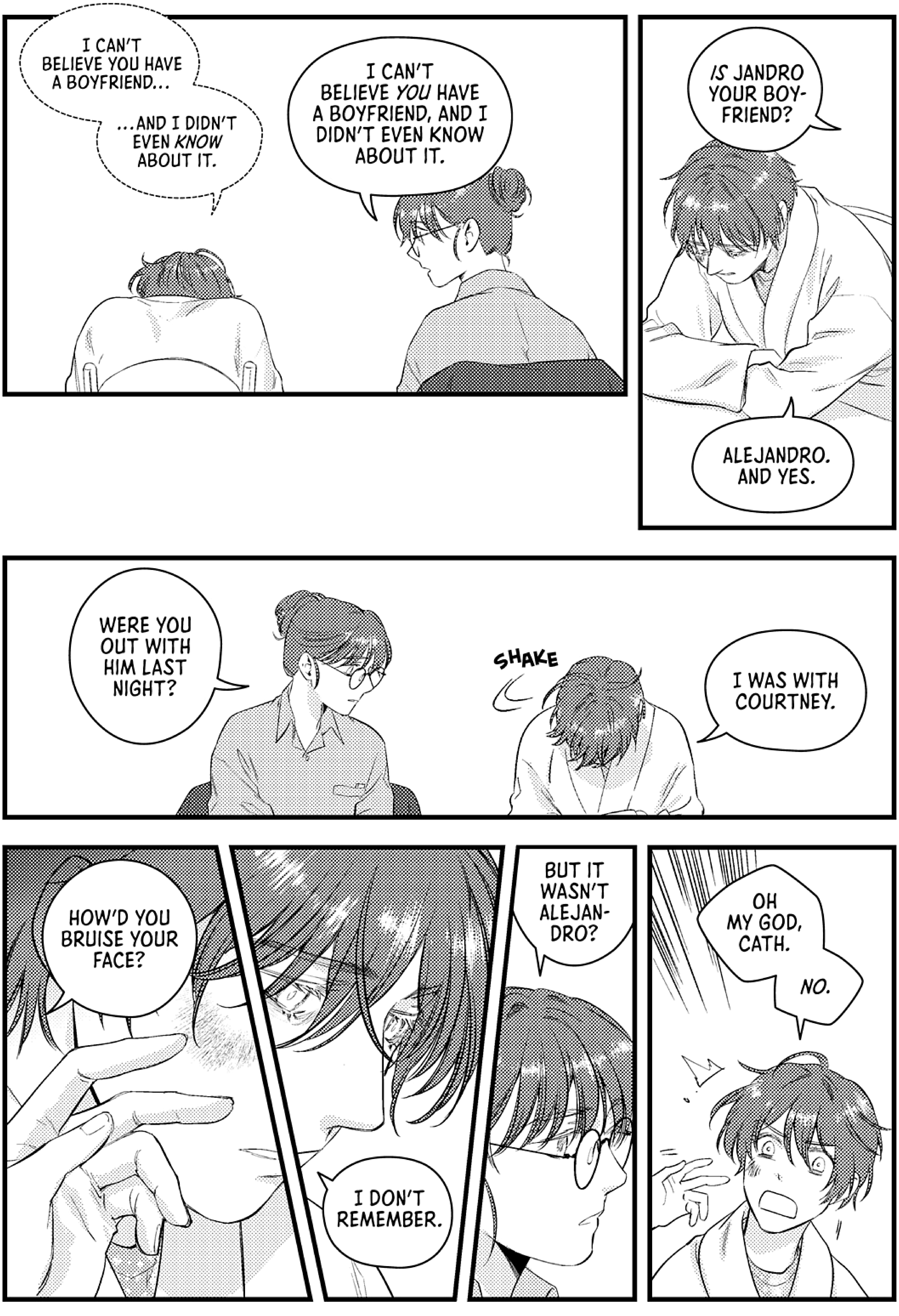

YOU'RE OUT OF CONTROL.
I'M FINE. I'M JUST 19.
EXACTLY.
YOU'RE COMING BACK HOME.
I AM NOT!
SWSH
YOU ARE.
YOU CAN'T MAKE ME!
I CAN, ACTUALLY.
I'M YOUR *FATHER.*
I'M PULLING RANK.
I SHOULD HAVE DONE THIS A LONG TIME AGO...
...BUT BETTER LATE THAN NEVER, I GUESS.

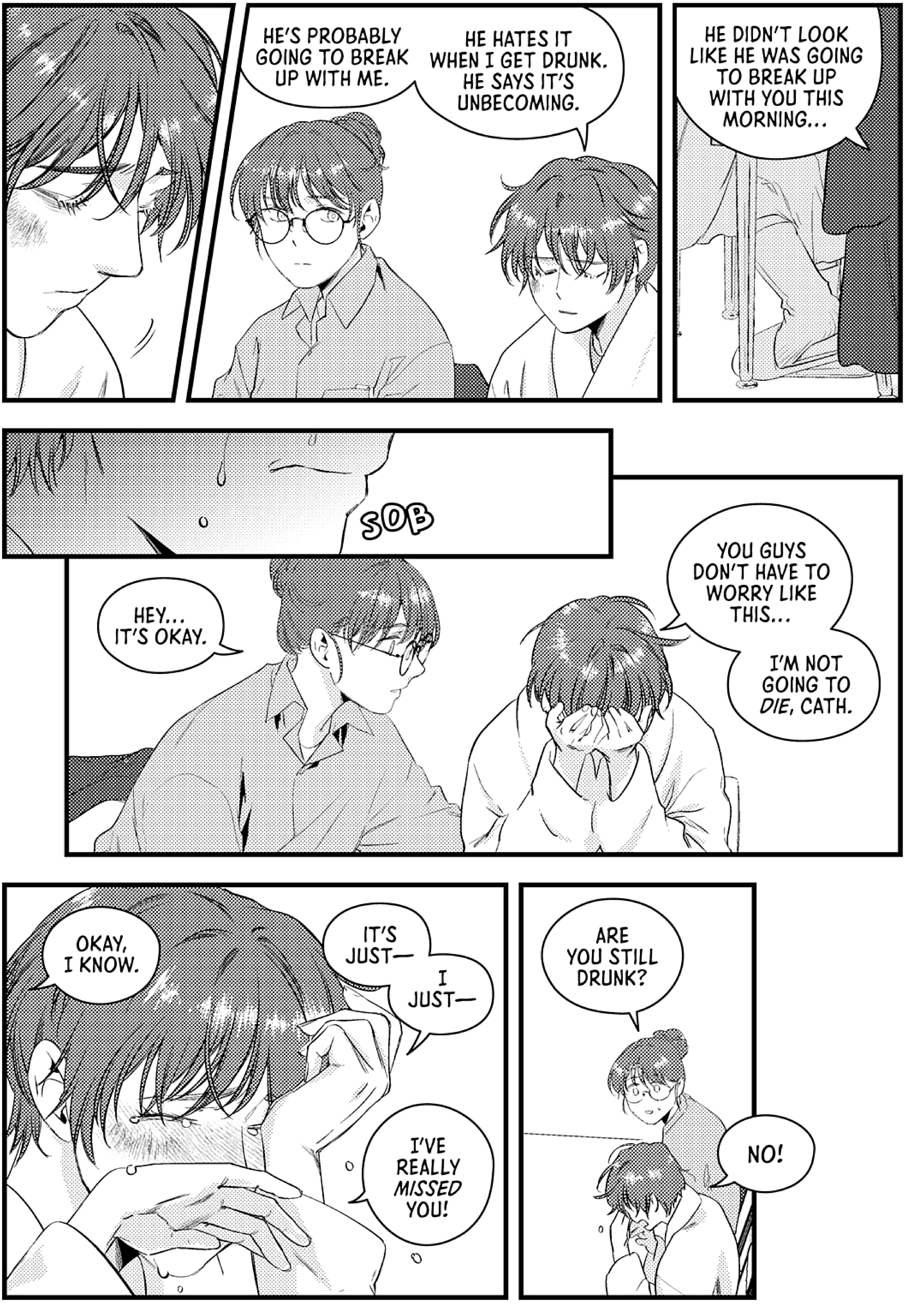

BUT, DAD...
NO. I'M NOT TAKING A CALL LIKE THAT AGAIN.
I'M NOT SPENDING EVERY WEEKEND FROM NOW ON WONDERING WHERE YOU ARE AND WHO YOU'RE WITH...
...AND WHETHER YOU'RE EVEN SOBER ENOUGH TO KNOW WHEN YOU'VE LANDED IN THE GUTTER.
THIS WAS A *WARNING*, WREN.
THIS WAS YOUR CANARY IN THE GODDAMN COAL MINE.
WHAT KIND OF FATHER WOULD I BE IF I SENT YOU BACK TO THAT *SCHOOL*, KNOWING YOU HADN'T LEARNED YOUR LESSON?
IT'S THE MIDDLE OF THE SEMESTER—I'LL FAIL ALL MY CLASSES!

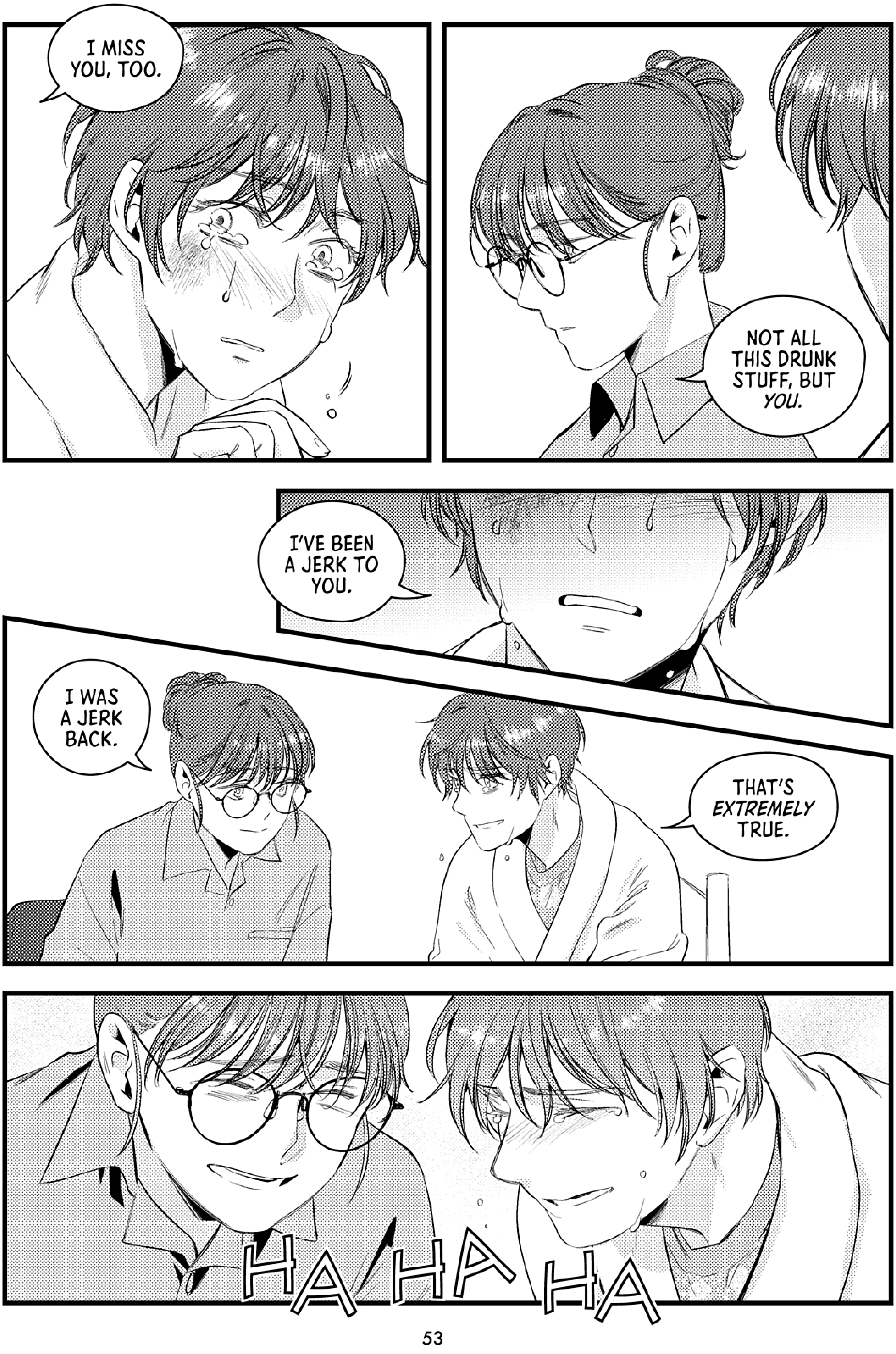

YOU WEREN'T WORRIED ABOUT SCHOOL OR YOUR FUTURE WHEN YOU WERE POISONING YOURSELF WITH TEQUILA!
HOW DID YOU KNOW I WAS DRINKING TEQUILA?
CHRIST, WREN.
YOU SMELLED LIKE A MARGARITA BLENDER.
STILL DO...
EVERYBODY DRINKS.
IF THAT'S ALL YOU HAVE TO SAY FOR YOURSELF...
...THEN ALL I HAVE TO SAY IS—*YOU'RE COMING HOME.*
TMP
TMP
...

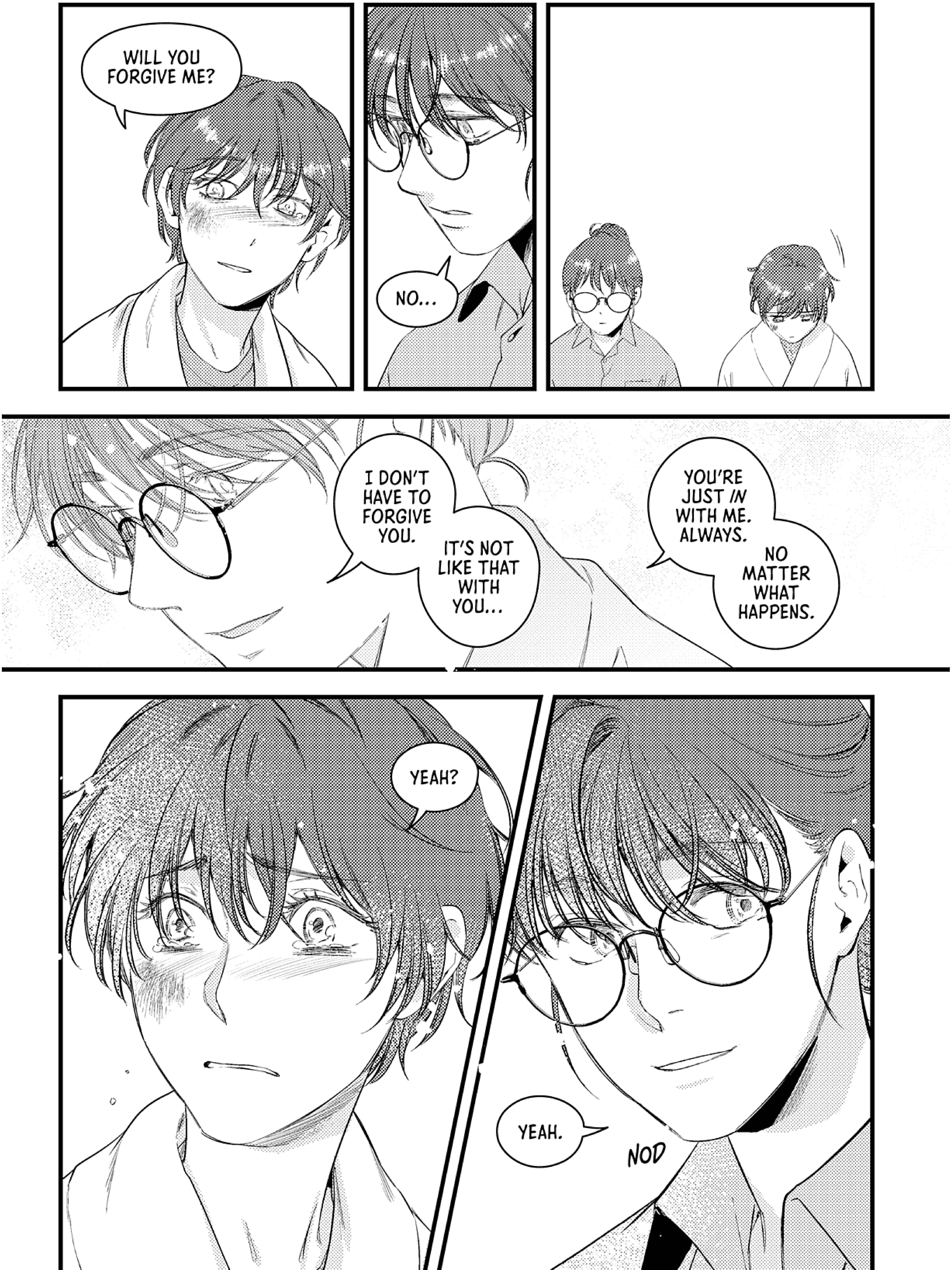

SCOOT
DO YOU WANT SOME ASPIRIN?
WHY AREN'T YOU MAD AT ME?
WHY SHOULD I BE MAD AT YOU?
YOU'VE BEEN MAD AT ME SINCE NOVEMBER.
SINCE JULY.
SINCE HIGH SCHOOL, PROBABLY.
SHRUG
WELL, I'M DONE NOW.
DOES YOUR HEAD HURT?
YOU'RE *DONE?*

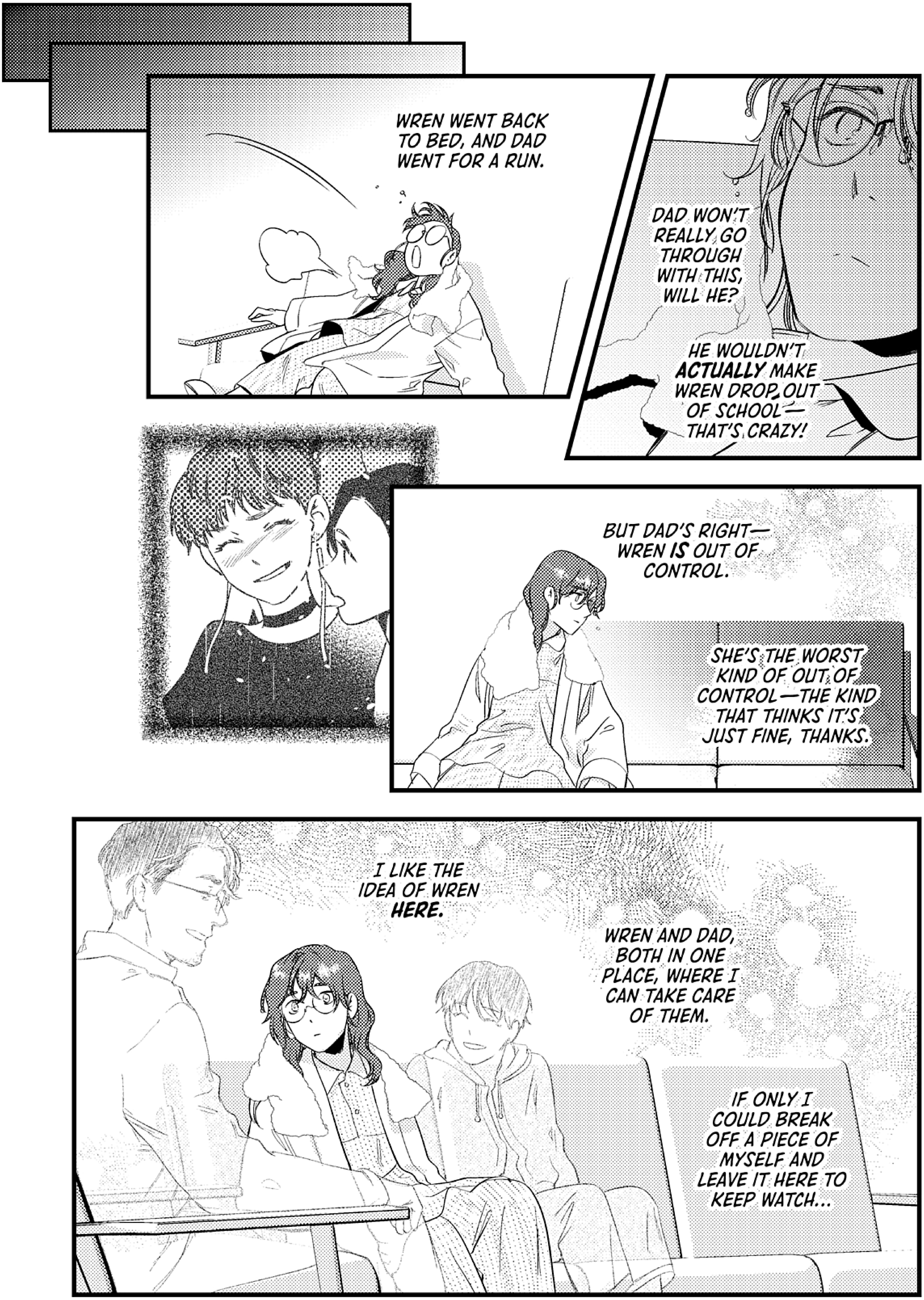

YOU SCARED ME LAST NIGHT.
AND I DECIDED THAT I NEVER WANT TO DRIFT THAT FAR AWAY FROM YOU AGAIN.
WHAT IF YOU'D *DIED?* AND I HADN'T TALKED TO YOU FOR *THREE MONTHS?*
COME ON, IT WASN'T *THAT* SERIOUS...
DAD'S RIGHT. YOU SOUND LIKE AN IDIOT.
I'M NOT GOING TO STOP DRINKING.
JUST PAUSE, THEN.
FOR THE REST OF THE YEAR.
JUST TO SHOW HIM THAT YOU CAN.

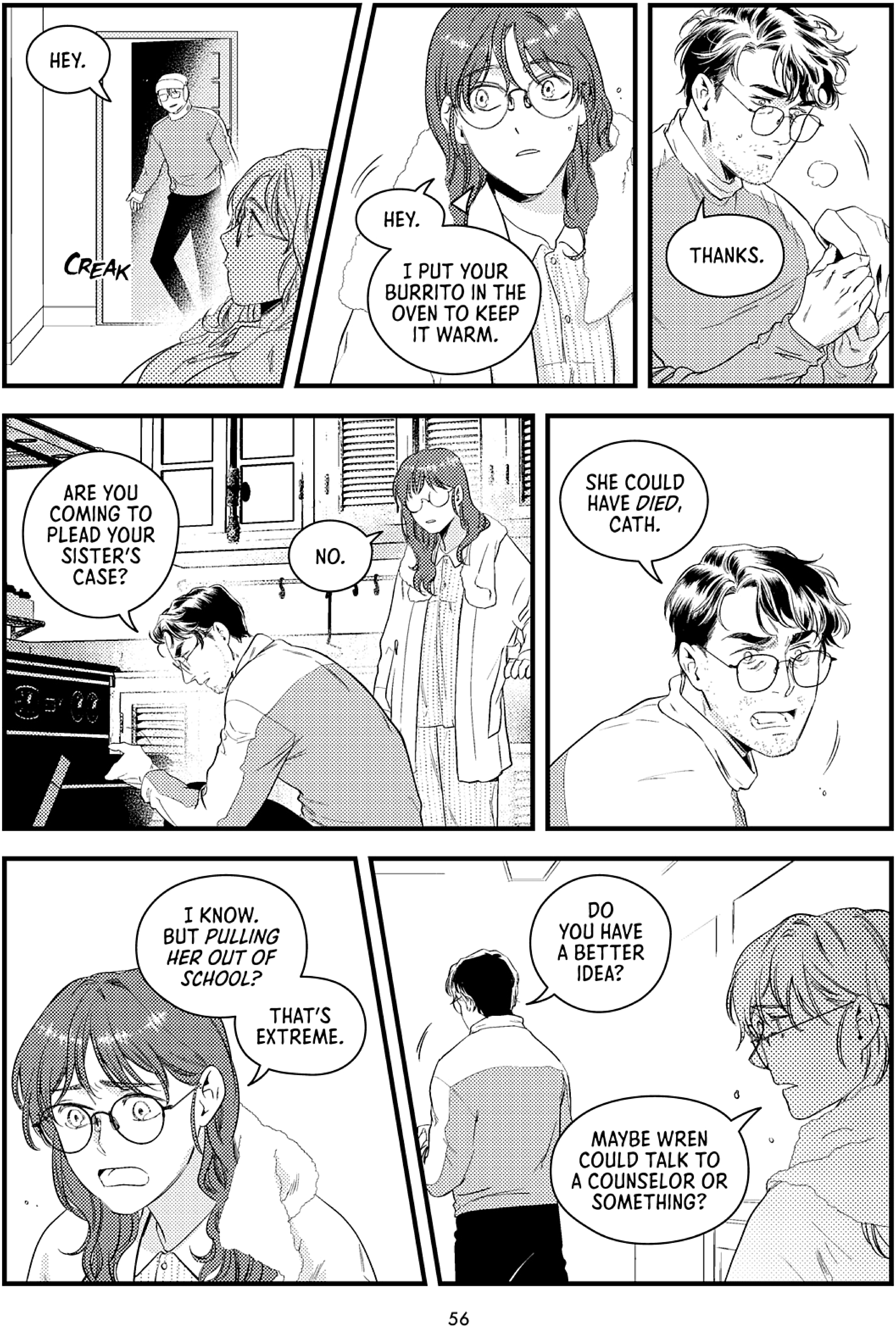

I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU HAVE A BOYFRIEND...
...AND I DIDN'T EVEN *KNOW* ABOUT IT.
I CAN'T BELIEVE *YOU* HAVE A BOYFRIEND, AND I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW ABOUT IT.
IS JANDRO YOUR BOYFRIEND?
ALEJANDRO. AND YES.
WERE YOU OUT WITH HIM LAST NIGHT?
SHAKE
I WAS WITH COURTNEY.
HOW'D YOU BRUISE YOUR FACE?
I DON'T REMEMBER.
BUT IT WASN'T ALEJANDRO?
OH MY GOD, CATH.
NO.

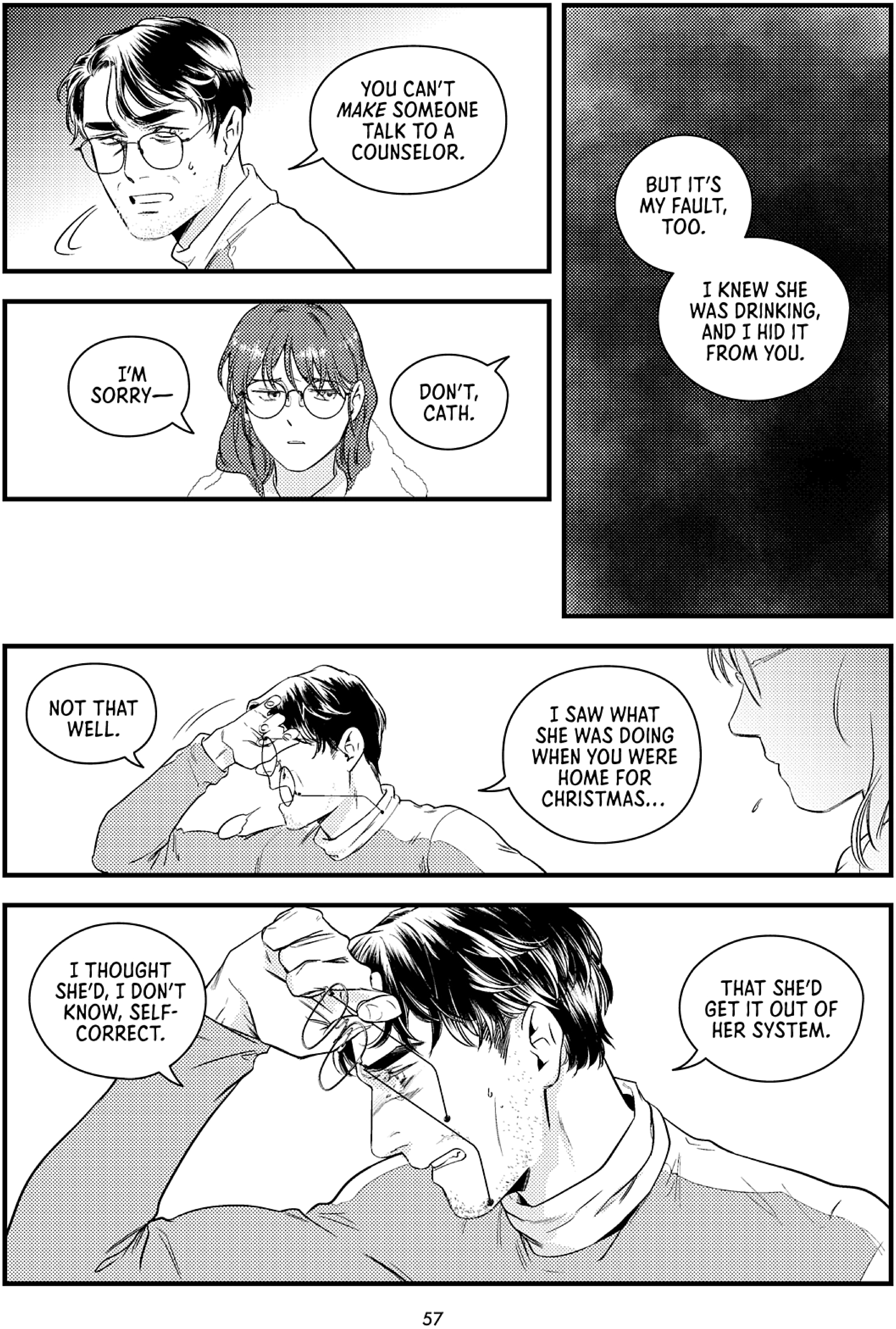

HE'S PROBABLY GOING TO BREAK UP WITH ME.
HE HATES IT WHEN I GET DRUNK. HE SAYS IT'S UNBECOMING.
HE DIDN'T LOOK LIKE HE WAS GOING TO BREAK UP WITH YOU THIS MORNING...
SOB
HEY... IT'S OKAY.
YOU GUYS DON'T HAVE TO WORRY LIKE THIS...
I'M NOT GOING TO *DIE*, CATH.
OKAY, I KNOW.
IT'S JUST—
I JUST—
I'VE REALLY *MISSED* YOU!
ARE YOU STILL DRUNK?
NO!

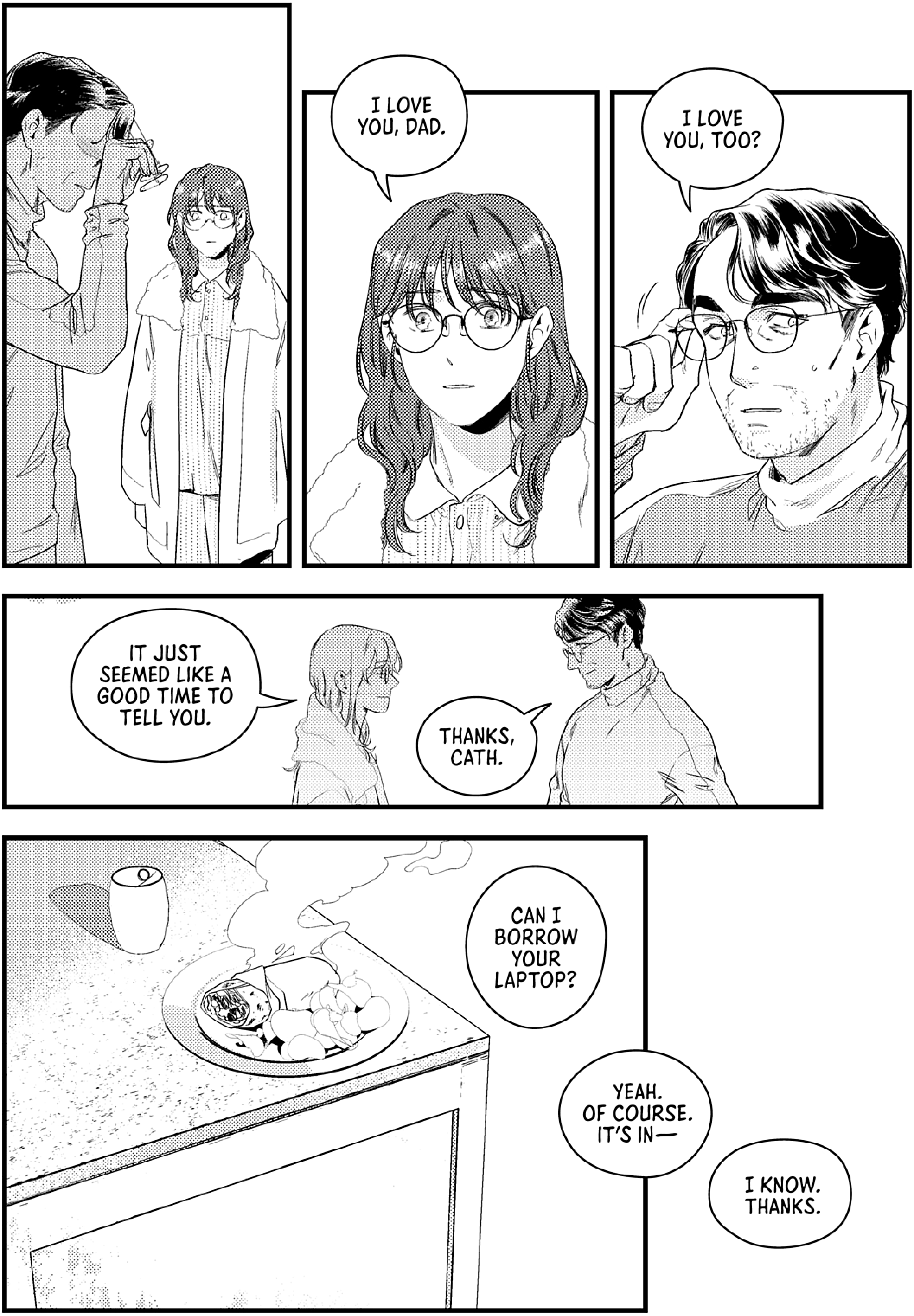

I MISS YOU, TOO.
NOT ALL THIS DRUNK STUFF, BUT *YOU.*
I'VE BEEN A JERK TO YOU.
I WAS A JERK BACK.
THAT'S *EXTREMELY* TRUE.
HA HA HA HA

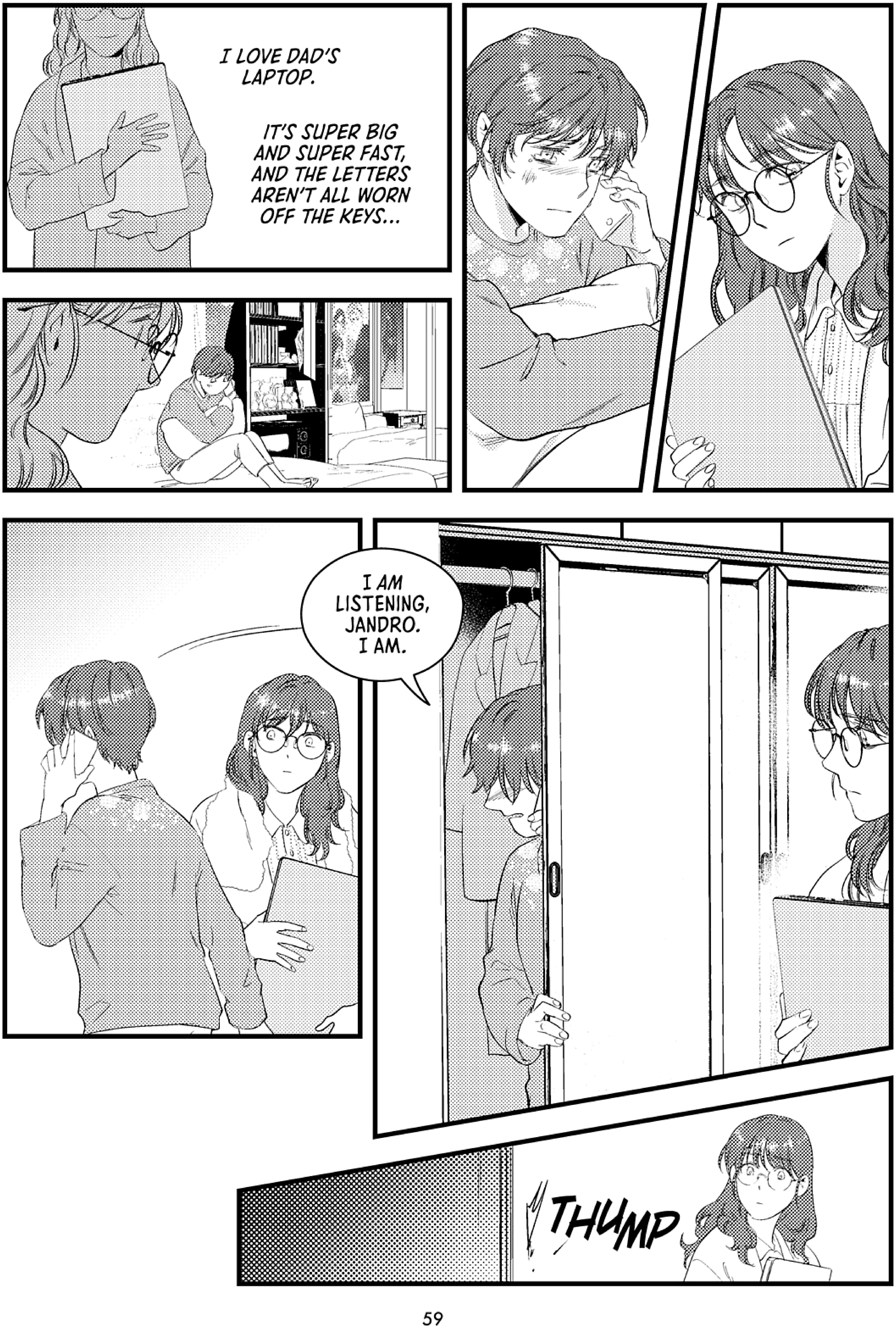

WILL YOU FORGIVE ME?
NO...
I DON'T HAVE TO FORGIVE YOU.
IT'S NOT LIKE THAT WITH YOU...
YOU'RE JUST *IN* WITH ME. ALWAYS.
NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS.
YEAH?
YEAH.
NOD

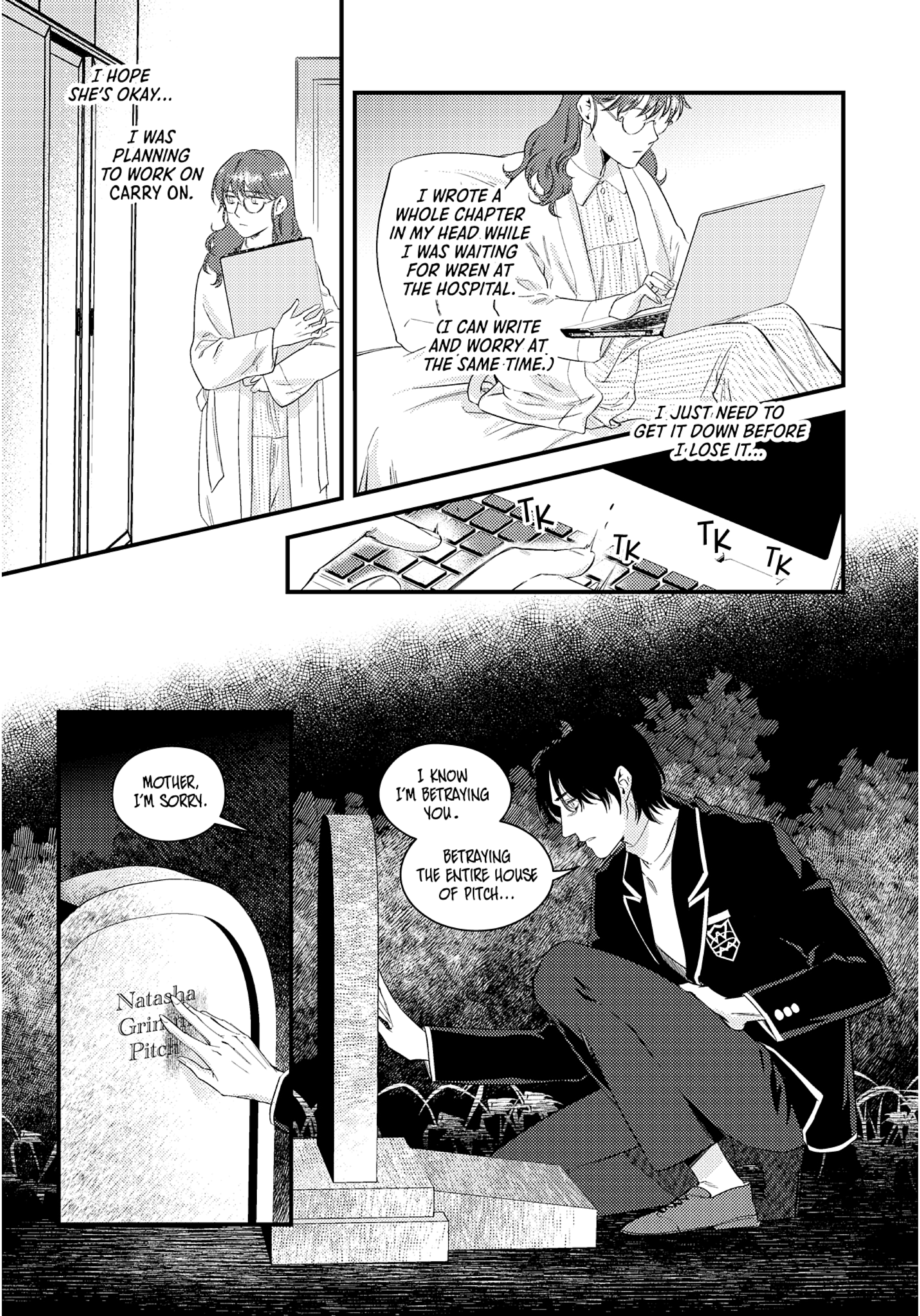

WREN WENT BACK TO BED, AND DAD WENT FOR A RUN.
DAD WON'T REALLY GO THROUGH WITH THIS, WILL HE?
HE WOULDN'T **ACTUALLY** MAKE WREN DROP OUT OF SCHOOL—THAT'S CRAZY!
BUT DAD'S RIGHT—WREN **IS** OUT OF CONTROL.
SHE'S THE WORST KIND OF OUT OF CONTROL—THE KIND THAT THINKS IT'S JUST FINE, THANKS.
I LIKE THE IDEA OF WREN **HERE.**
WREN AND DAD, BOTH IN ONE PLACE, WHERE I CAN TAKE CARE OF THEM.
IF ONLY I COULD BREAK OFF A PIECE OF MYSELF AND LEAVE IT HERE TO KEEP WATCH...

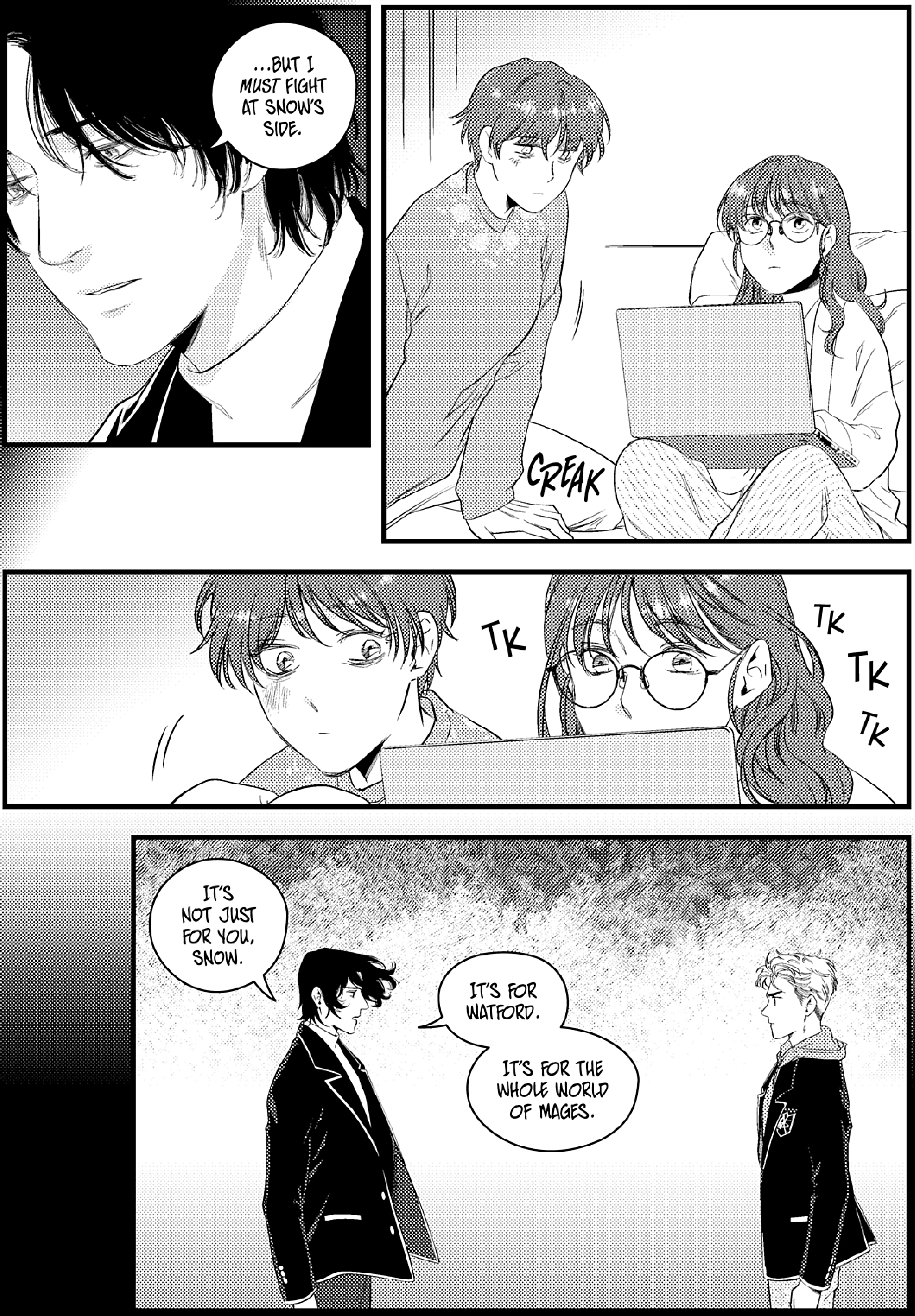

HEY.
CREAK
HEY.
I PUT YOUR BURRITO IN THE OVEN TO KEEP IT WARM.
THANKS.
ARE YOU COMING TO PLEAD YOUR SISTER'S CASE?
NO.
SHE COULD HAVE *DIED*, CATH.
I KNOW. BUT *PULLING HER OUT OF SCHOOL?*
THAT'S EXTREME.
DO YOU HAVE A BETTER IDEA?
MAYBE WREN COULD TALK TO A COUNSELOR OR SOMETHING?

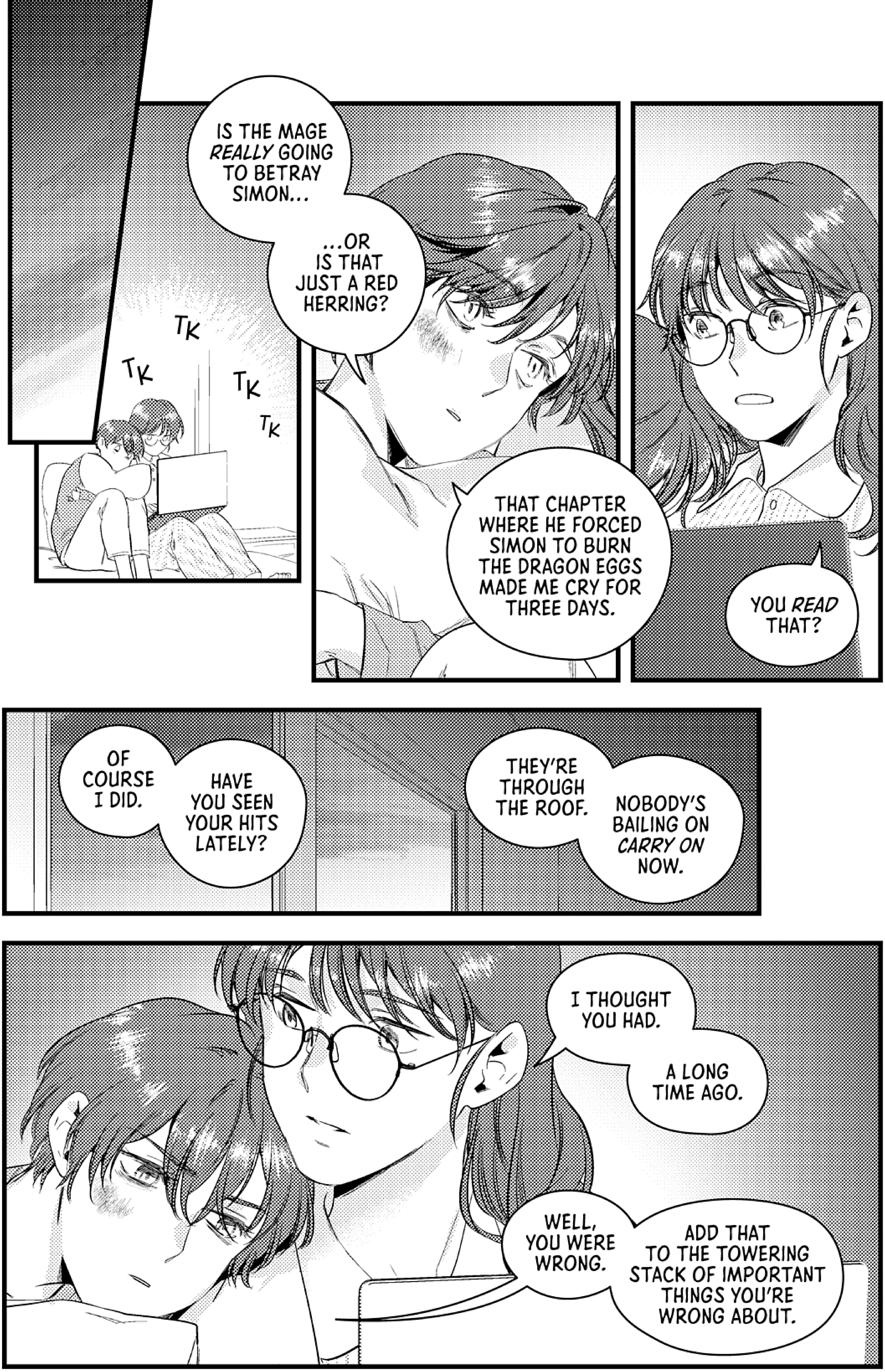

YOU CAN'T *MAKE* SOMEONE TALK TO A COUNSELOR.
I'M SORRY—
DON'T, CATH.
BUT IT'S MY FAULT, TOO.
I KNEW SHE WAS DRINKING, AND I HID IT FROM YOU.
NOT THAT WELL.
I SAW WHAT SHE WAS DOING WHEN YOU WERE HOME FOR CHRISTMAS...
I THOUGHT SHE'D, I DON'T KNOW, SELF-CORRECT.
THAT SHE'D GET IT OUT OF HER SYSTEM.

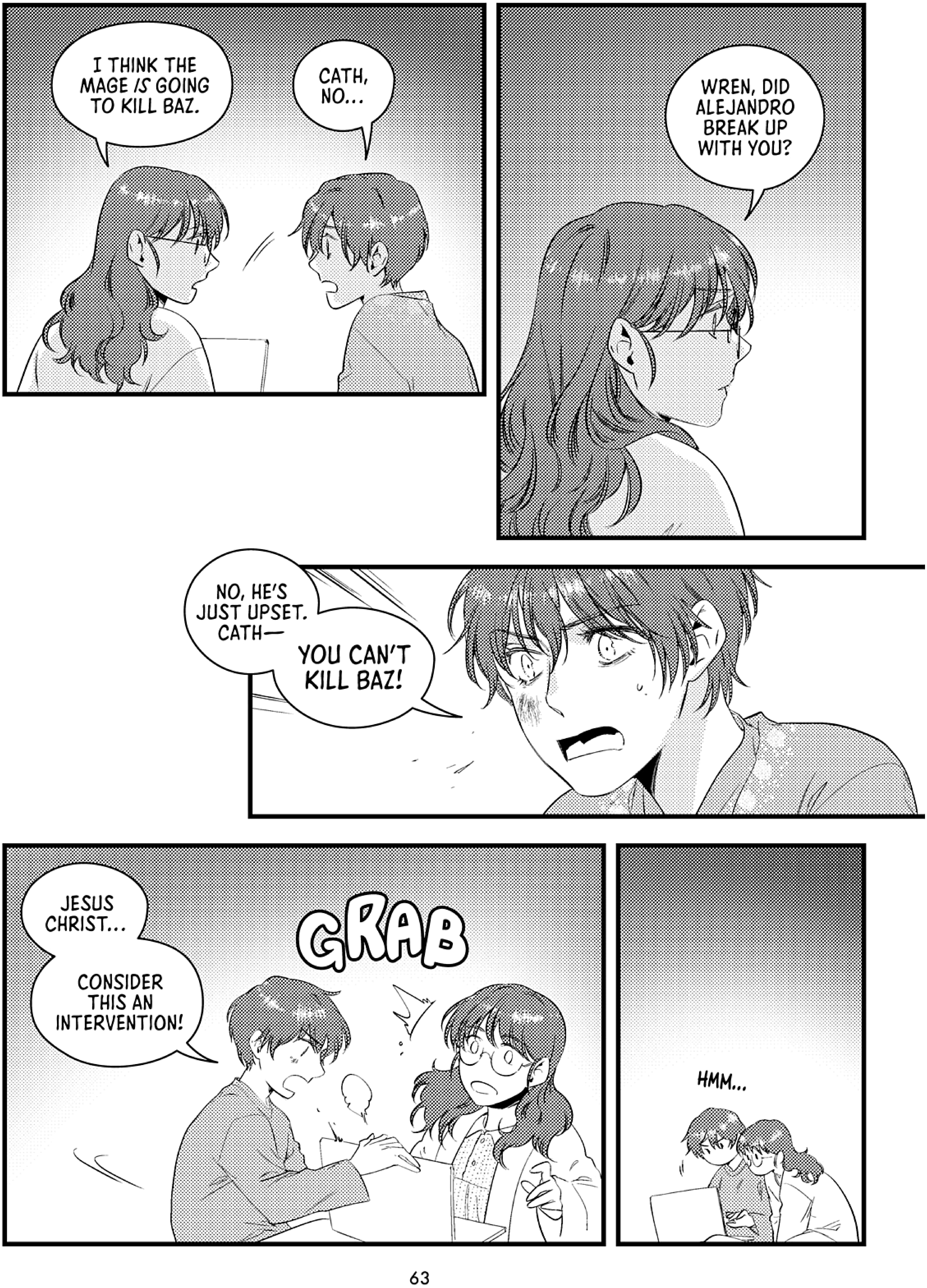

I LOVE YOU, DAD.
I LOVE YOU, TOO?
IT JUST SEEMED LIKE A GOOD TIME TO TELL YOU.
THANKS, CATH.
CAN I BORROW YOUR LAPTOP?
YEAH. OF COURSE. IT'S IN—
I KNOW. THANKS.

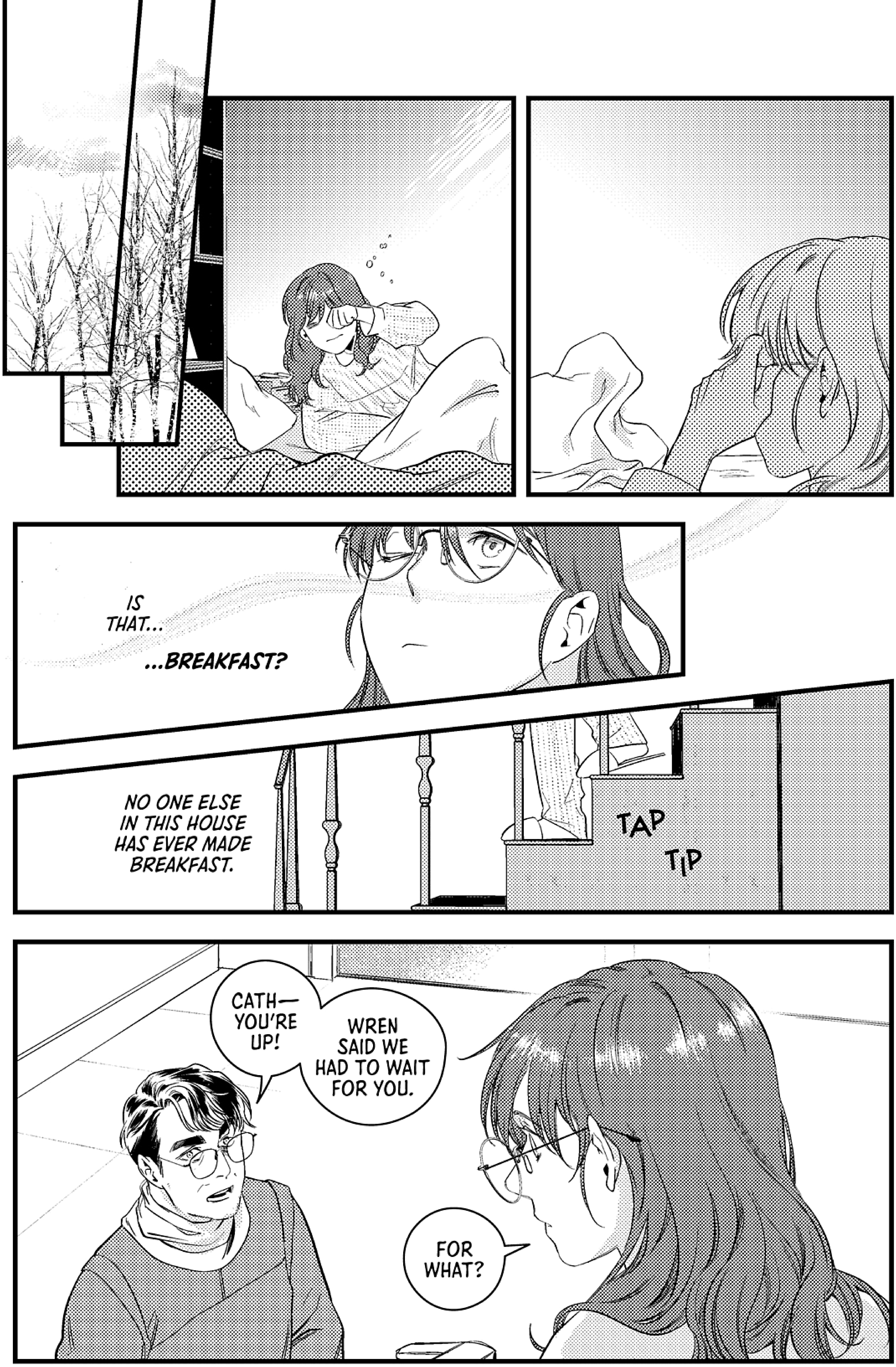

I LOVE DAD'S LAPTOP.
IT'S SUPER BIG AND SUPER FAST, AND THE LETTERS AREN'T ALL WORN OFF THE KEYS...
I AM LISTENING, JANDRO. I AM.
THUMP

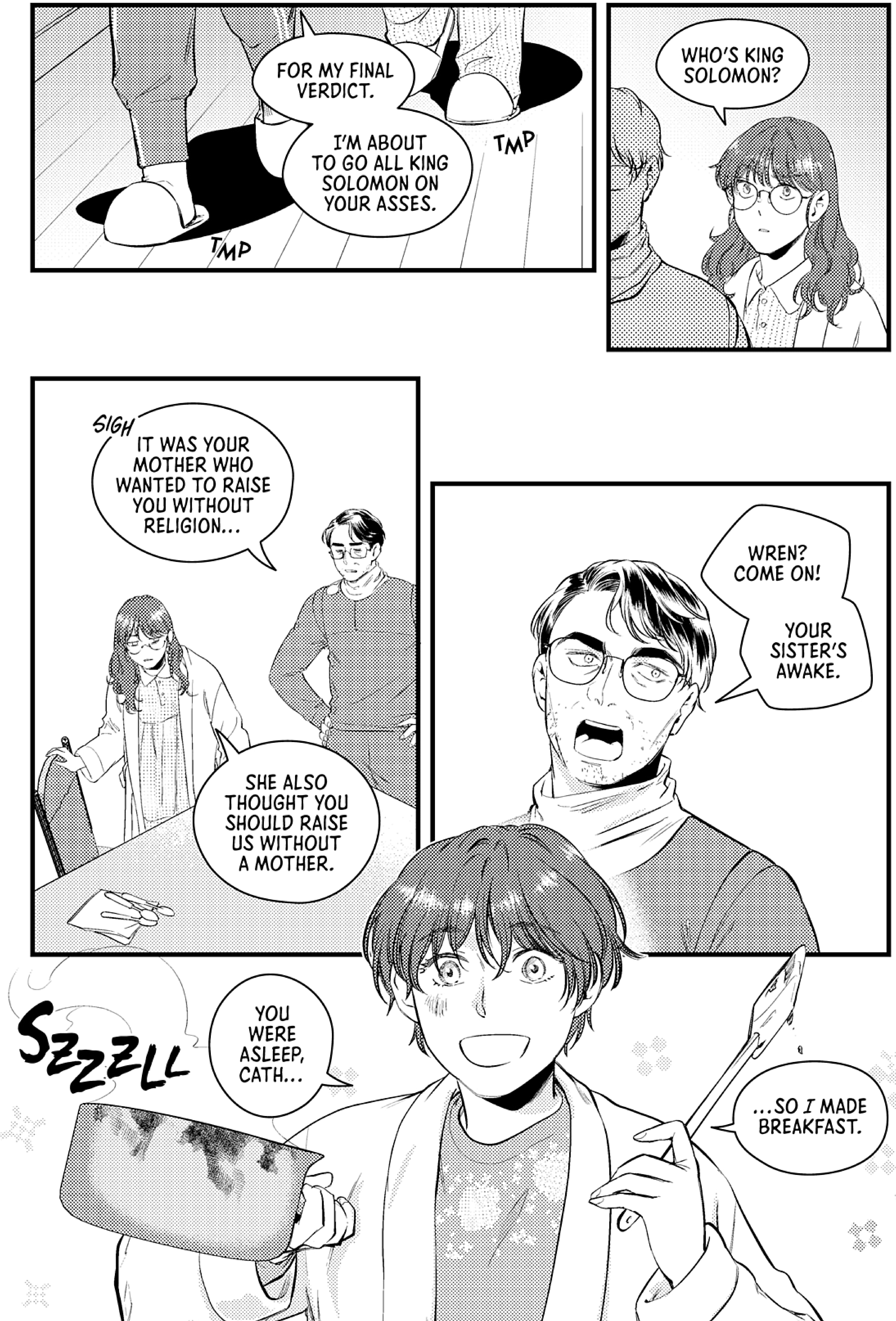

I HOPE SHE'S OKAY...
I WAS PLANNING TO WORK ON CARRY ON.
I WROTE A WHOLE CHAPTER IN MY HEAD WHILE I WAS WAITING FOR WREN AT THE HOSPITAL.
(I CAN WRITE AND WORRY AT THE SAME TIME.)
I JUST NEED TO GET IT DOWN BEFORE I LOSE IT...
TK
TK
TK
TK
MOTHER, I'M SORRY.
Natasha Grim Pitch
I KNOW I'M BETRAYING YOU.
BETRAYING THE ENTIRE HOUSE OF PITCH...

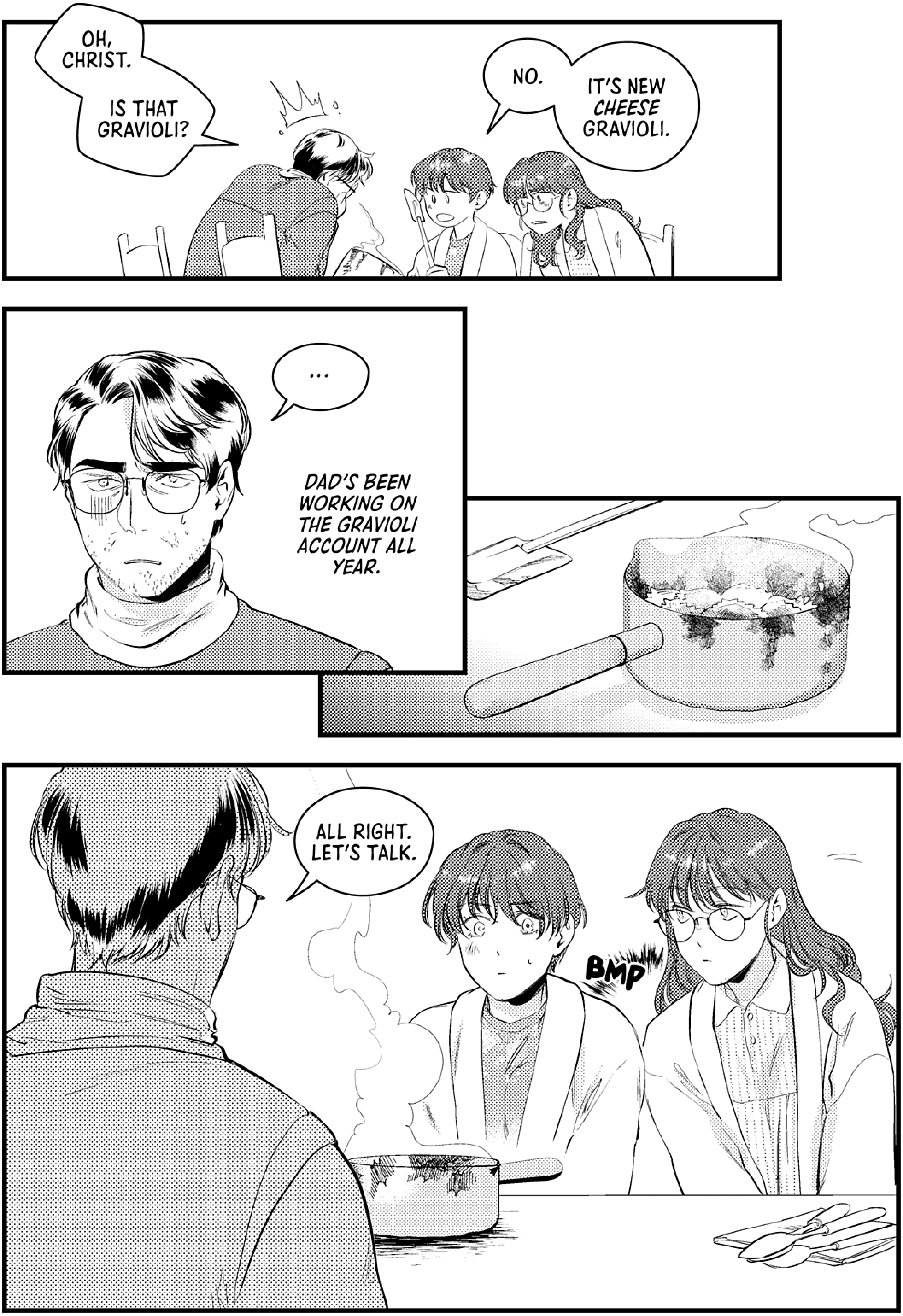

...BUT I MUST FIGHT AT SNOW'S SIDE.
CREAK
TK
TK
TK
TK
IT'S NOT JUST FOR YOU, SNOW.
IT'S FOR WATFORD.
IT'S FOR THE WHOLE WORLD OF MAGES.

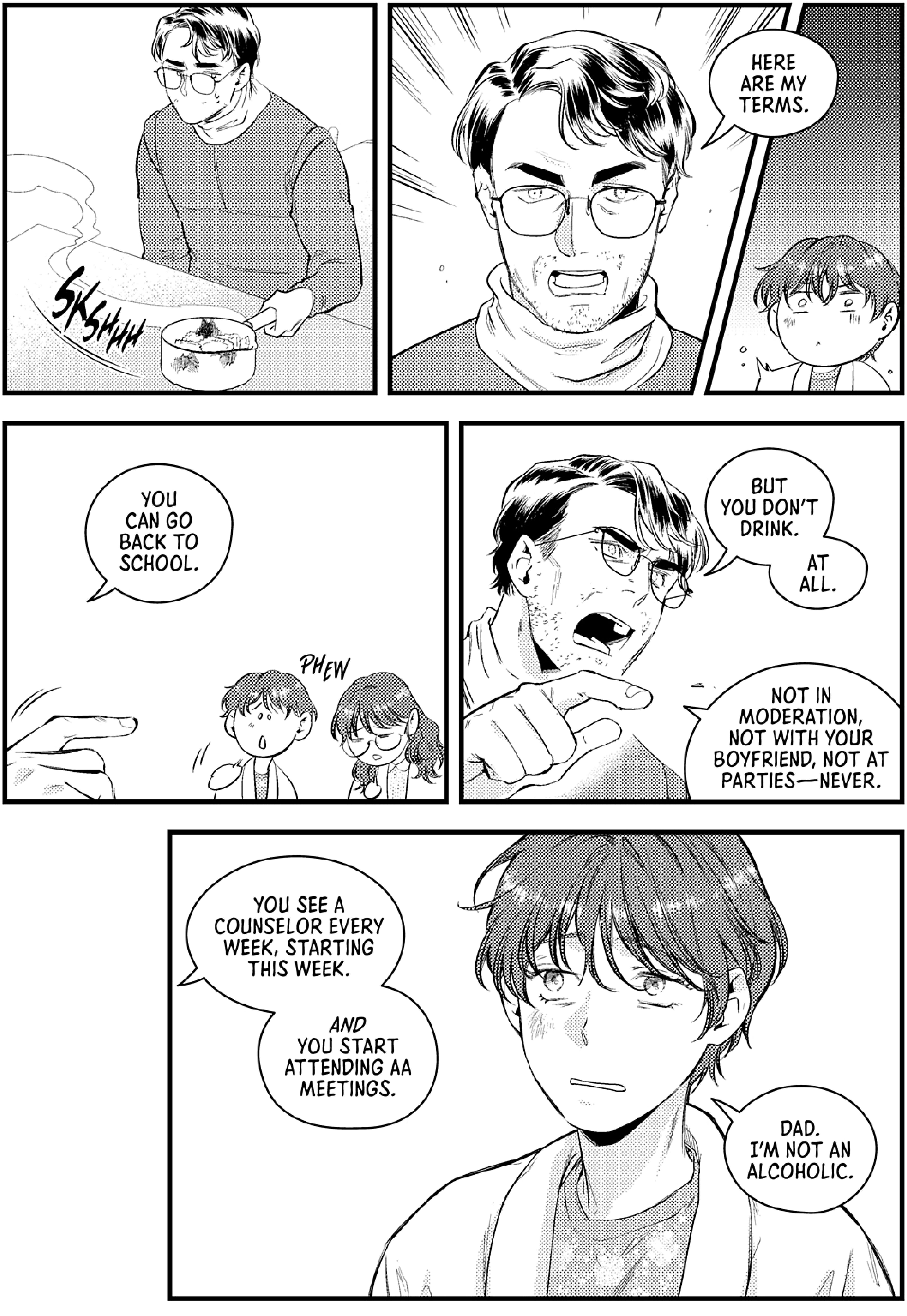

IS THE MAGE *REALLY* GOING TO BETRAY SIMON...
...OR IS THAT JUST A RED HERRING?
TK
TK
TK
TK
THAT CHAPTER WHERE HE FORCED SIMON TO BURN THE DRAGON EGGS MADE ME CRY FOR THREE DAYS.
YOU *READ* THAT?
OF COURSE I DID.
HAVE YOU SEEN YOUR HITS LATELY?
THEY'RE THROUGH THE ROOF.
NOBODY'S BAILING ON *CARRY ON* NOW.
I THOUGHT YOU HAD.
A LONG TIME AGO.
WELL, YOU WERE WRONG.
ADD THAT TO THE TOWERING STACK OF IMPORTANT THINGS YOU'RE WRONG ABOUT.

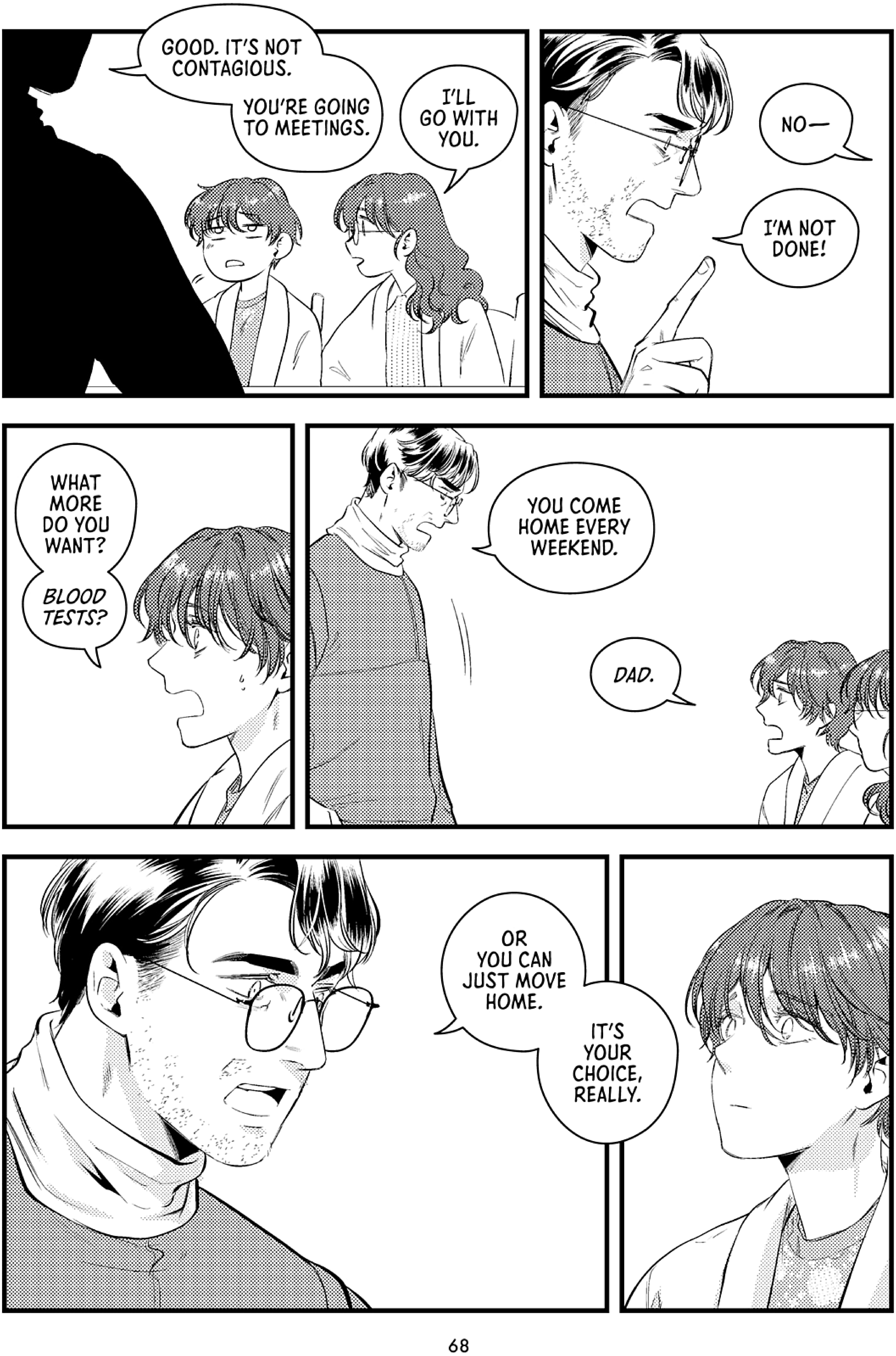

I THINK THE MAGE *IS* GOING TO KILL BAZ.
CATH, NO...
WREN, DID ALEJANDRO BREAK UP WITH YOU?
NO, HE'S JUST UPSET. CATH—
YOU CAN'T KILL BAZ!
JESUS CHRIST...
CONSIDER THIS AN INTERVENTION!
GRAB
HMM...

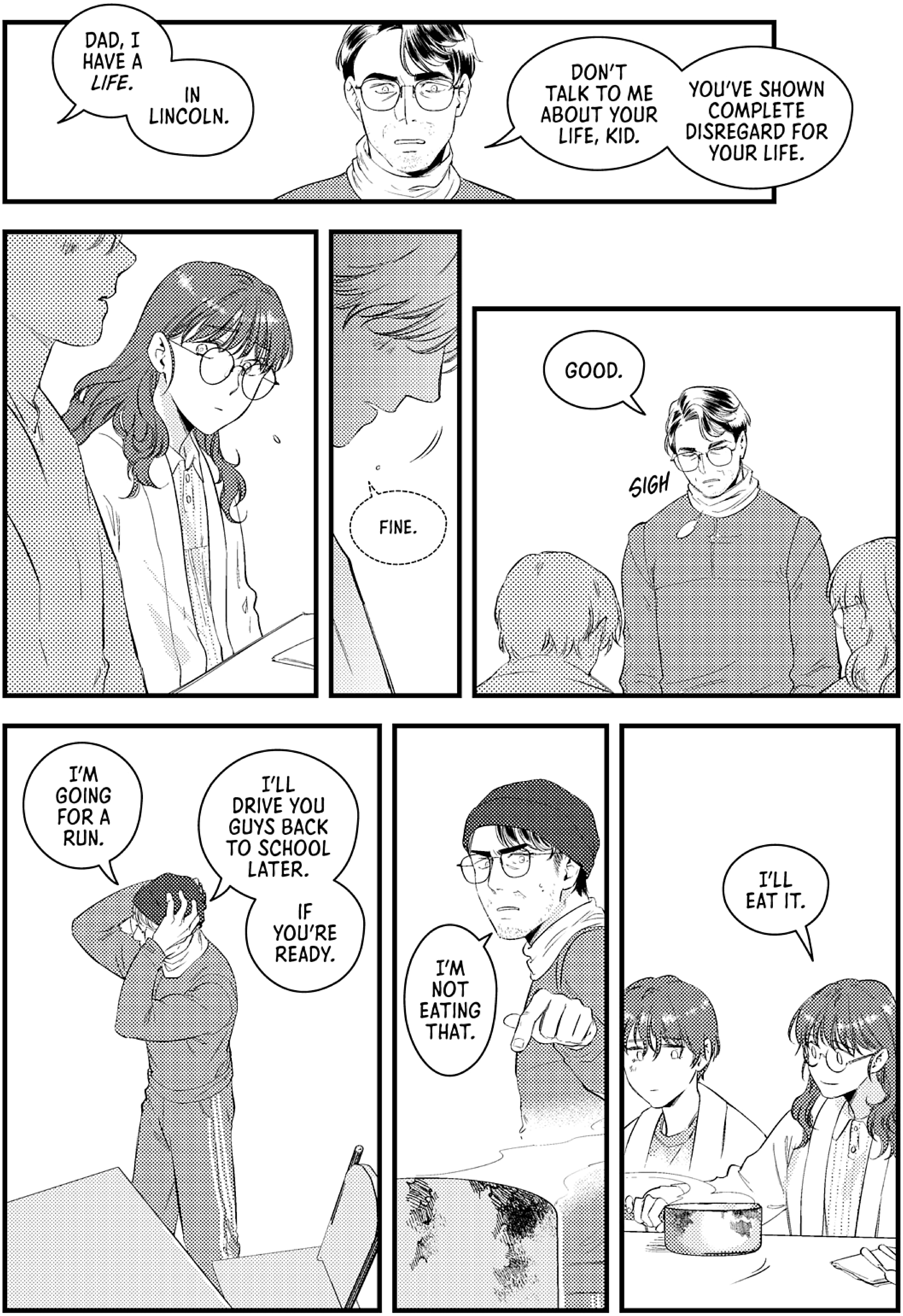

IS THAT...
...BREAKFAST?
NO ONE ELSE IN THIS HOUSE HAS EVER MADE BREAKFAST.
TAP
TIP
CATH— YOU'RE UP!
WREN SAID WE HAD TO WAIT FOR YOU.
FOR WHAT?

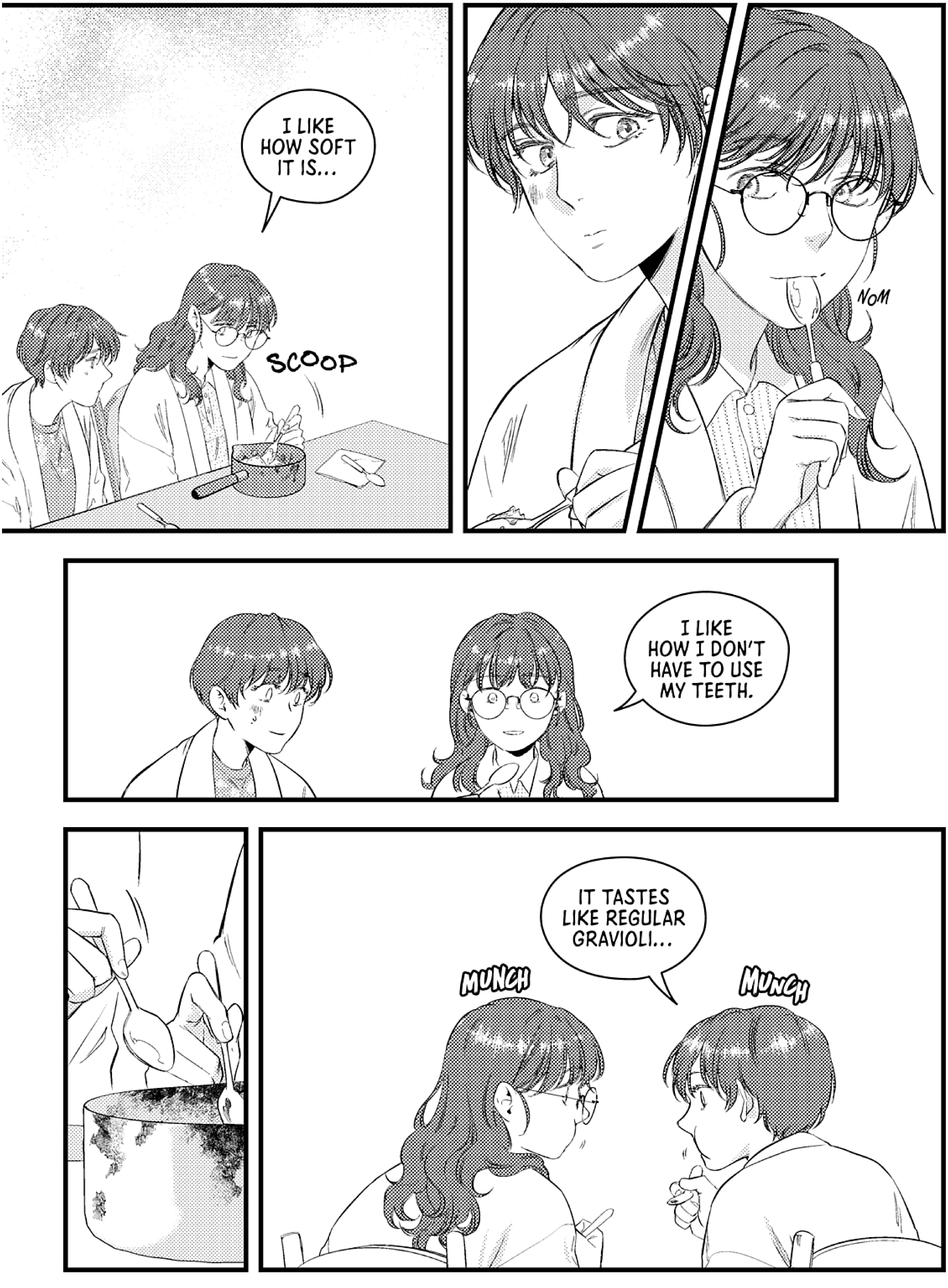

FOR MY FINAL VERDICT.
I'M ABOUT TO GO ALL KING SOLOMON ON YOUR ASSES.
TMP
TMP
WHO'S KING SOLOMON?
SIGH
IT WAS YOUR MOTHER WHO WANTED TO RAISE YOU WITHOUT RELIGION...
SHE ALSO THOUGHT YOU SHOULD RAISE US WITHOUT A MOTHER.
WREN? COME ON!
YOUR SISTER'S AWAKE.
SZZZLL
YOU WERE ASLEEP, CATH...
...SO I MADE BREAKFAST.

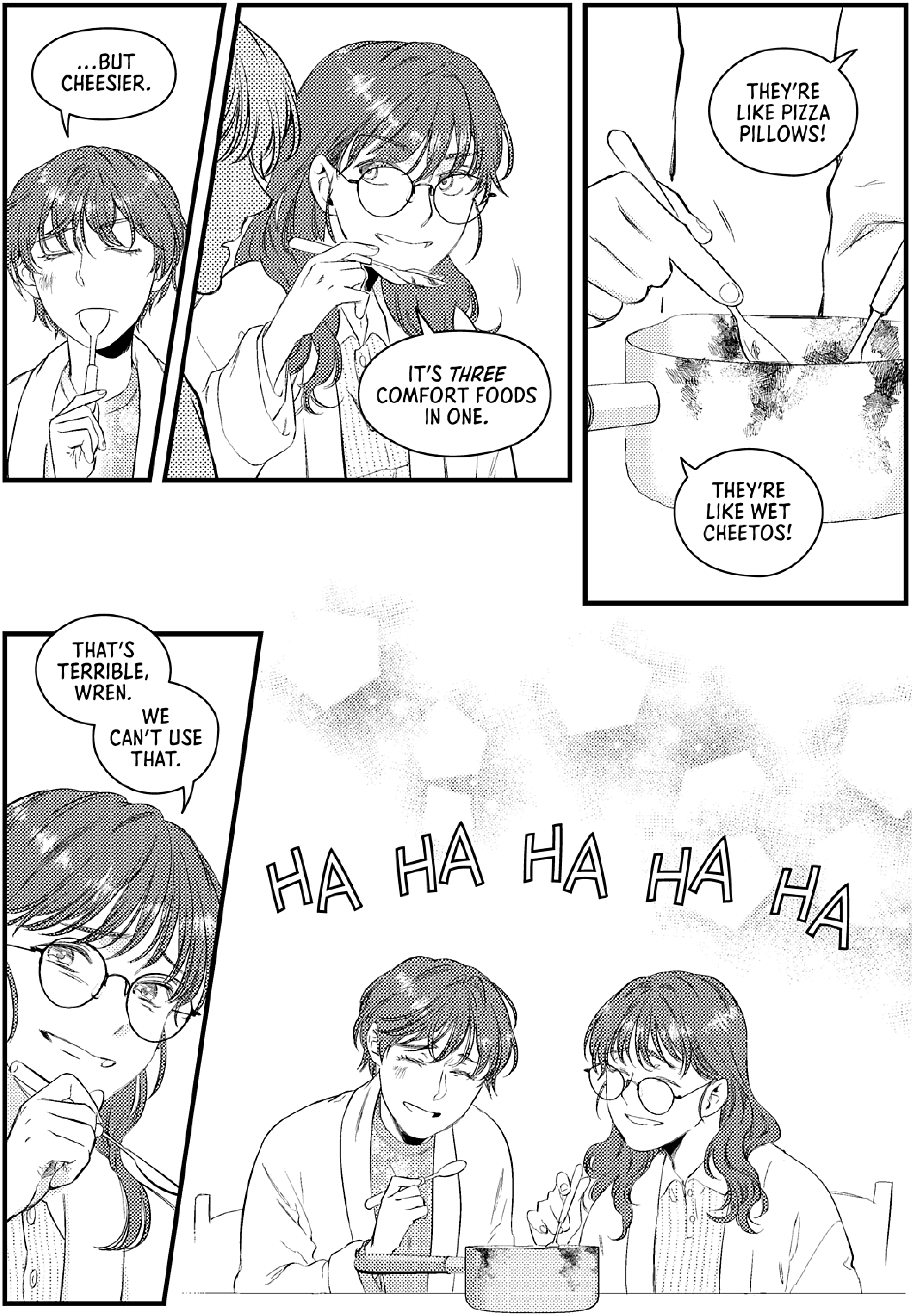

OH, CHRIST.
IS THAT GRAVIOLI?
NO.
IT'S NEW *CHEESE* GRAVIOLI.
...
DAD'S BEEN WORKING ON THE GRAVIOLI ACCOUNT ALL YEAR.
ALL RIGHT. LET'S TALK.
BMP


SKSHHH
HERE ARE MY TERMS.
YOU CAN GO BACK TO SCHOOL.
PHEW
BUT YOU DON'T DRINK.
AT ALL.
NOT IN MODERATION, NOT WITH YOUR BOYFRIEND, NOT AT PARTIES—NEVER.
YOU SEE A COUNSELOR EVERY WEEK, STARTING THIS WEEK.
AND YOU START ATTENDING AA MEETINGS.
DAD. I'M NOT AN ALCOHOLIC.


GOOD. IT'S NOT CONTAGIOUS.
YOU'RE GOING TO MEETINGS.
I'LL GO WITH YOU.
NO—
I'M NOT DONE!
WHAT MORE DO YOU WANT?
BLOOD TESTS?
YOU COME HOME EVERY WEEKEND.
DAD.
OR YOU CAN JUST MOVE HOME.
IT'S YOUR CHOICE, REALLY.

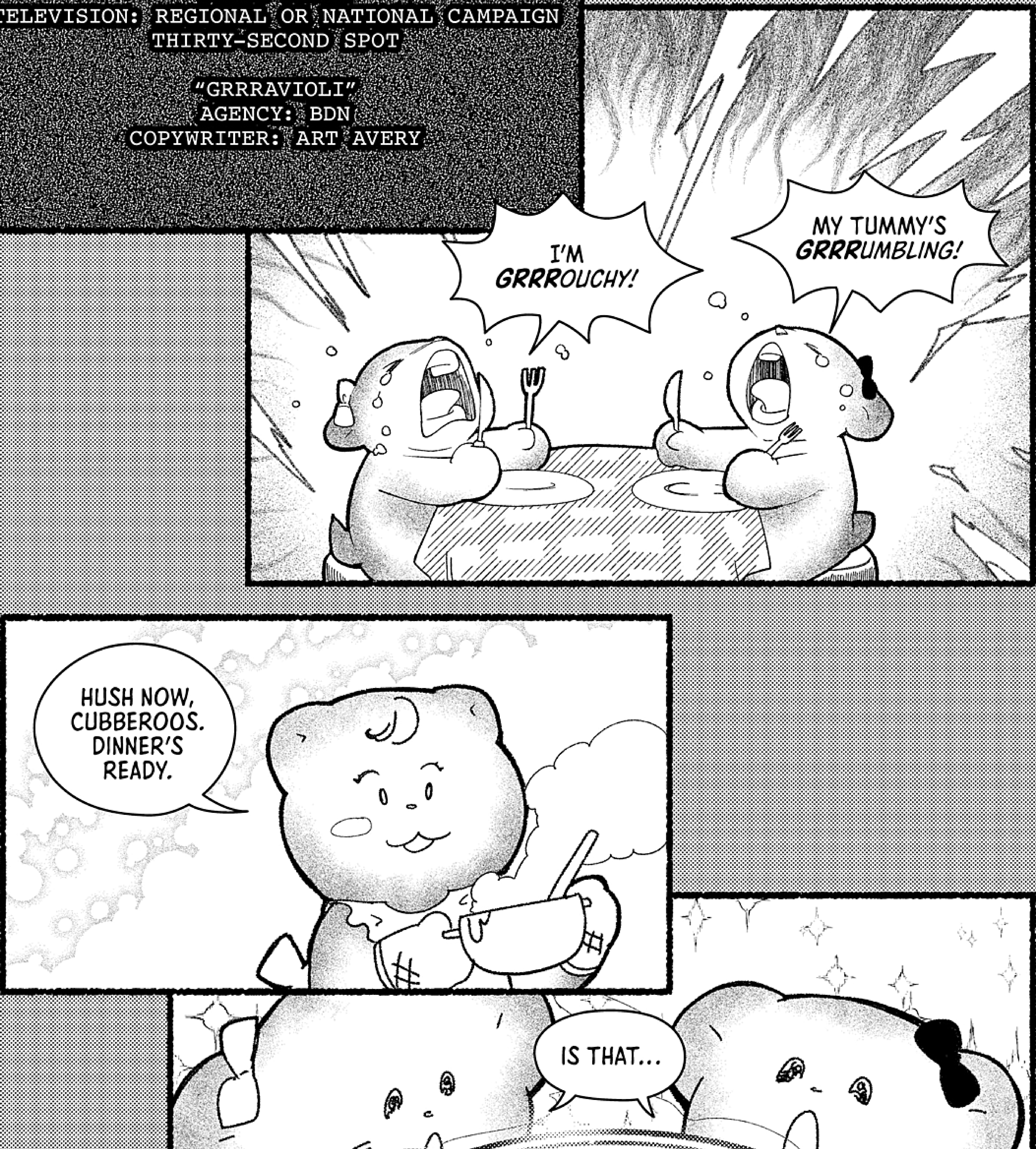

DAD, I HAVE A *LIFE.*
IN LINCOLN.
DON'T TALK TO ME ABOUT YOUR LIFE, KID.
YOU'VE SHOWN COMPLETE DISREGARD FOR YOUR LIFE.
FINE.
GOOD.
SIGH
I'M GOING FOR A RUN.
I'LL DRIVE YOU GUYS BACK TO SCHOOL LATER.
IF YOU'RE READY.
I'M NOT EATING THAT.
I'LL EAT IT.

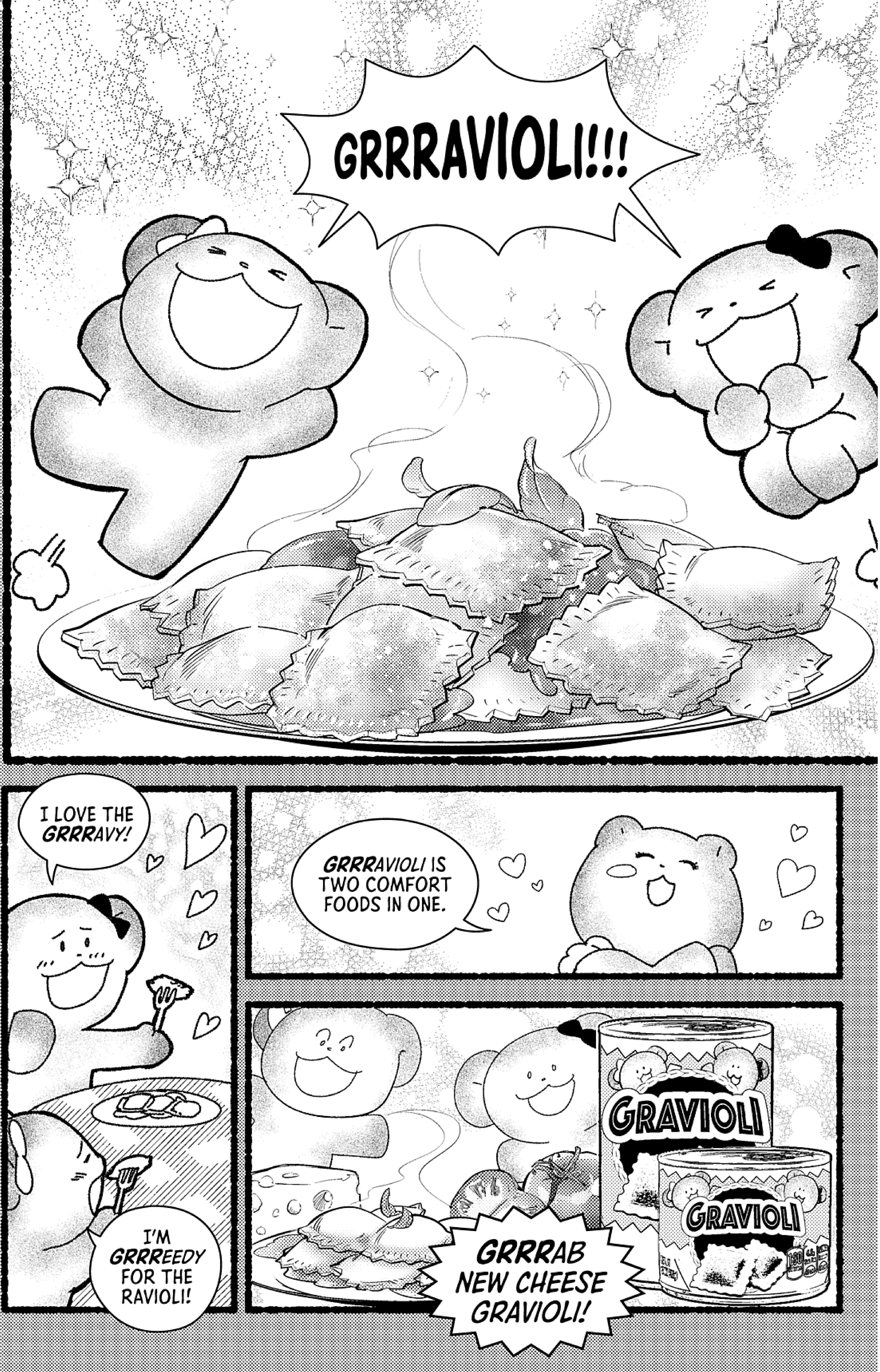

I LIKE HOW SOFT IT IS...
SCOOP
NOM
I LIKE HOW I DON'T HAVE TO USE MY TEETH.
IT TASTES LIKE REGULAR GRAVIOLI...
MUNCH
MUNCH

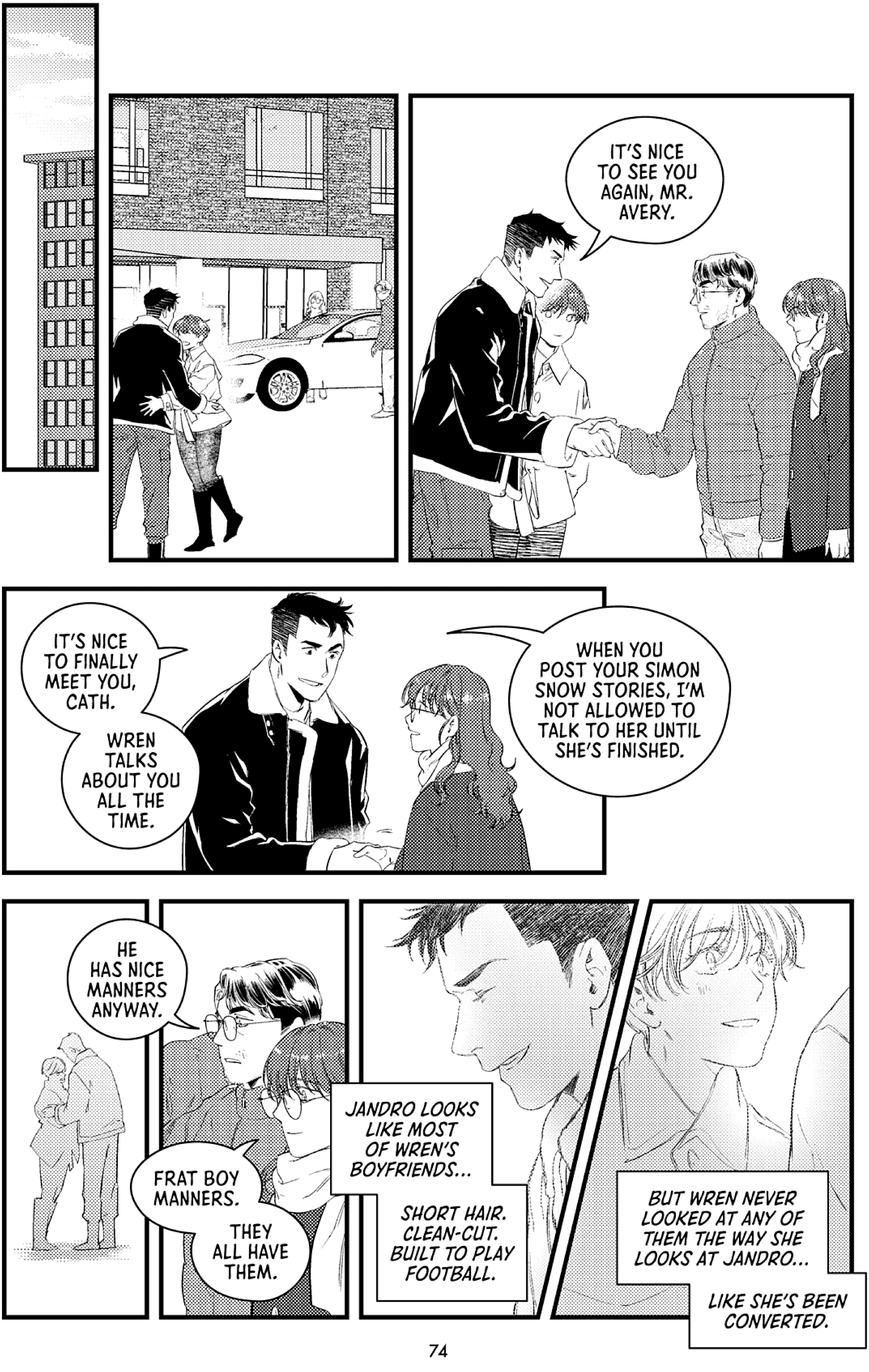

...BUT CHEESIER.
IT'S *THREE* COMFORT FOODS IN ONE.
THEY'RE LIKE PIZZA PILLOWS!
THEY'RE LIKE WET CHEETOS!
THAT'S TERRIBLE, WREN.
WE CAN'T USE THAT.
HA HA HA HA HA

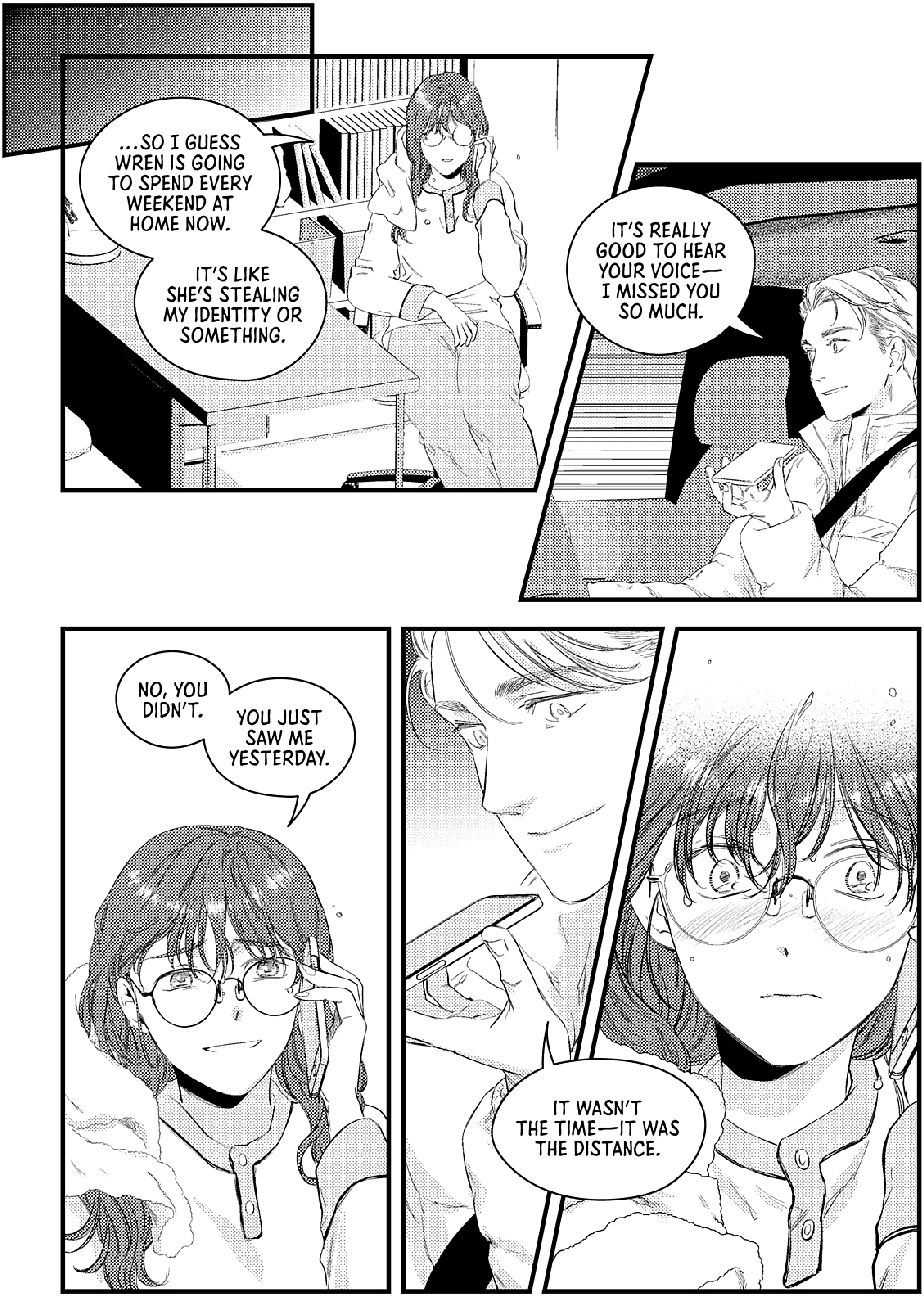
NEBRASKA ADVERTISING AWARDS
FIRST PRIZE
TELEVISION: REGIONAL OR NATIONAL CAMPAIGN
THIRTY-SECOND SPOT

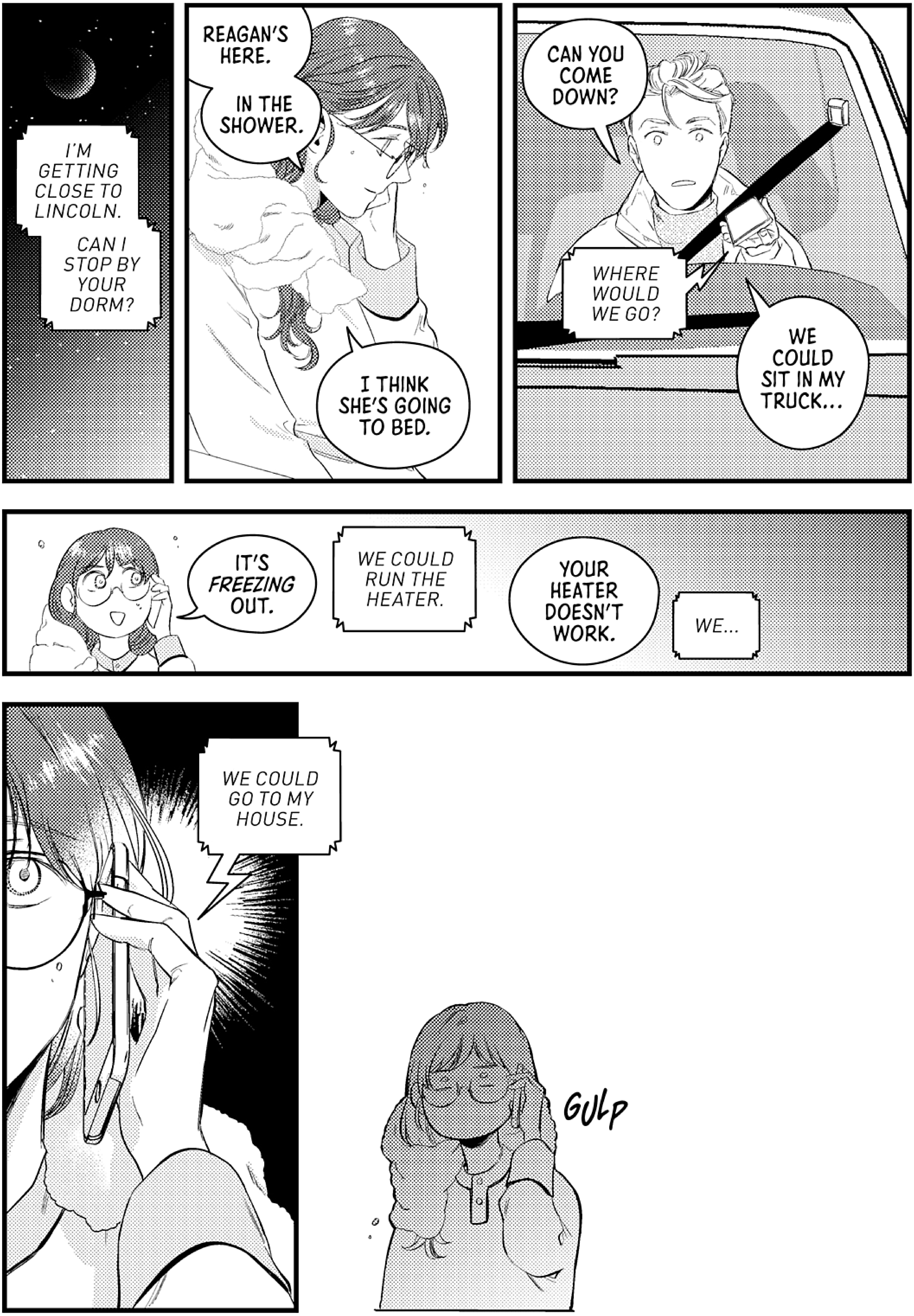
"GRRRAVIOLI"
AGENCY: BDN
COPYWRITER: ART AVERY

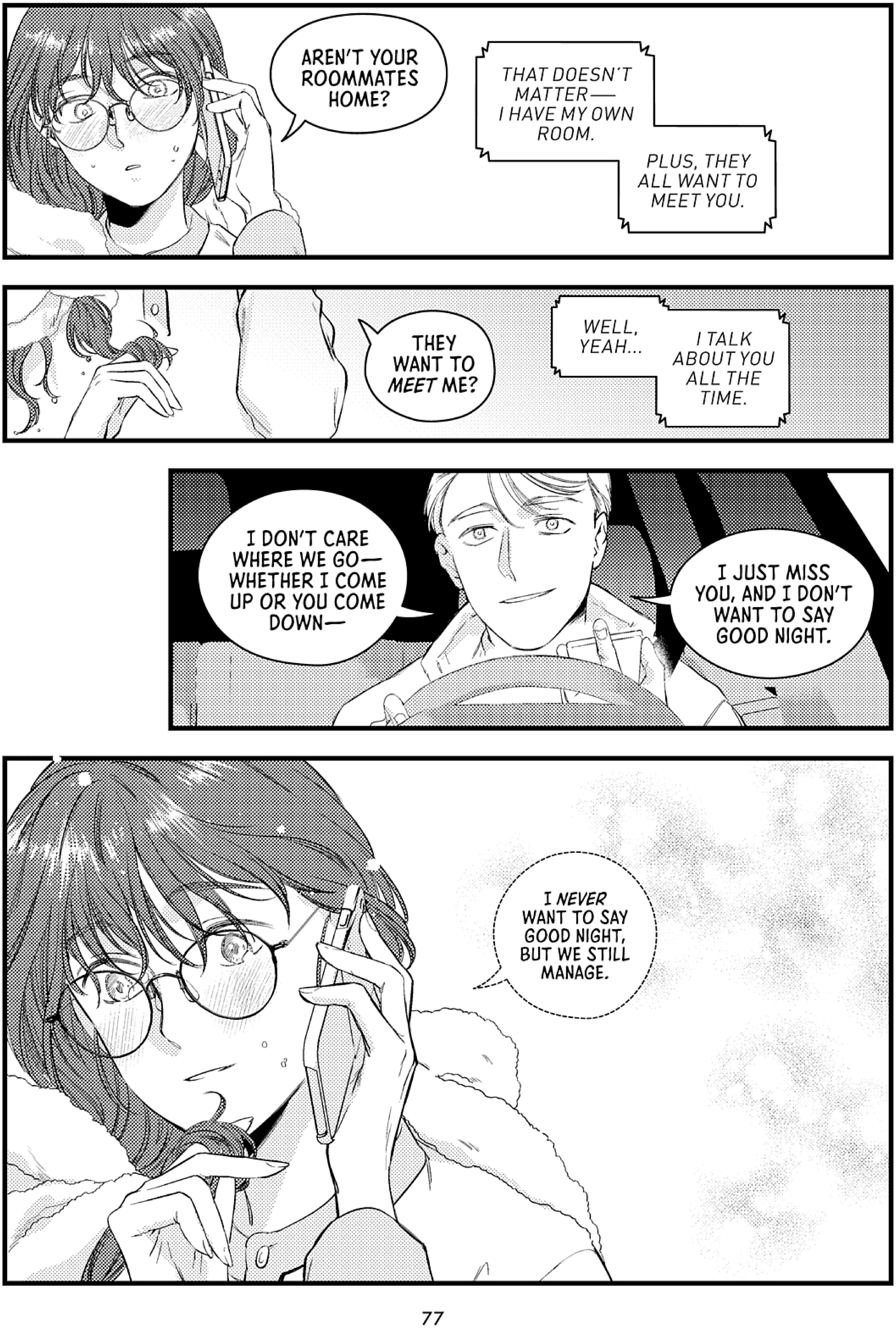

I'M *GRRR*OUCHY!
MY TUMMY'S *GRRR*UMBLING!
HUSH NOW, CUBBEROOS. DINNER'S READY.
IS THAT...

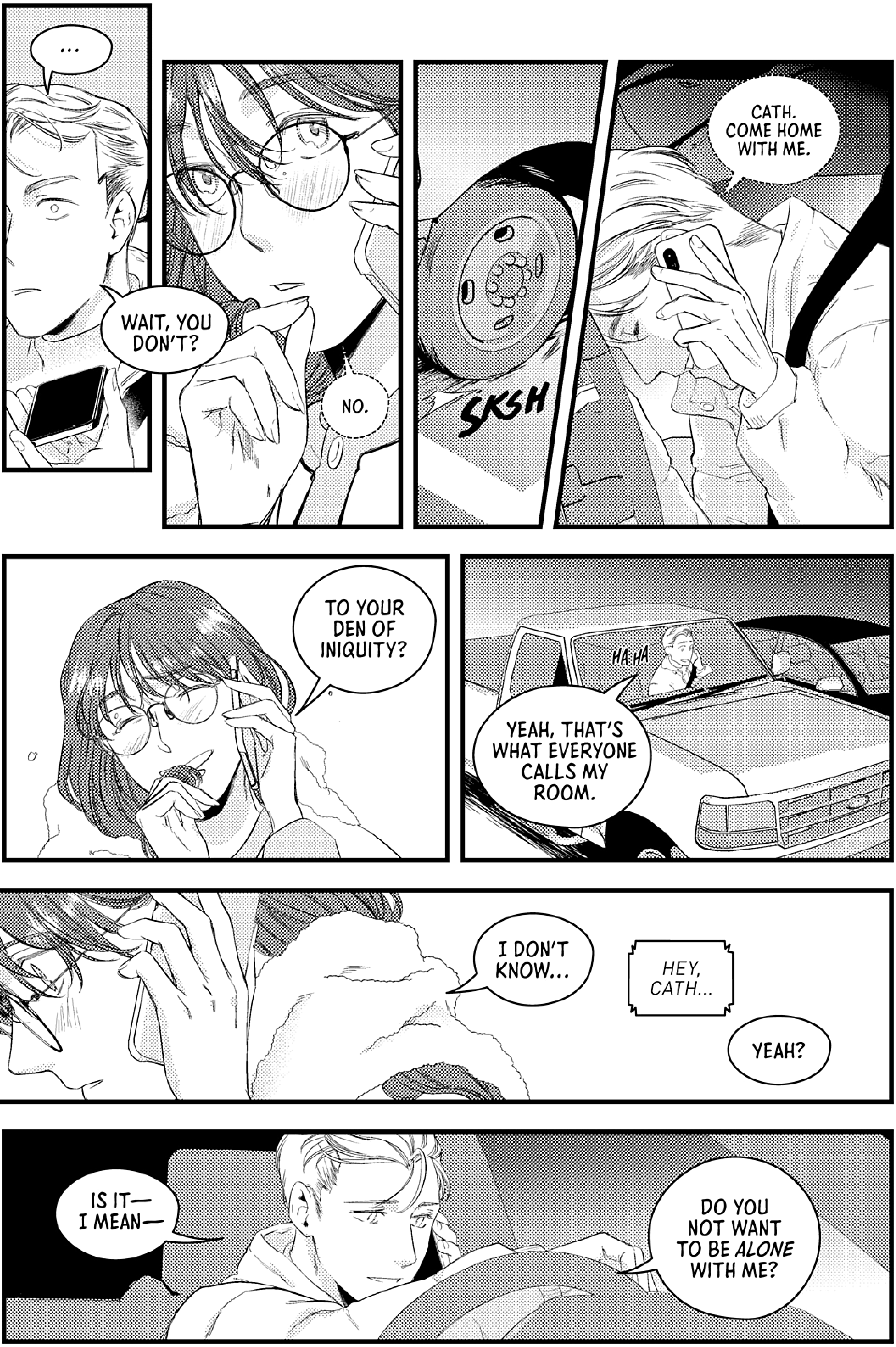

GRRRAVIOLI!!!
I LOVE THE GRRRAVY!
I'M GRRREEDY FOR THE RAVIOLI!
GRRRAVIOLI IS TWO COMFORT FOODS IN ONE.
GRAVIOLI
GRAVIOLI
GRRRAB NEW CHEESE GRAVIOLI!

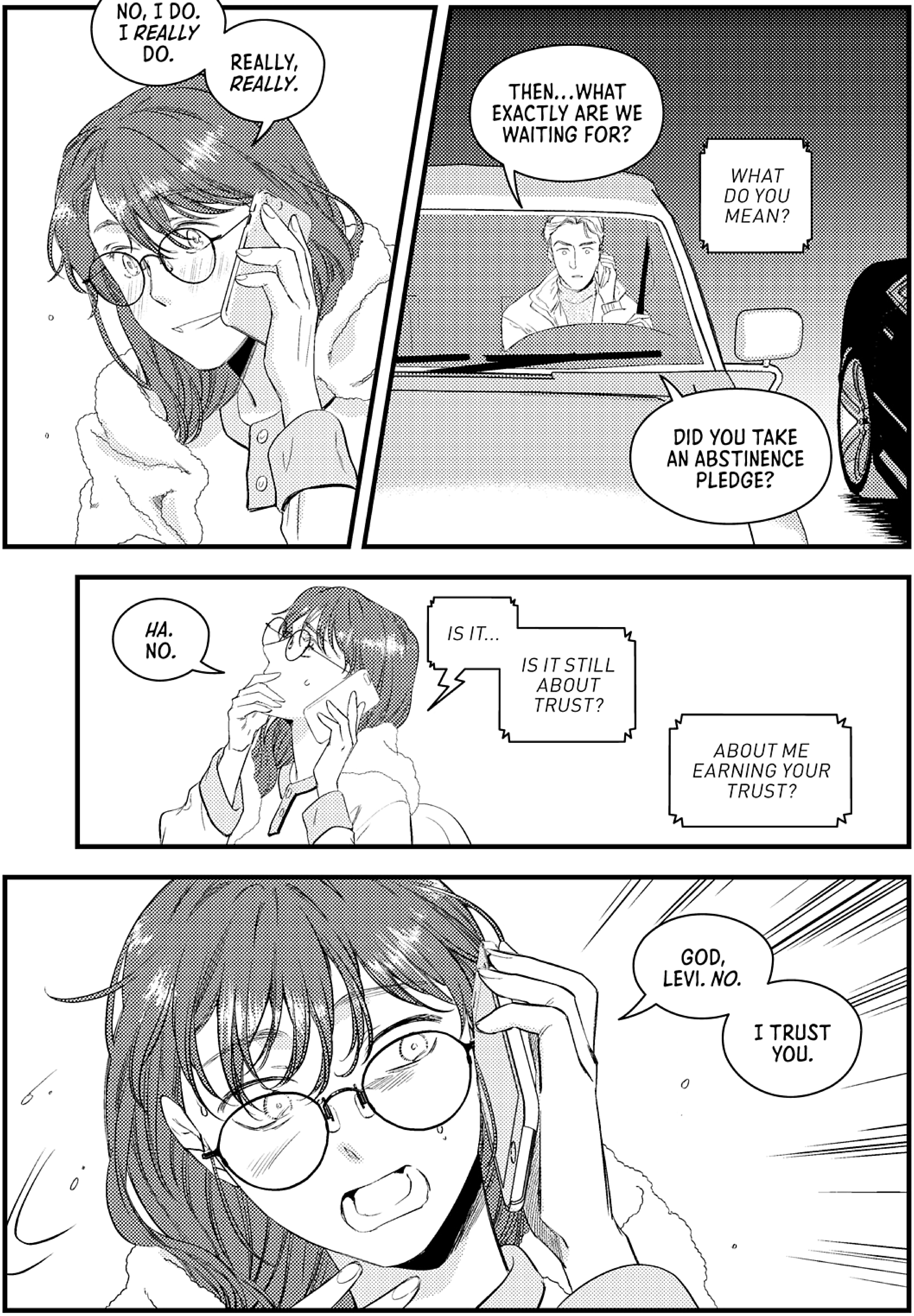

IT'S NICE TO SEE YOU AGAIN, MR. AVERY.
IT'S NICE TO FINALLY MEET YOU, CATH.
WREN TALKS ABOUT YOU ALL THE TIME.
WHEN YOU POST YOUR SIMON SNOW STORIES, I'M NOT ALLOWED TO TALK TO HER UNTIL SHE'S FINISHED.
HE HAS NICE MANNERS ANYWAY.
FRAT BOY MANNERS.
THEY ALL HAVE THEM.
JANDRO LOOKS LIKE MOST OF WREN'S BOYFRIENDS...
SHORT HAIR. CLEAN-CUT. BUILT TO PLAY FOOTBALL.
BUT WREN NEVER LOOKED AT ANY OF THEM THE WAY SHE LOOKS AT JANDRO...
LIKE SHE'S BEEN CONVERTED.

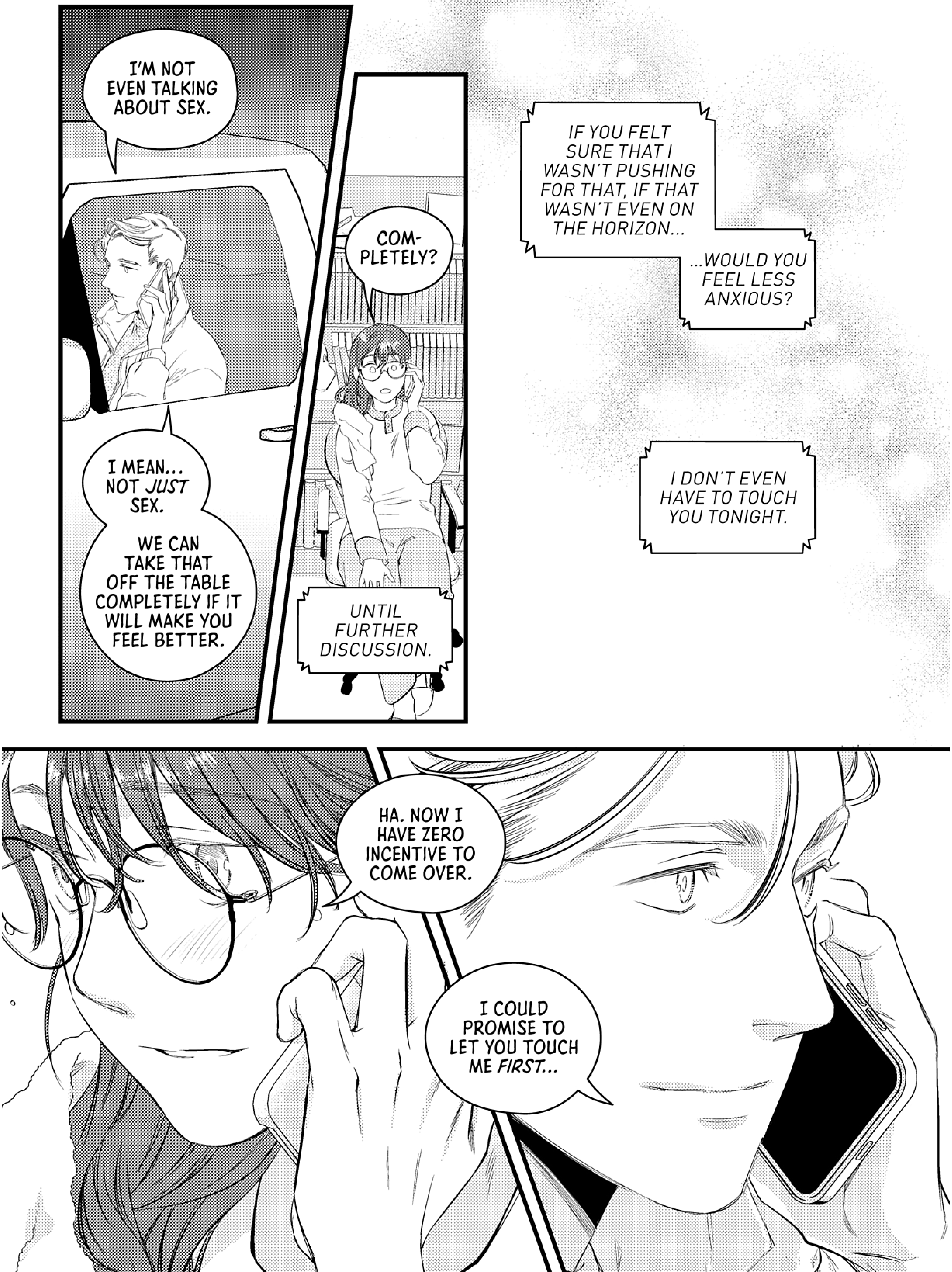

...SO I GUESS WREN IS GOING TO SPEND EVERY WEEKEND AT HOME NOW.
IT'S LIKE SHE'S STEALING MY IDENTITY OR SOMETHING.
IT'S REALLY GOOD TO HEAR YOUR VOICE—I MISSED YOU SO MUCH.
NO, YOU DIDN'T.
YOU JUST SAW ME YESTERDAY.
IT WASN'T THE TIME—IT WAS THE DISTANCE.

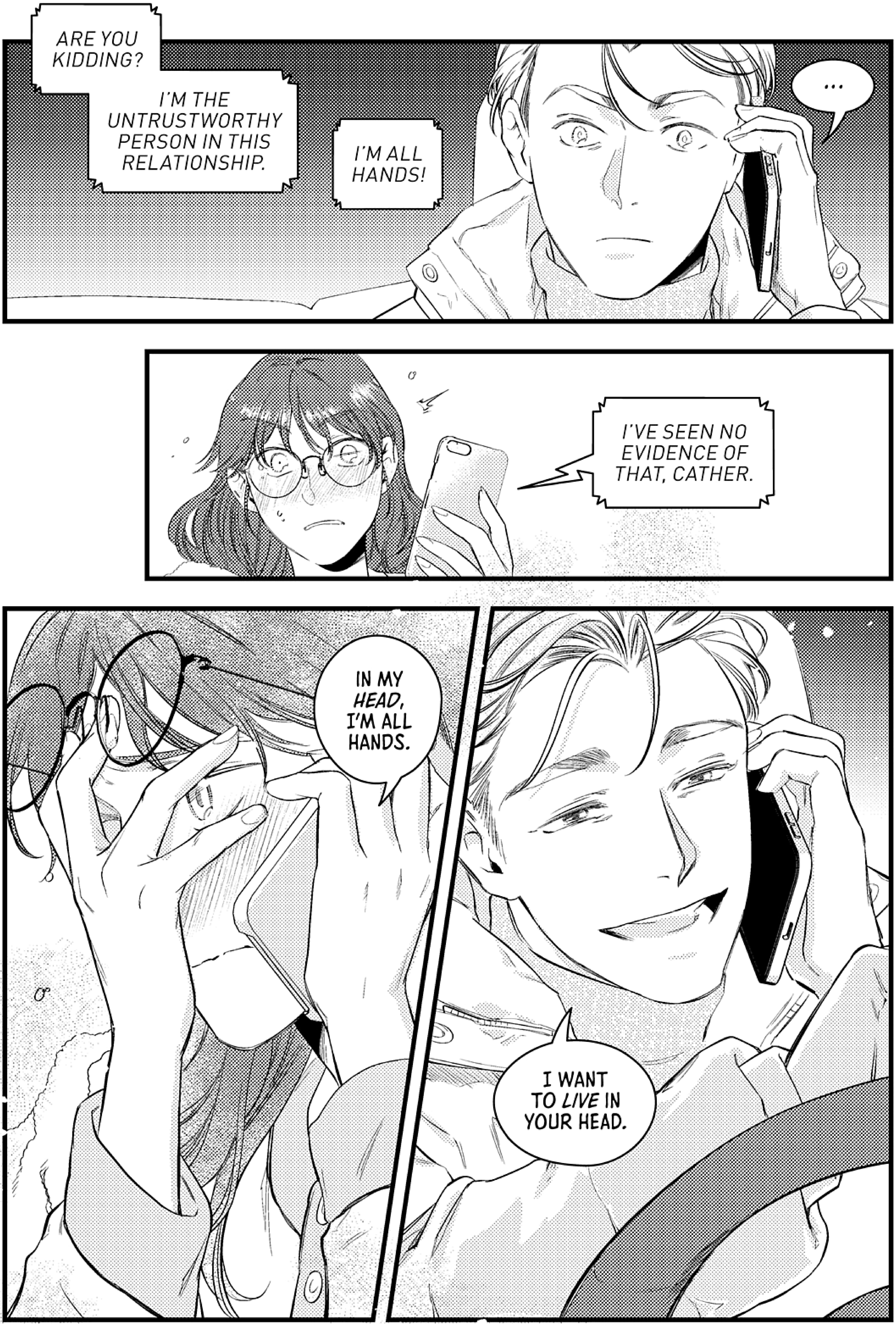

I'M GETTING CLOSE TO LINCOLN.
CAN I STOP BY YOUR DORM?
REAGAN'S HERE.
IN THE SHOWER.
I THINK SHE'S GOING TO BED.
CAN YOU COME DOWN?
WHERE WOULD WE GO?
WE COULD SIT IN MY TRUCK...
IT'S *FREEZING* OUT.
WE COULD RUN THE HEATER.
YOUR HEATER DOESN'T WORK.
WE...
WE COULD GO TO MY HOUSE.
GULP

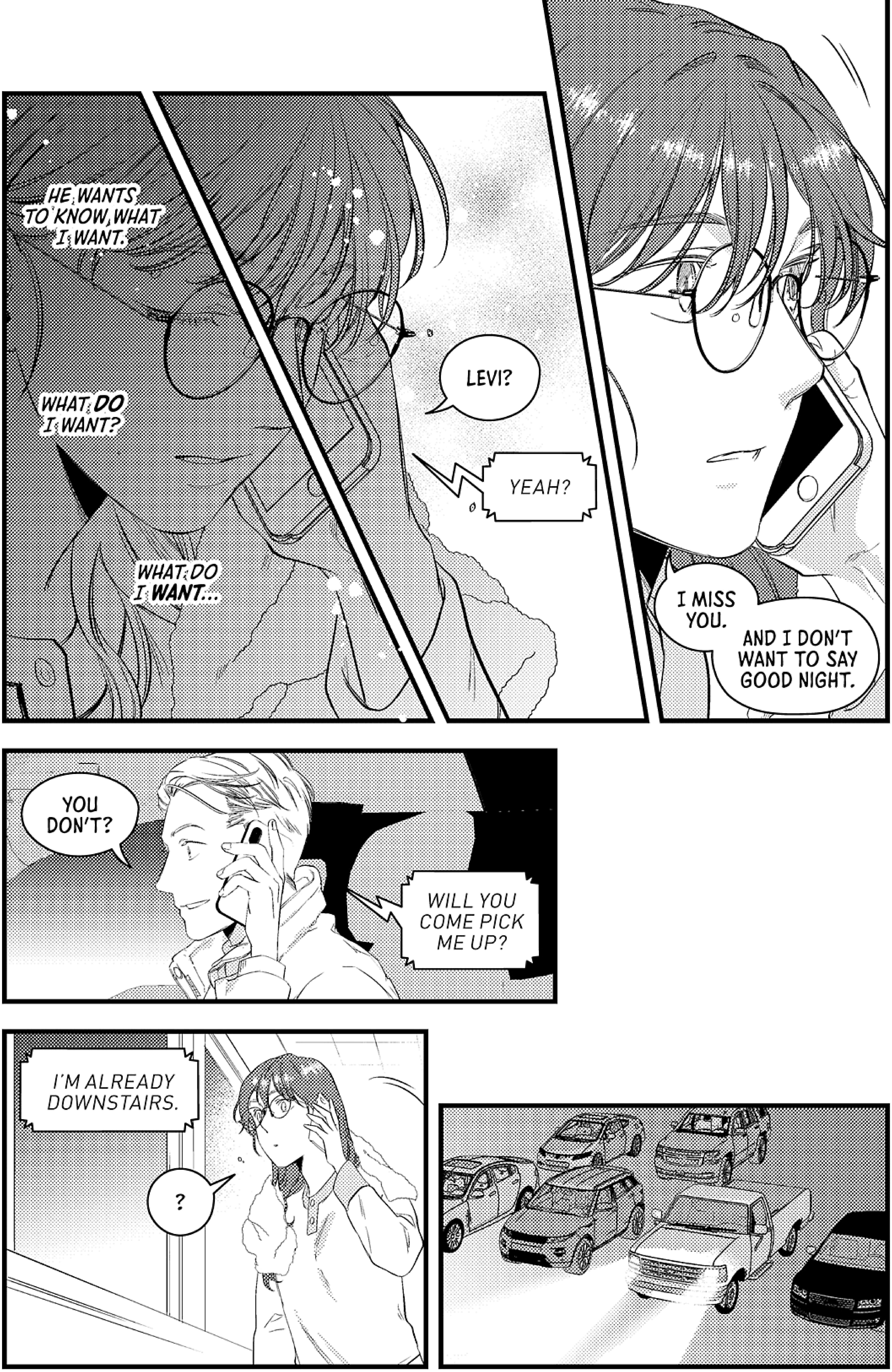

AREN'T YOUR ROOMMATES HOME?
THAT DOESN'T MATTER—I HAVE MY OWN ROOM.
PLUS, THEY ALL WANT TO MEET YOU.
THEY WANT TO *MEET* ME?
WELL, YEAH...
I TALK ABOUT YOU ALL THE TIME.
I DON'T CARE WHERE WE GO—WHETHER I COME UP OR YOU COME DOWN—
I JUST MISS YOU, AND I DON'T WANT TO SAY GOOD NIGHT.
I *NEVER* WANT TO SAY GOOD NIGHT, BUT WE STILL MANAGE.

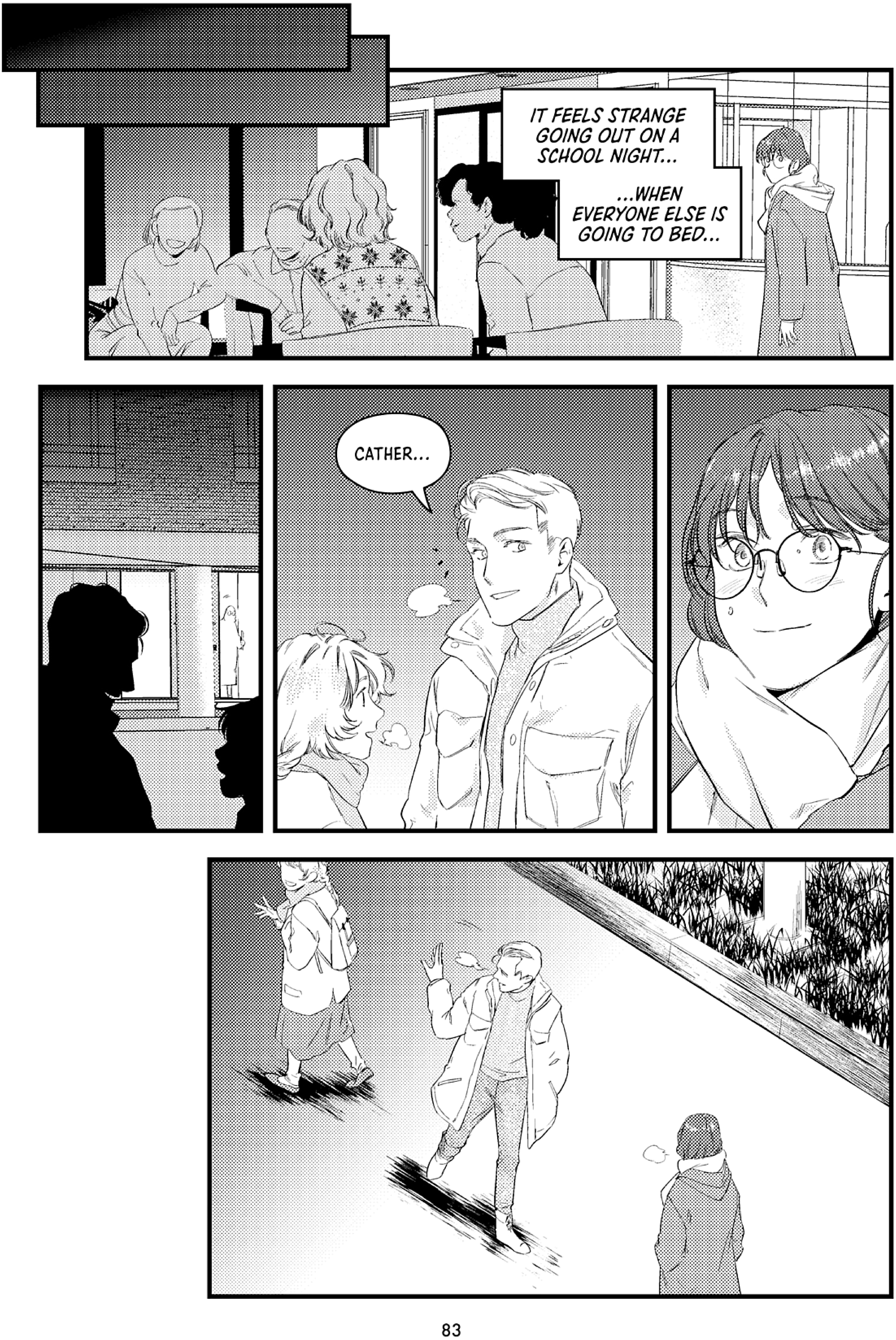

...
WAIT, YOU DON'T?
NO.
SKSH
CATH. COME HOME WITH ME.
TO YOUR DEN OF INIQUITY?
HA HA
YEAH, THAT'S WHAT EVERYONE CALLS MY ROOM.
I DON'T KNOW...
HEY, CATH...
YEAH?
IS IT— I MEAN—
DO YOU NOT WANT TO BE *ALONE* WITH ME?

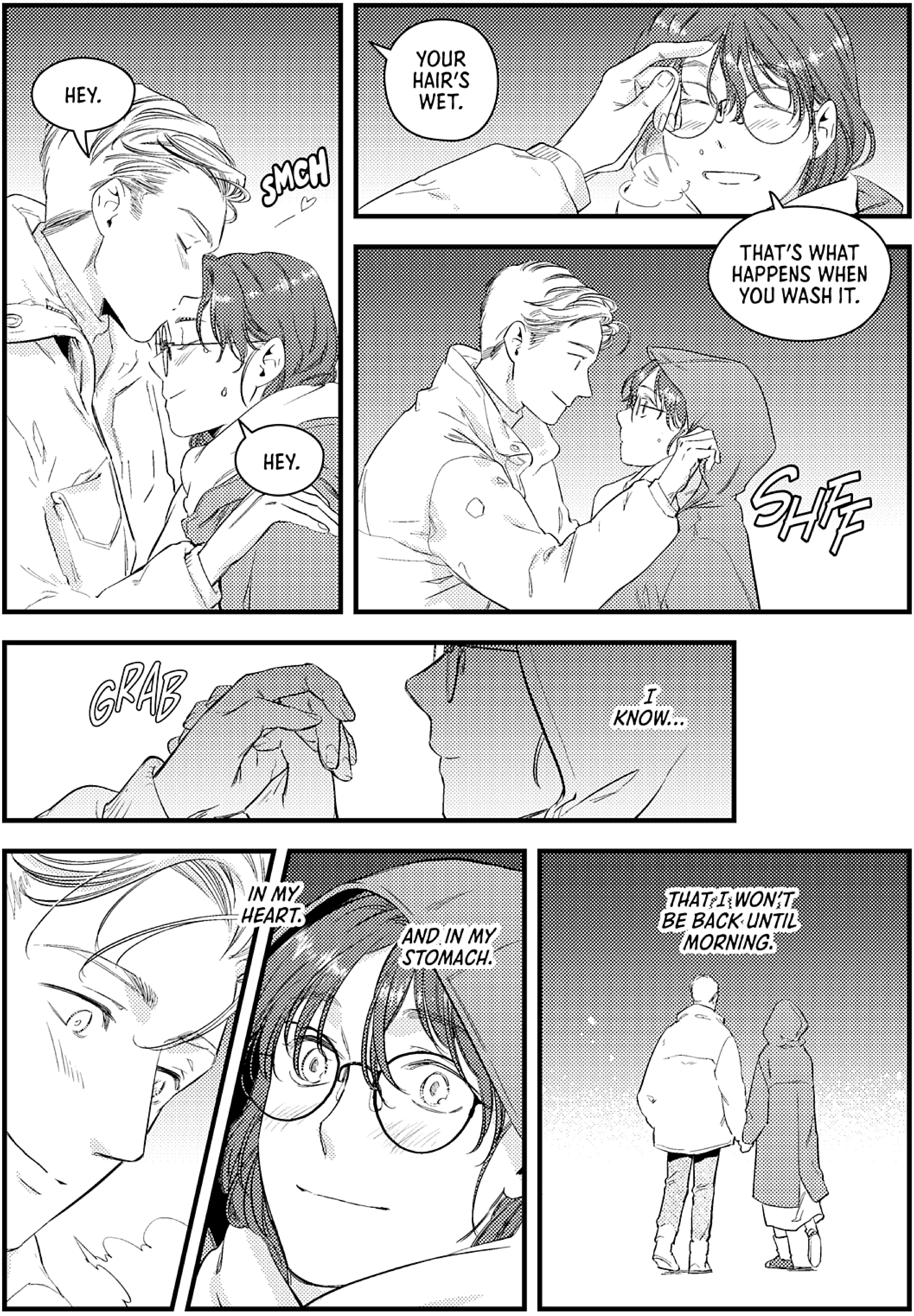

NO, I DO. I *REALLY* DO.
REALLY, *REALLY*.
THEN...WHAT EXACTLY ARE WE WAITING FOR?
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
DID YOU TAKE AN ABSTINENCE PLEDGE?
HA. NO.
IS IT...
IS IT STILL ABOUT TRUST?
ABOUT ME EARNING YOUR TRUST?
GOD, LEVI. *NO.*
I TRUST YOU.


I'M NOT EVEN TALKING ABOUT SEX.
I MEAN... NOT *JUST* SEX.
WE CAN TAKE THAT OFF THE TABLE COMPLETELY IF IT WILL MAKE YOU FEEL BETTER.
COMPLETELY?
UNTIL FURTHER DISCUSSION.
IF YOU FELT SURE THAT I WASN'T PUSHING FOR THAT, IF THAT WASN'T EVEN ON THE HORIZON...
...WOULD YOU FEEL LESS ANXIOUS?
I DON'T EVEN HAVE TO TOUCH YOU TONIGHT.
HA. NOW I HAVE ZERO INCENTIVE TO COME OVER.
I COULD PROMISE TO LET YOU TOUCH ME *FIRST*...


ARE YOU KIDDING?
I'M THE UNTRUSTWORTHY PERSON IN THIS RELATIONSHIP.
I'M ALL HANDS!
...
I'VE SEEN NO EVIDENCE OF THAT, CATHER.
IN MY *HEAD*, I'M ALL HANDS.
I WANT TO *LIVE* IN YOUR HEAD.

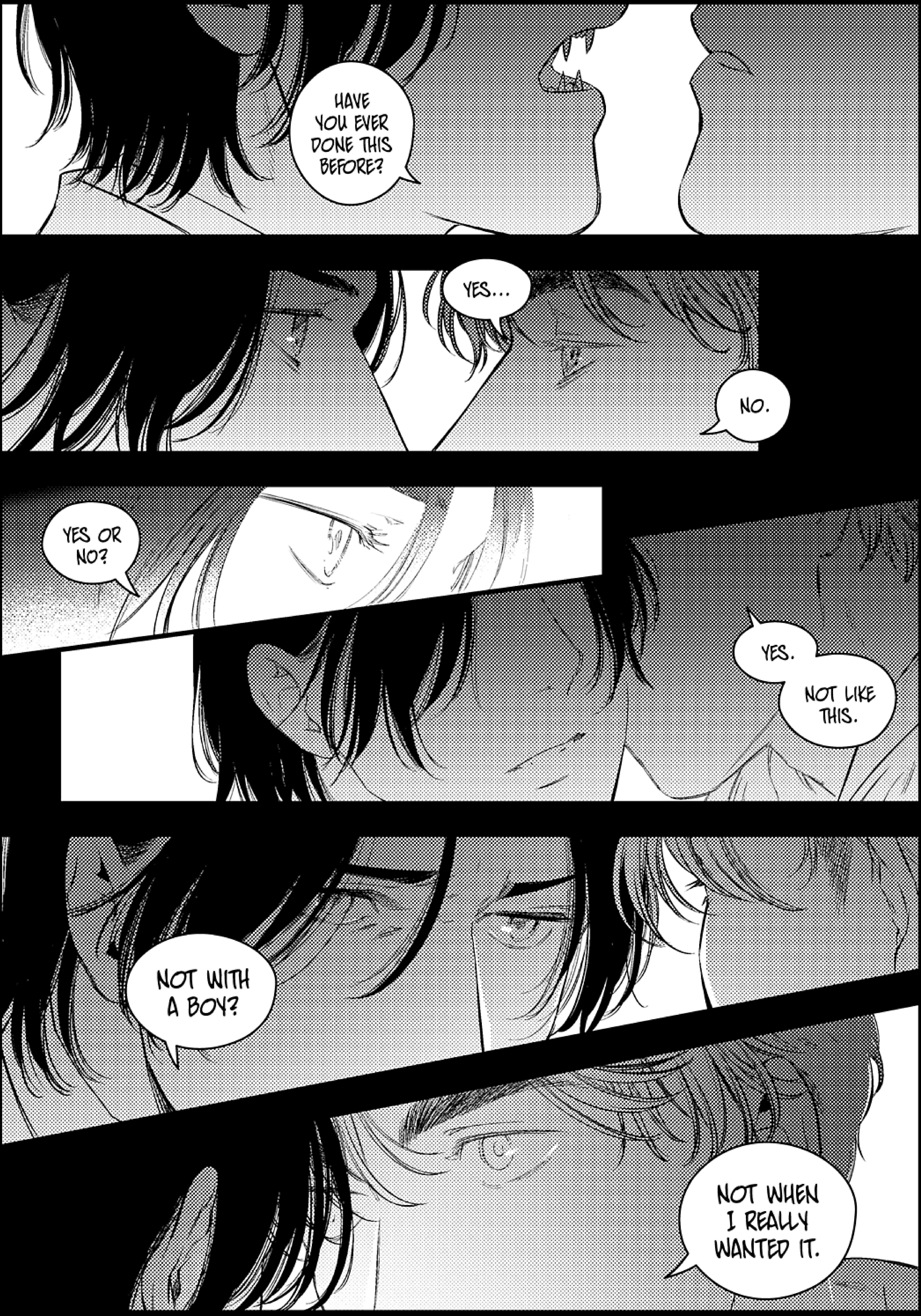

HE WANTS TO KNOW, WHAT I WANT.
WHAT DO I WANT?
WHAT DO I WANT...
LEVI?
YEAH?
I MISS YOU.
AND I DON'T WANT TO SAY GOOD NIGHT.
YOU DON'T?
WILL YOU COME PICK ME UP?
I'M ALREADY DOWNSTAIRS.
?

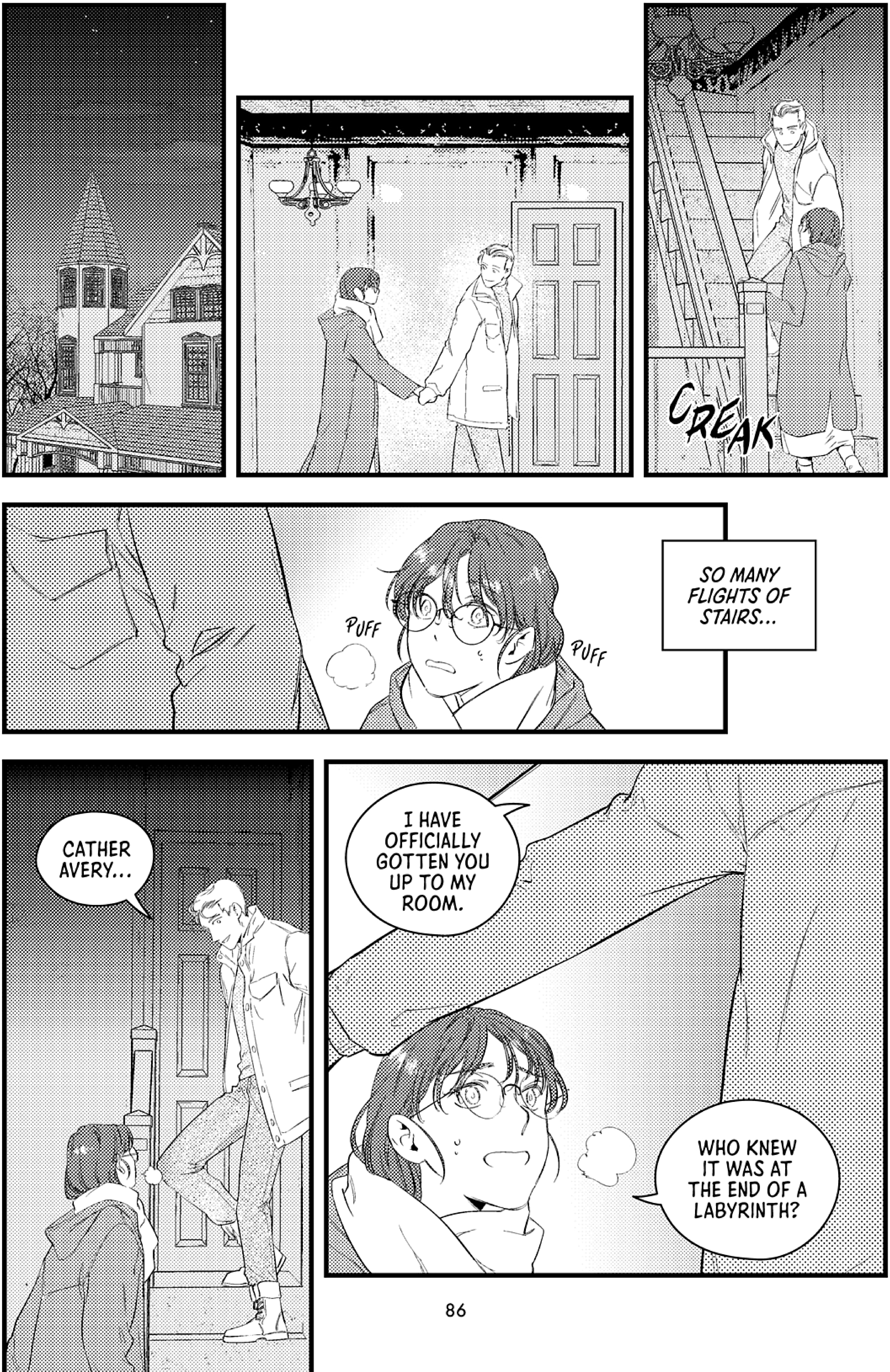

IT FEELS STRANGE GOING OUT ON A SCHOOL NIGHT...
...WHEN EVERYONE ELSE IS GOING TO BED...
CATHER...

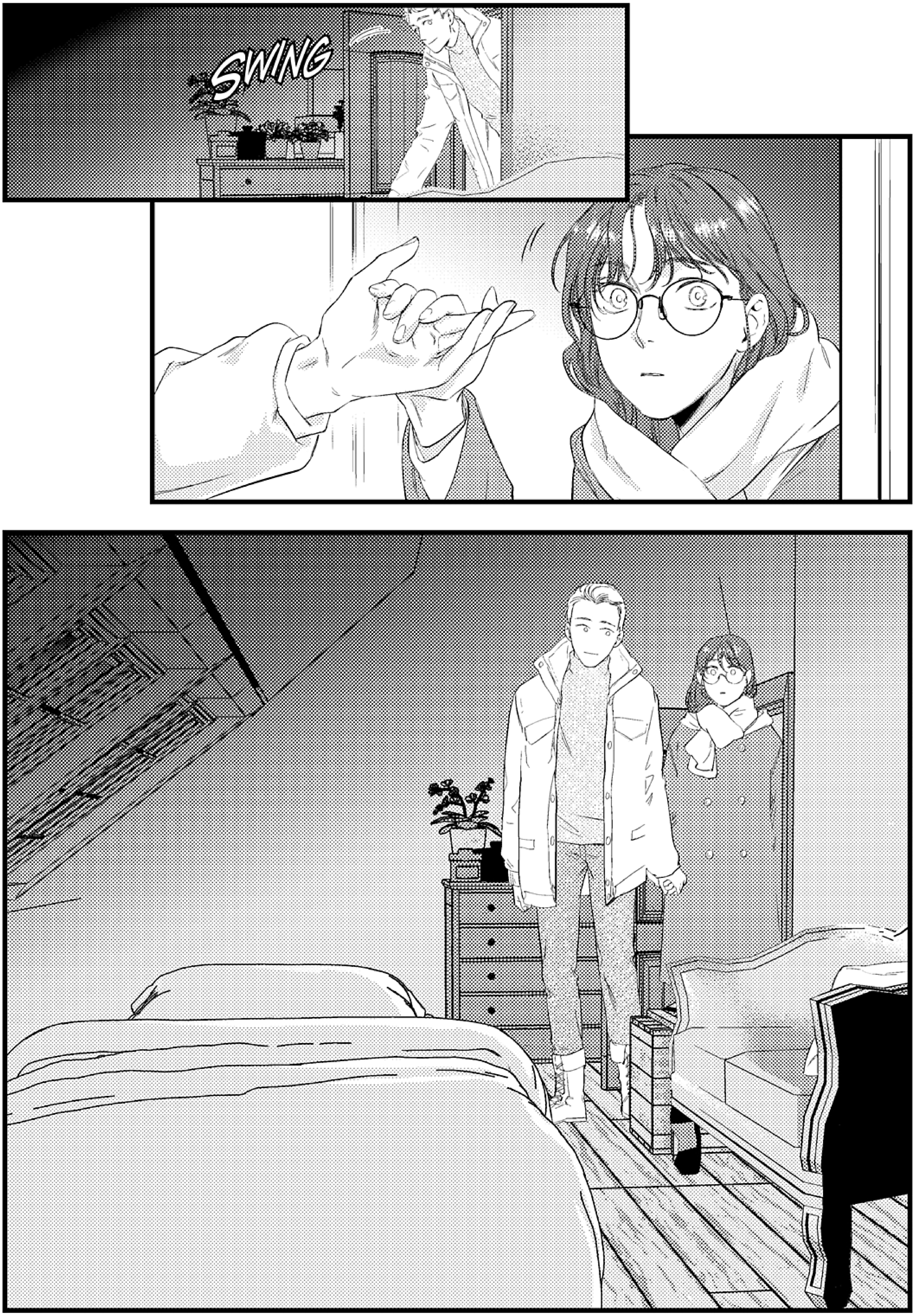

HEY.
SMCH
HEY.
YOUR HAIR'S WET.
THAT'S WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU WASH IT.
SHFF
GRAB
I KNOW...
IN MY HEART.
AND IN MY STOMACH.
THAT I WON'T BE BACK UNTIL MORNING.

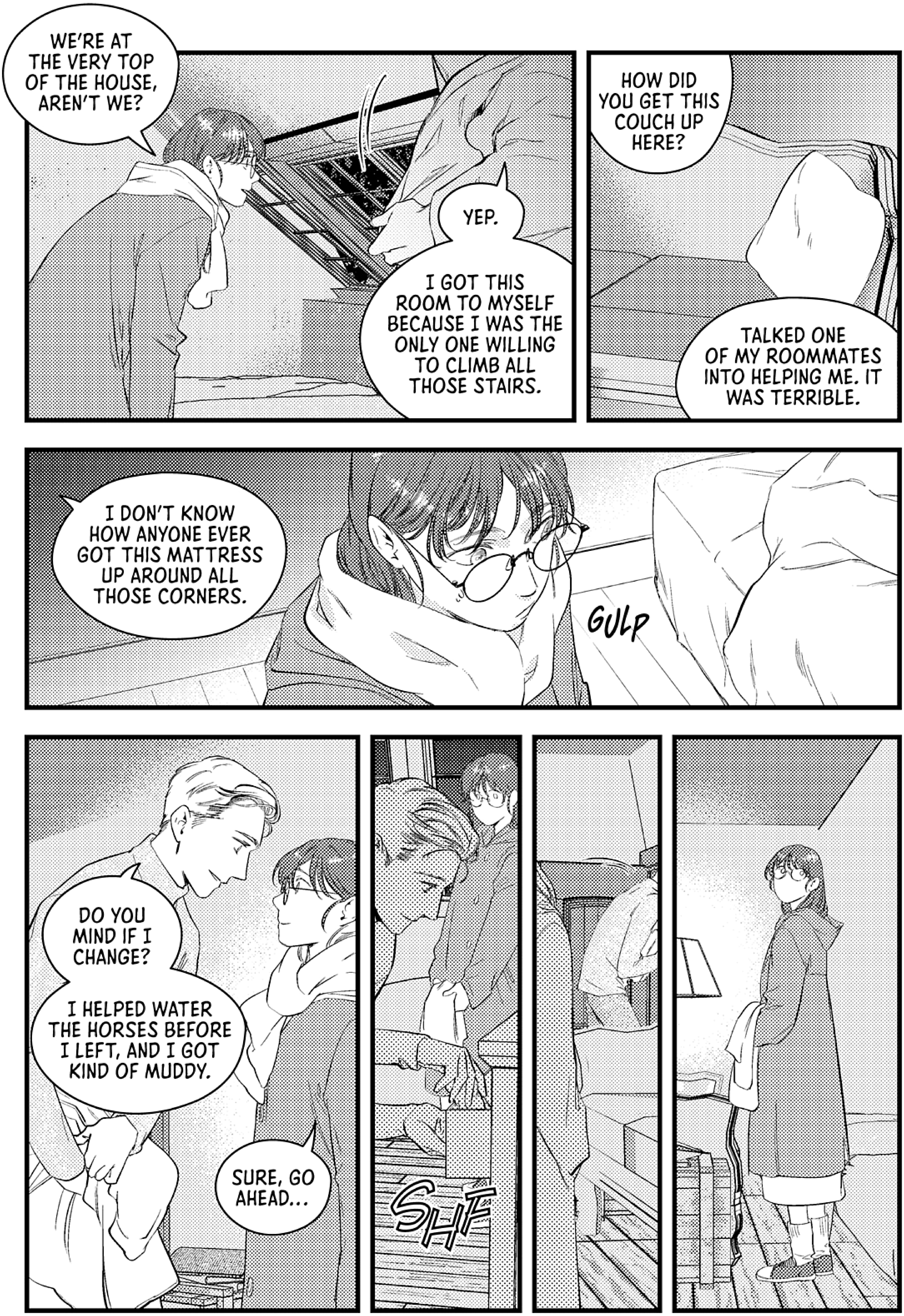
From "Shall We?"

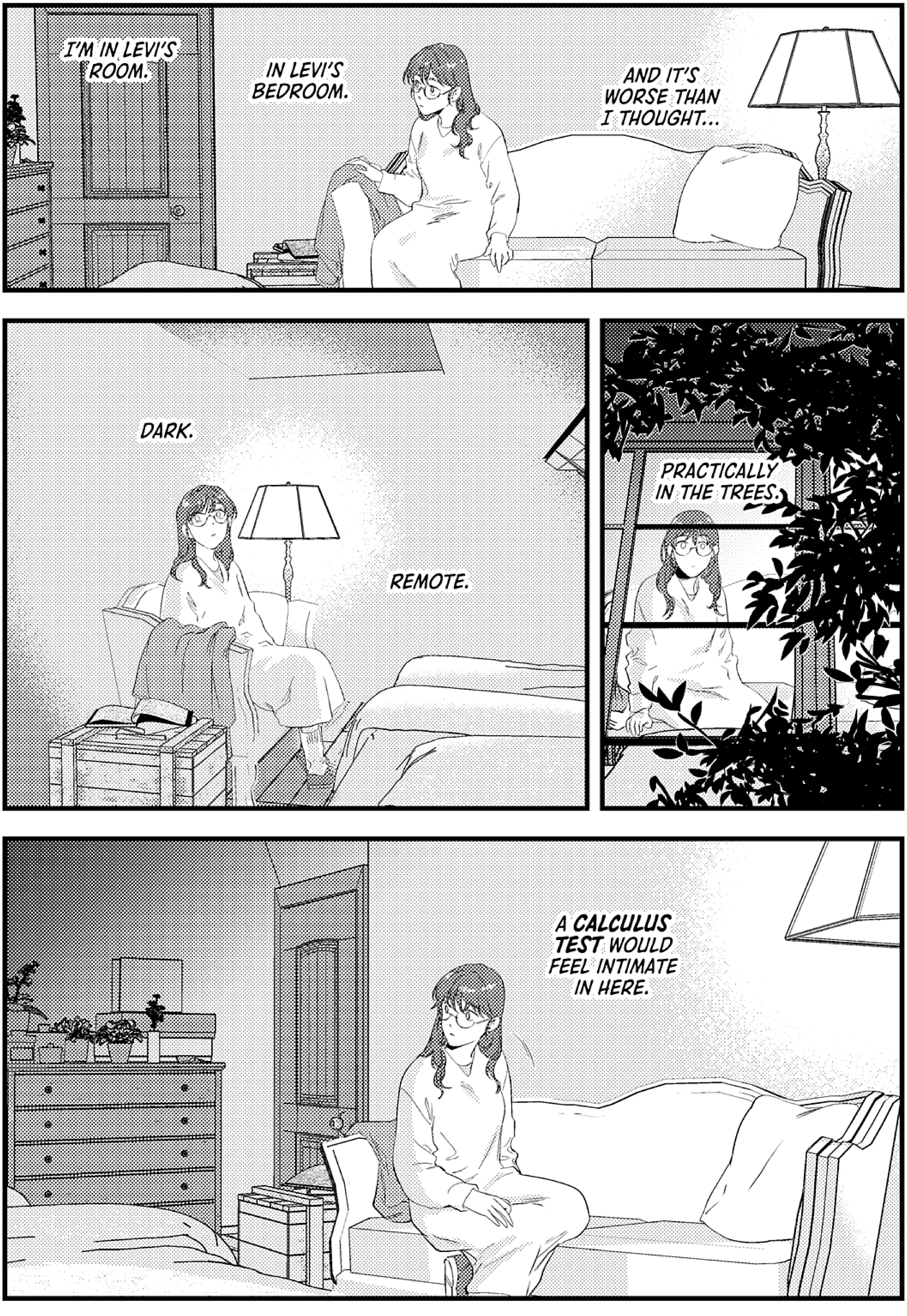
By Fanfixx.net author Magicath
Archived two years ago

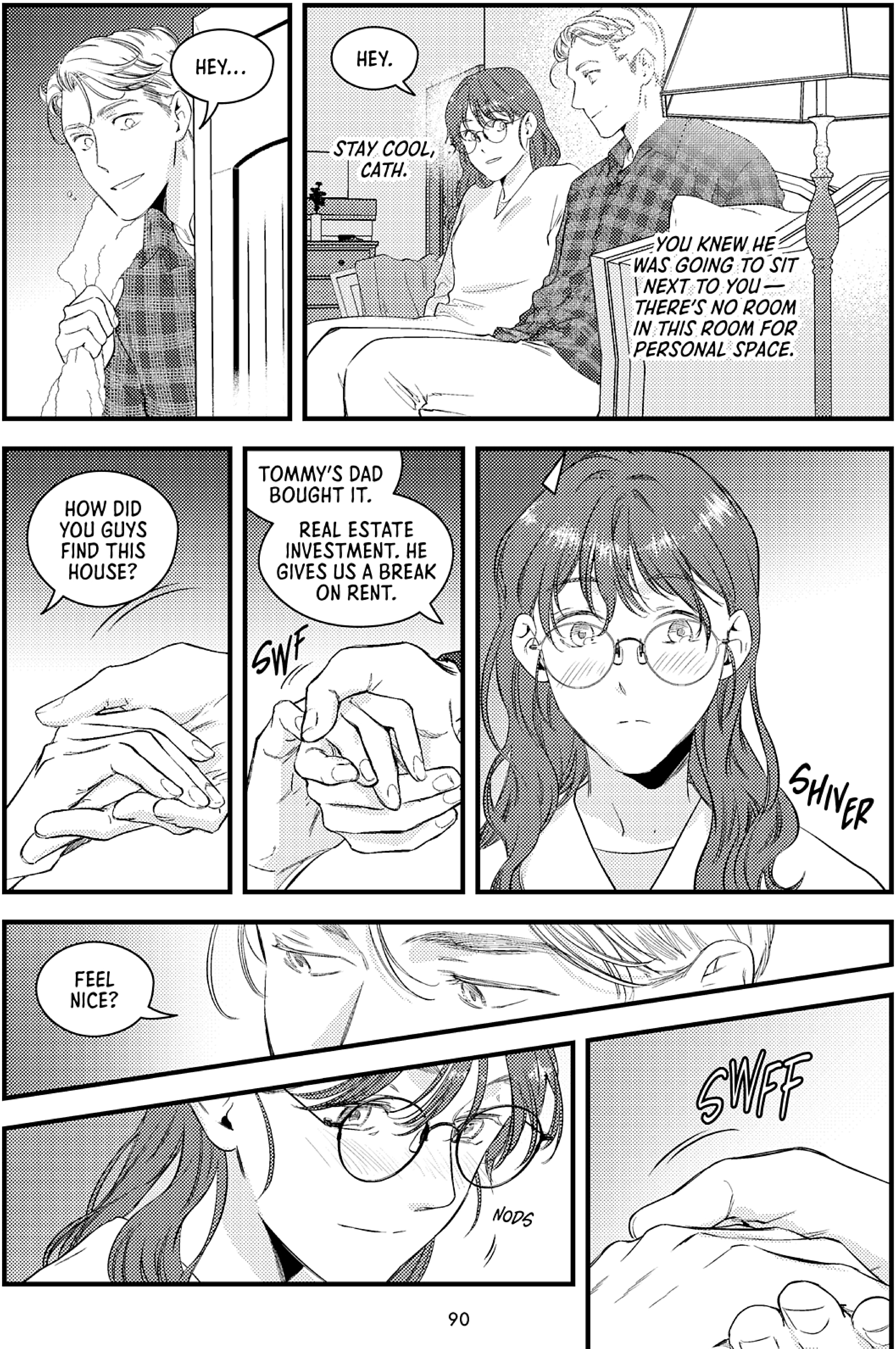

HAVE YOU EVER DONE THIS BEFORE?
YES...
NO.
YES OR NO?
YES.
NOT LIKE THIS.
NOT WITH A BOY?
NOT WHEN I REALLY WANTED IT.

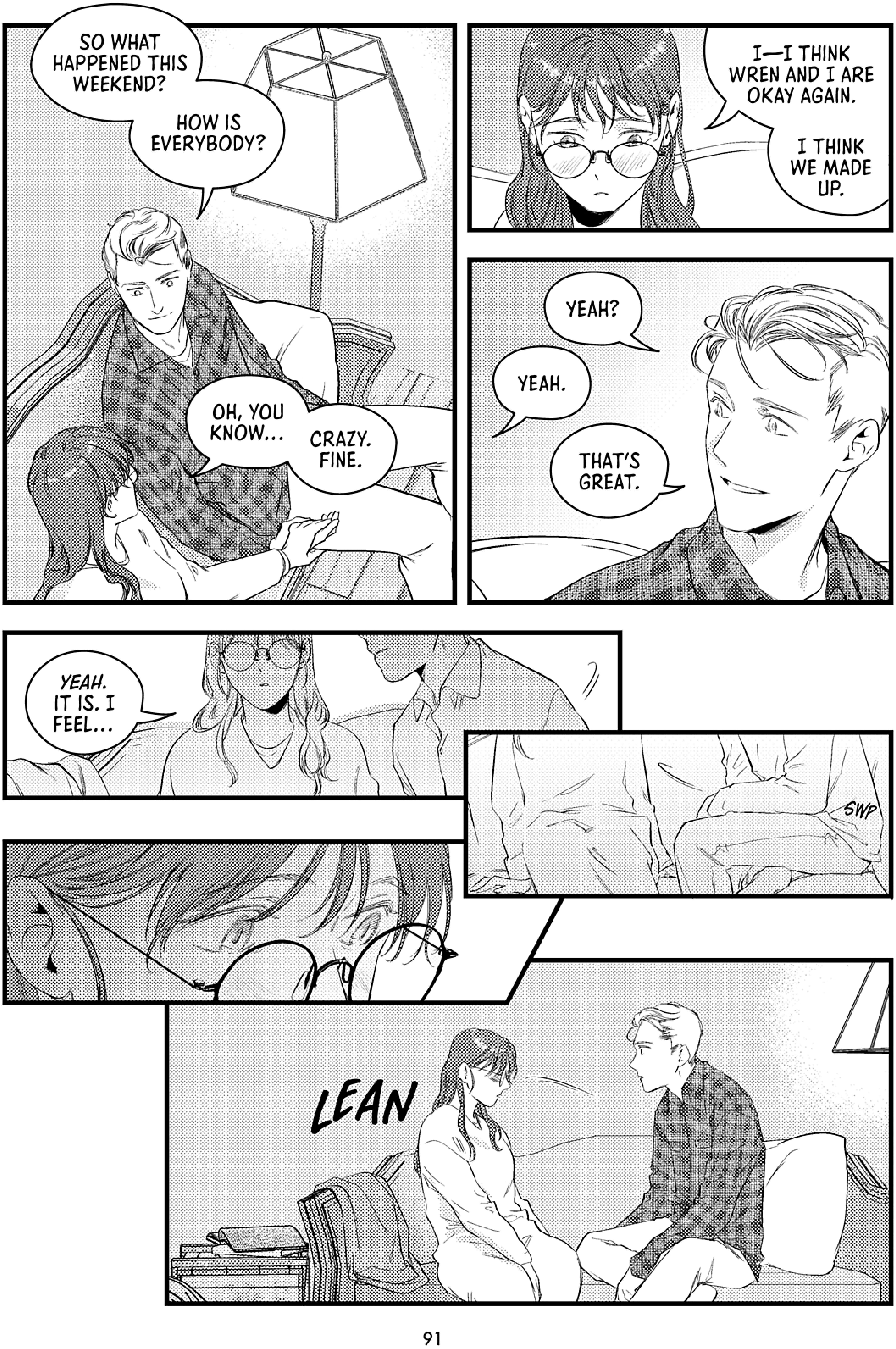

CREAK
PUFF
PUFF
SO MANY FLIGHTS OF STAIRS...
CATHER AVERY...
I HAVE OFFICIALLY GOTTEN YOU UP TO MY ROOM.
WHO KNEW IT WAS AT THE END OF A LABYRINTH?

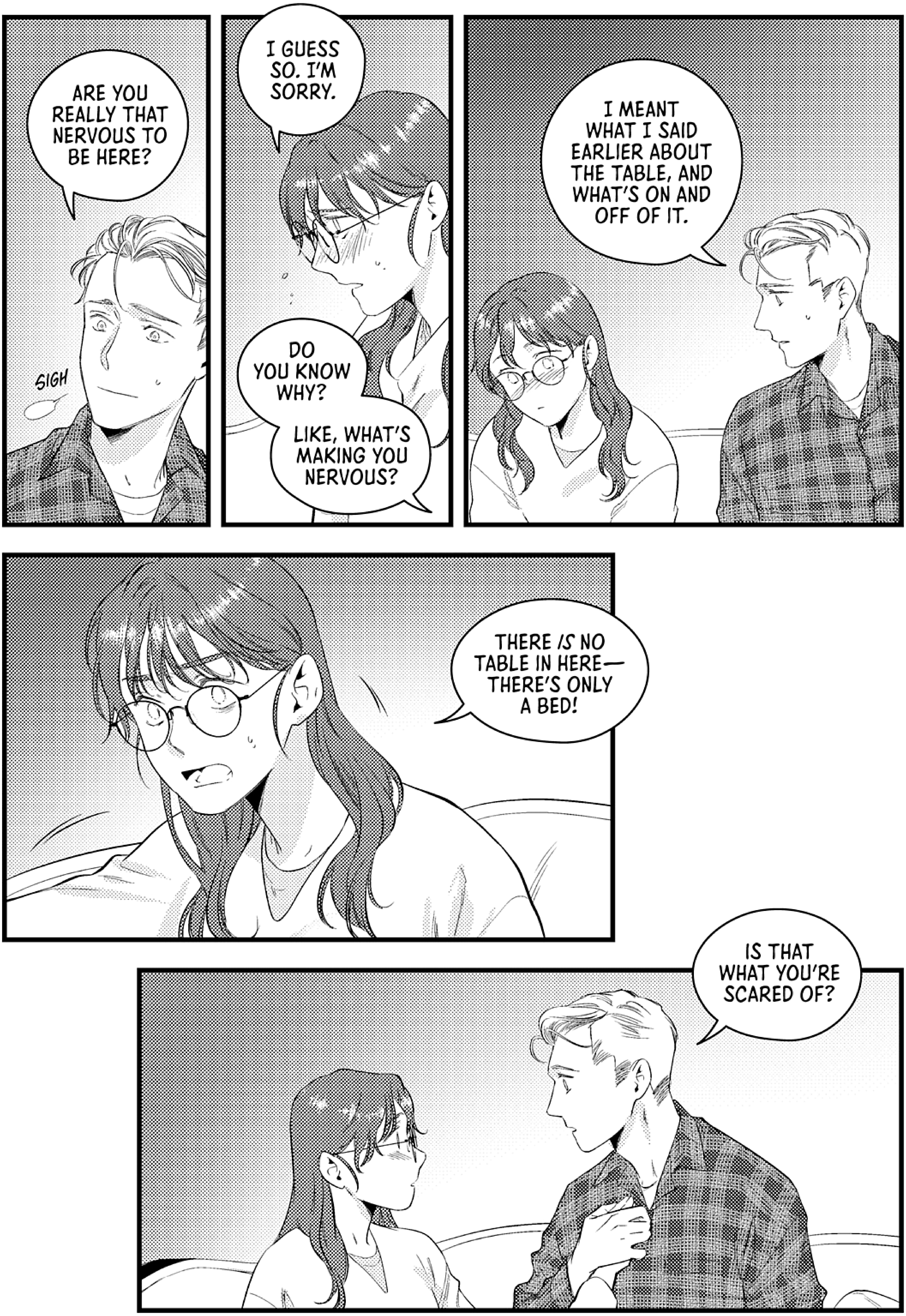

SWING

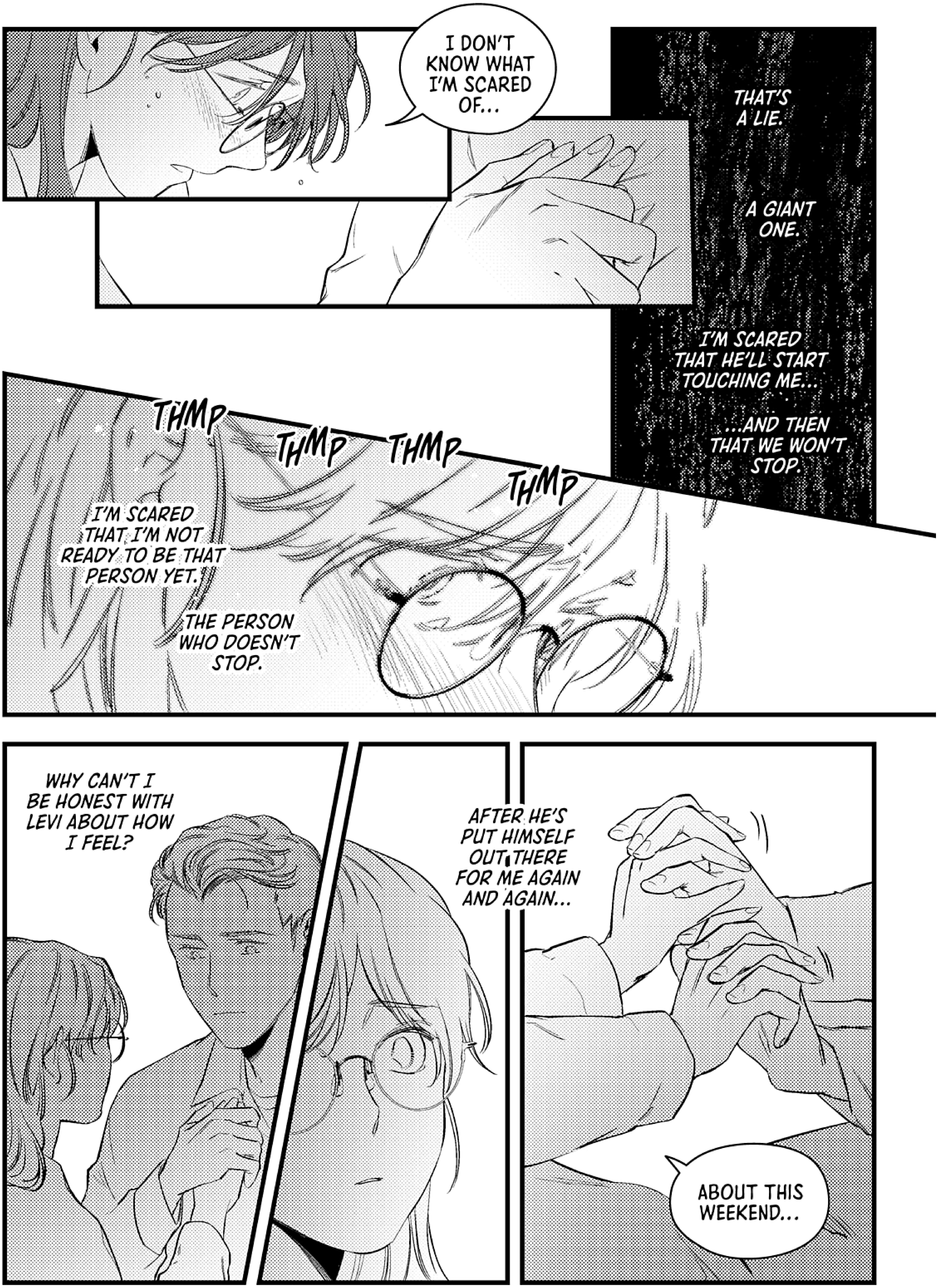

WE'RE AT THE VERY TOP OF THE HOUSE, AREN'T WE?
YEP.
I GOT THIS ROOM TO MYSELF BECAUSE I WAS THE ONLY ONE WILLING TO CLIMB ALL THOSE STAIRS.
HOW DID YOU GET THIS COUCH UP HERE?
TALKED ONE OF MY ROOMMATES INTO HELPING ME. IT WAS TERRIBLE.
I DON'T KNOW HOW ANYONE EVER GOT THIS MATTRESS UP AROUND ALL THOSE CORNERS.
GULP
DO YOU MIND IF I CHANGE?
I HELPED WATER THE HORSES BEFORE I LEFT, AND I GOT KIND OF MUDDY.
SURE, GO AHEAD...
SHF

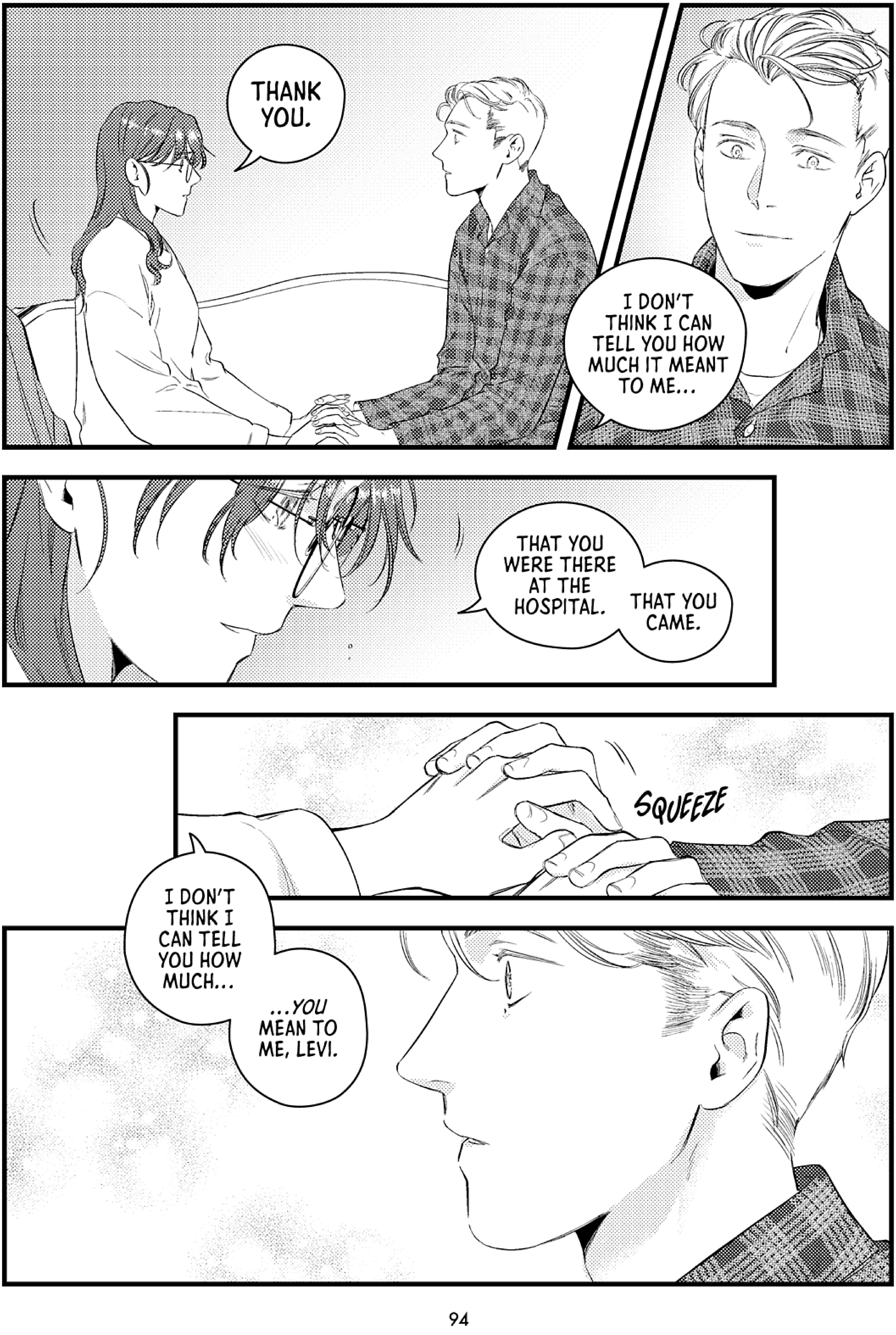

I'M IN LEVI'S ROOM.
IN LEVI'S BEDROOM.
AND IT'S WORSE THAN I THOUGHT...
DARK.
REMOTE.
PRACTICALLY IN THE TREES.
A **CALCULUS TEST** WOULD FEEL INTIMATE IN HERE.

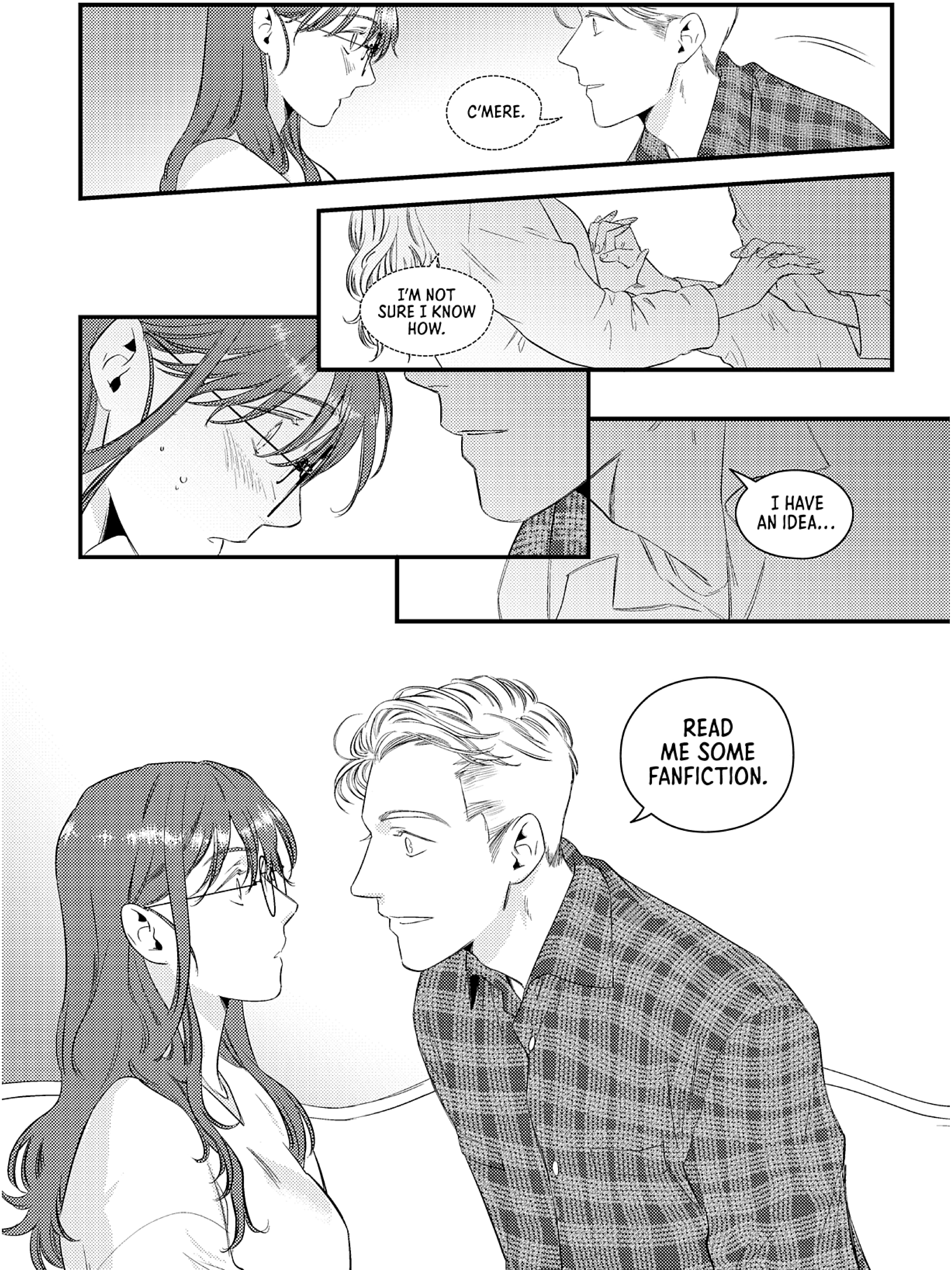

HEY...
HEY.
STAY COOL, CATH.
YOU KNEW HE WAS GOING TO SIT NEXT TO YOU — THERE'S NO ROOM IN THIS ROOM FOR PERSONAL SPACE.
HOW DID YOU GUYS FIND THIS HOUSE?
TOMMY'S DAD BOUGHT IT.
REAL ESTATE INVESTMENT. HE GIVES US A BREAK ON RENT.
SWF
SHIVER
FEEL NICE?
NODS
SWFF

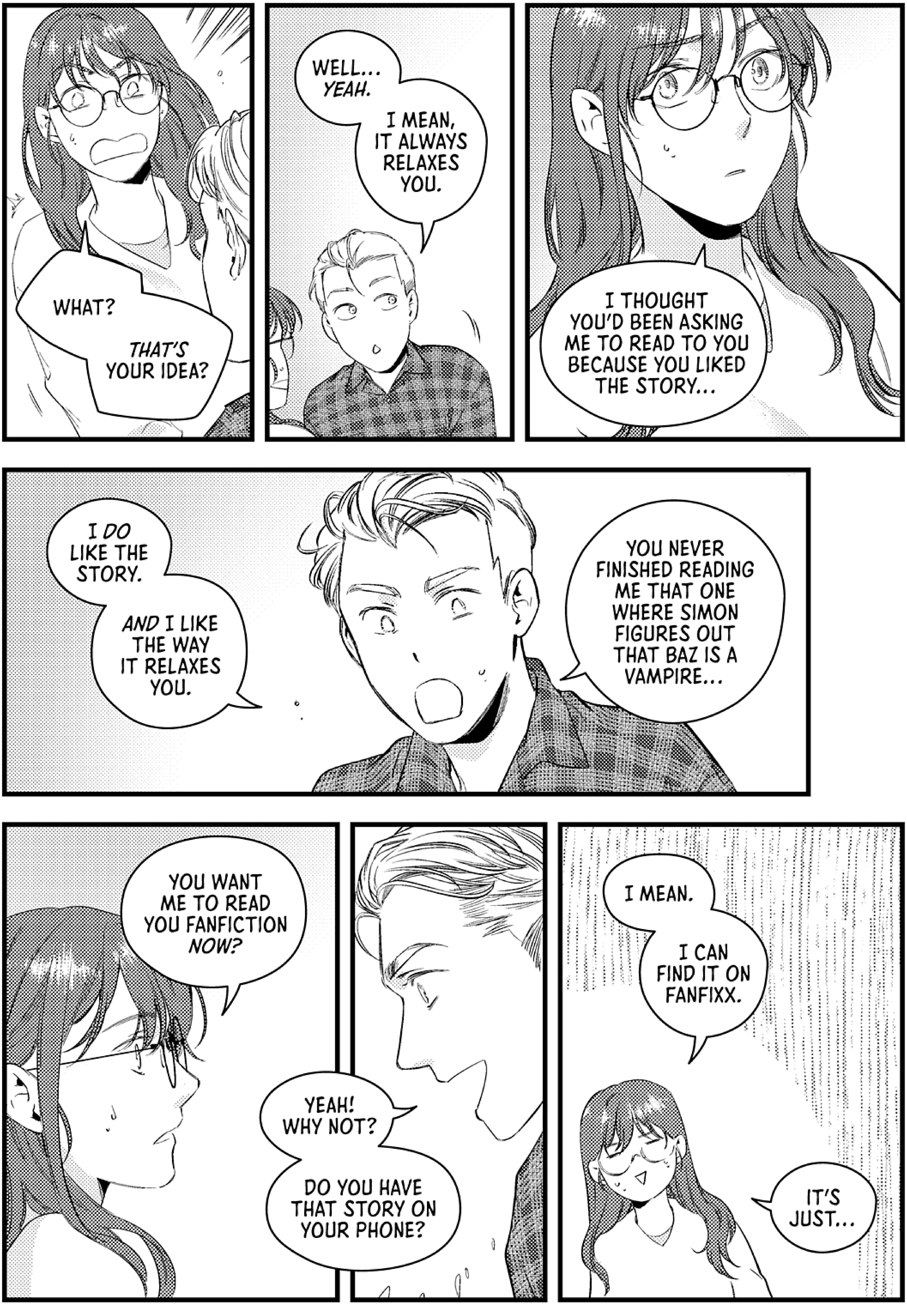

SO WHAT HAPPENED THIS WEEKEND?
HOW IS EVERYBODY?
OH, YOU KNOW...
CRAZY. FINE.
I—I THINK WREN AND I ARE OKAY AGAIN.
I THINK WE MADE UP.
YEAH?
YEAH.
THAT'S GREAT.
YEAH. IT IS. I FEEL...
SWP
LEAN

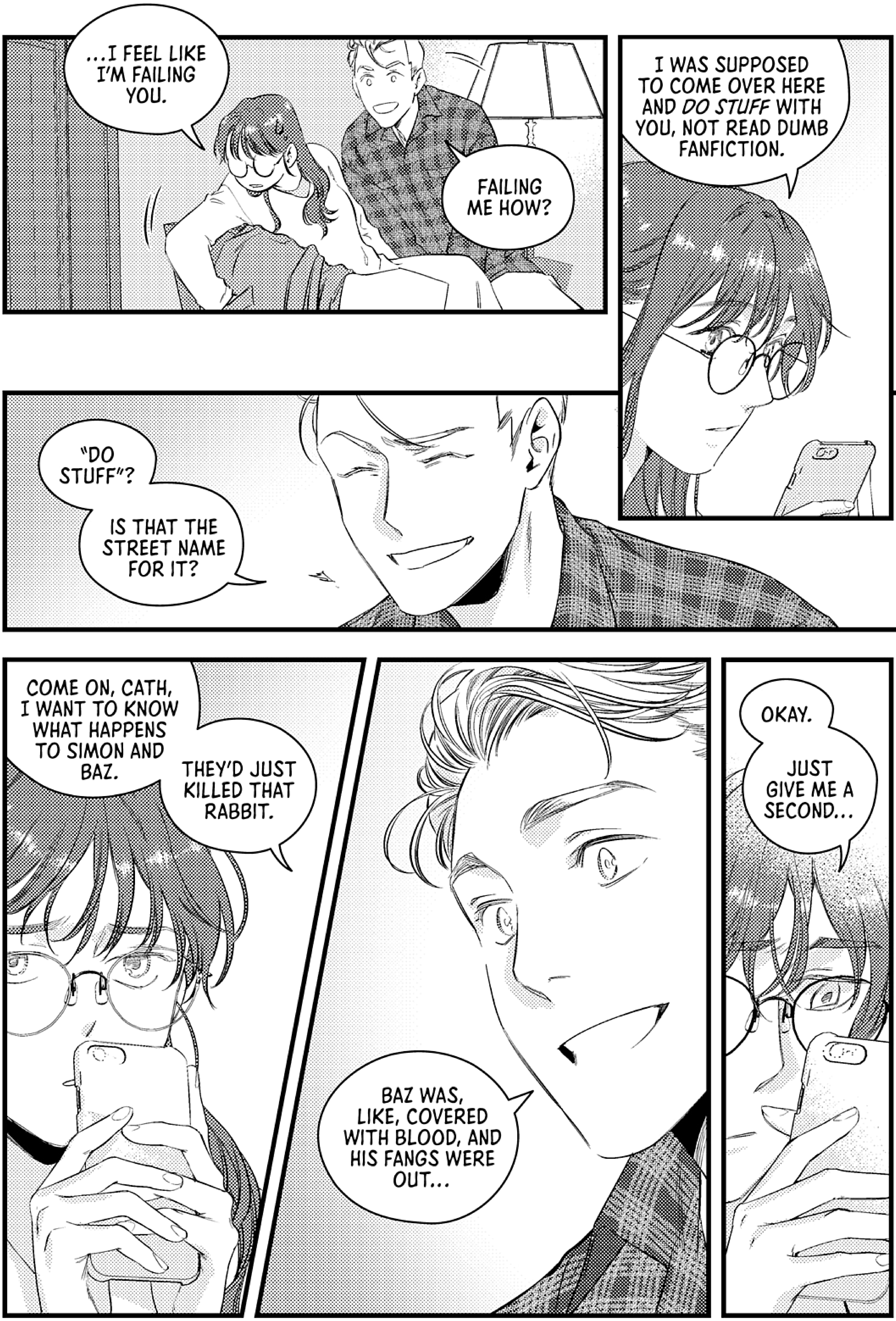

ARE YOU REALLY THAT NERVOUS TO BE HERE?
SIGH
I GUESS SO. I'M SORRY.
DO YOU KNOW WHY?
LIKE, WHAT'S MAKING YOU NERVOUS?
I MEANT WHAT I SAID EARLIER ABOUT THE TABLE, AND WHAT'S ON AND OFF OF IT.
THERE *IS* NO TABLE IN HERE—THERE'S ONLY A BED!
IS THAT WHAT YOU'RE SCARED OF?

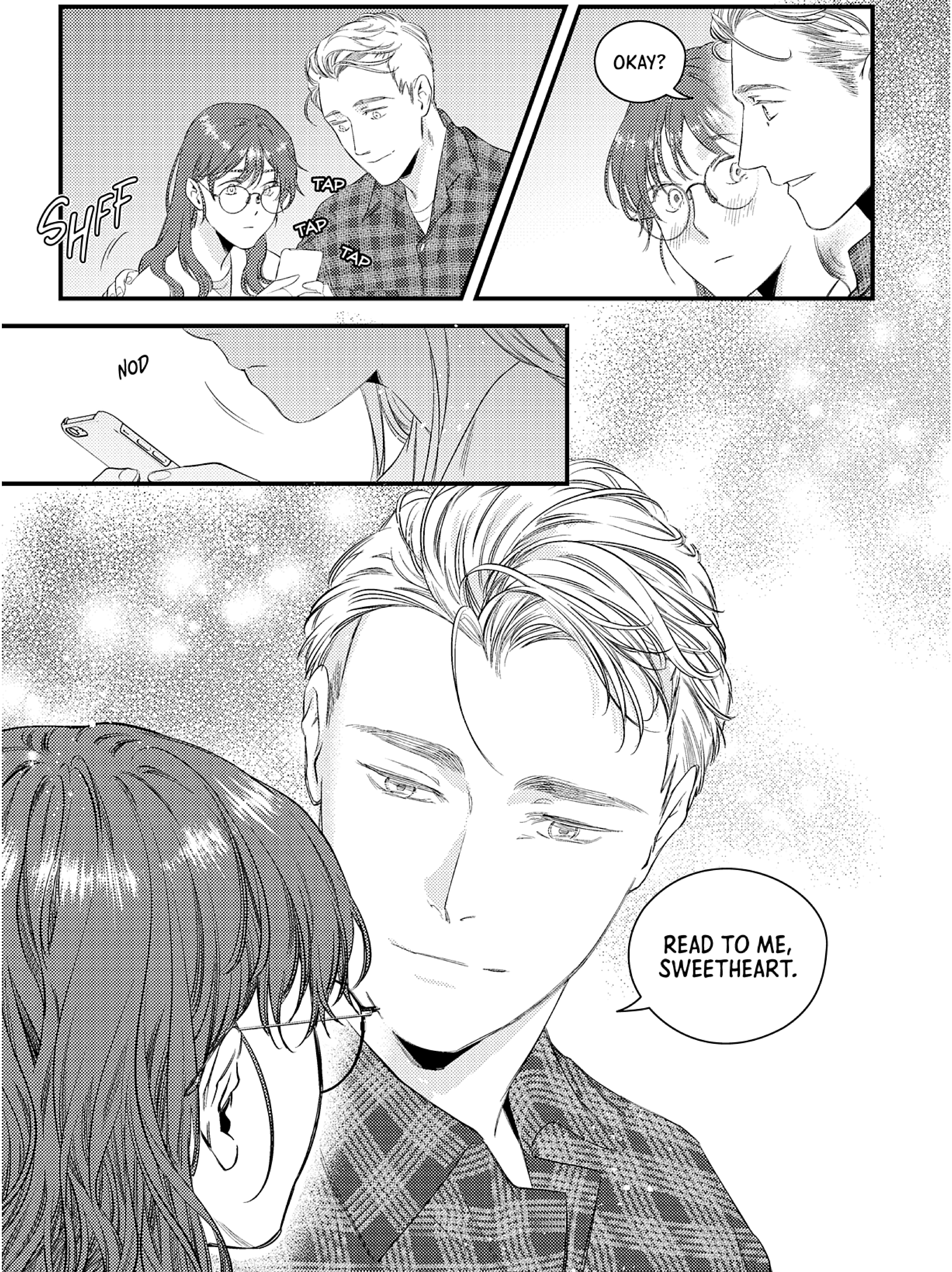

I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'M SCARED OF...
THAT'S A LIE.
A GIANT ONE.
I'M SCARED THAT HE'LL START TOUCHING ME...
...AND THEN THAT WE WON'T STOP.
THMP
THMP
THMP
THMP
I'M SCARED THAT I'M NOT READY TO BE THAT PERSON YET.
THE PERSON WHO DOESN'T STOP.
WHY CAN'T I BE HONEST WITH LEVI ABOUT HOW I FEEL?
AFTER HE'S PUT HIMSELF OUT THERE FOR ME AGAIN AND AGAIN...
ABOUT THIS WEEKEND...

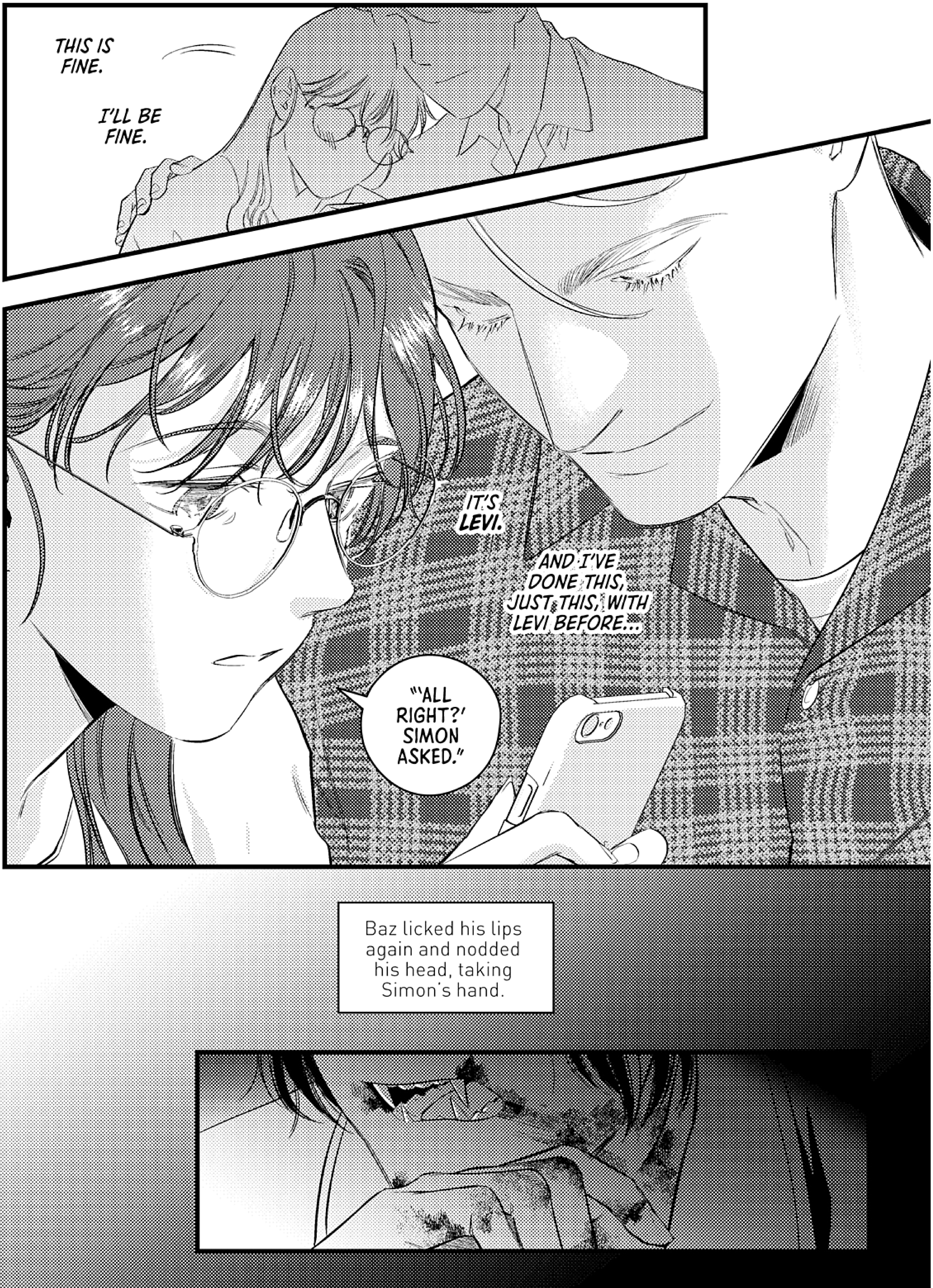

THANK YOU.
I DON'T THINK I CAN TELL YOU HOW MUCH IT MEANT TO ME...
THAT YOU WERE THERE AT THE HOSPITAL.
THAT YOU CAME.
SQUEEZE
I DON'T THINK I CAN TELL YOU HOW MUCH...
...*YOU* MEAN TO ME, LEVI.

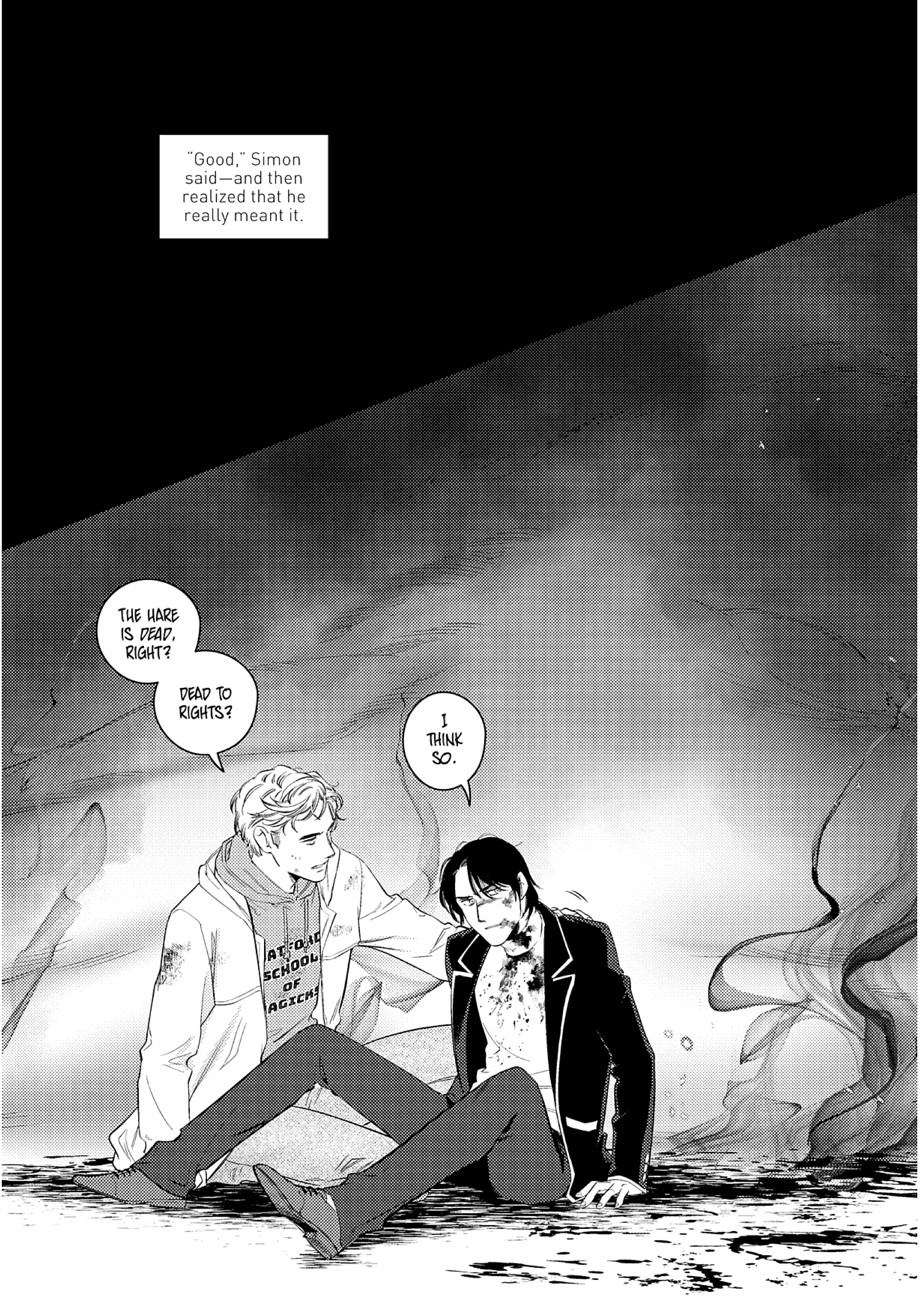

C'MERE.
I'M NOT SURE I KNOW HOW.
I HAVE AN IDEA...
READ ME SOME FANFICTION.


WHAT?
THAT'S YOUR IDEA?
WELL... *YEAH.*
I MEAN, IT ALWAYS RELAXES YOU.
I THOUGHT YOU'D BEEN ASKING ME TO READ TO YOU BECAUSE YOU LIKED THE STORY...
I *DO* LIKE THE STORY.
AND I LIKE THE WAY IT RELAXES YOU.
YOU NEVER FINISHED READING ME THAT ONE WHERE SIMON FIGURES OUT THAT BAZ IS A VAMPIRE...
YOU WANT ME TO READ YOU FANFICTION *NOW?*
YEAH! WHY NOT?
DO YOU HAVE THAT STORY ON YOUR PHONE?
I MEAN.
I CAN FIND IT ON FANFIXX.
IT'S JUST...


…I FEEL LIKE I'M FAILING YOU.
FAILING ME HOW?
I WAS SUPPOSED TO COME OVER HERE AND *DO STUFF* WITH YOU, NOT READ DUMB FANFICTION.
"DO STUFF"?
IS THAT THE STREET NAME FOR IT?
COME ON, CATH, I WANT TO KNOW WHAT HAPPENS TO SIMON AND BAZ.
THEY'D JUST KILLED THAT RABBIT.
BAZ WAS, LIKE, COVERED WITH BLOOD, AND HIS FANGS WERE OUT…
OKAY.
JUST GIVE ME A SECOND…

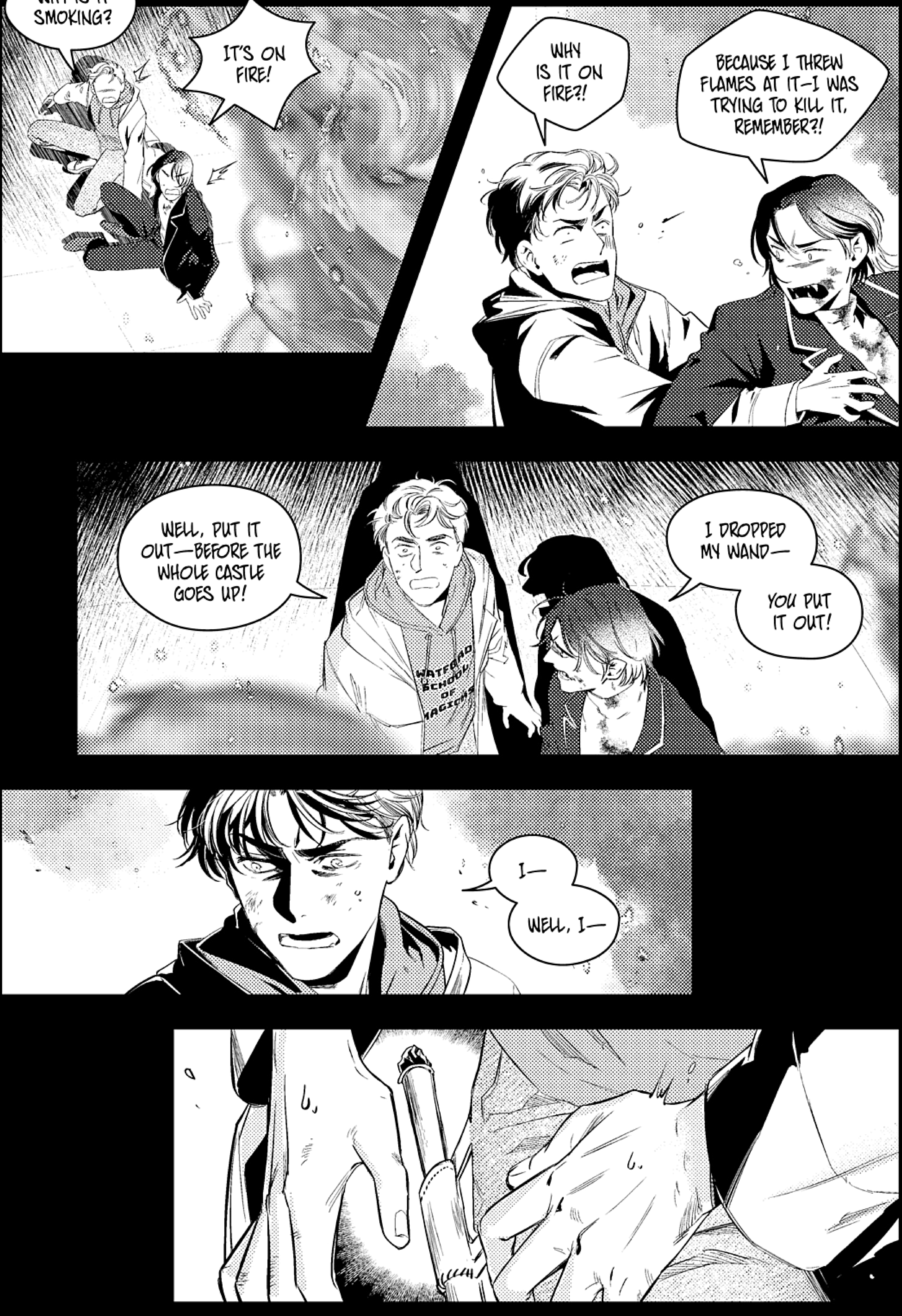

SHFF
TAP
TAP
TAP
OKAY?
NOD
READ TO ME, SWEETHEART.

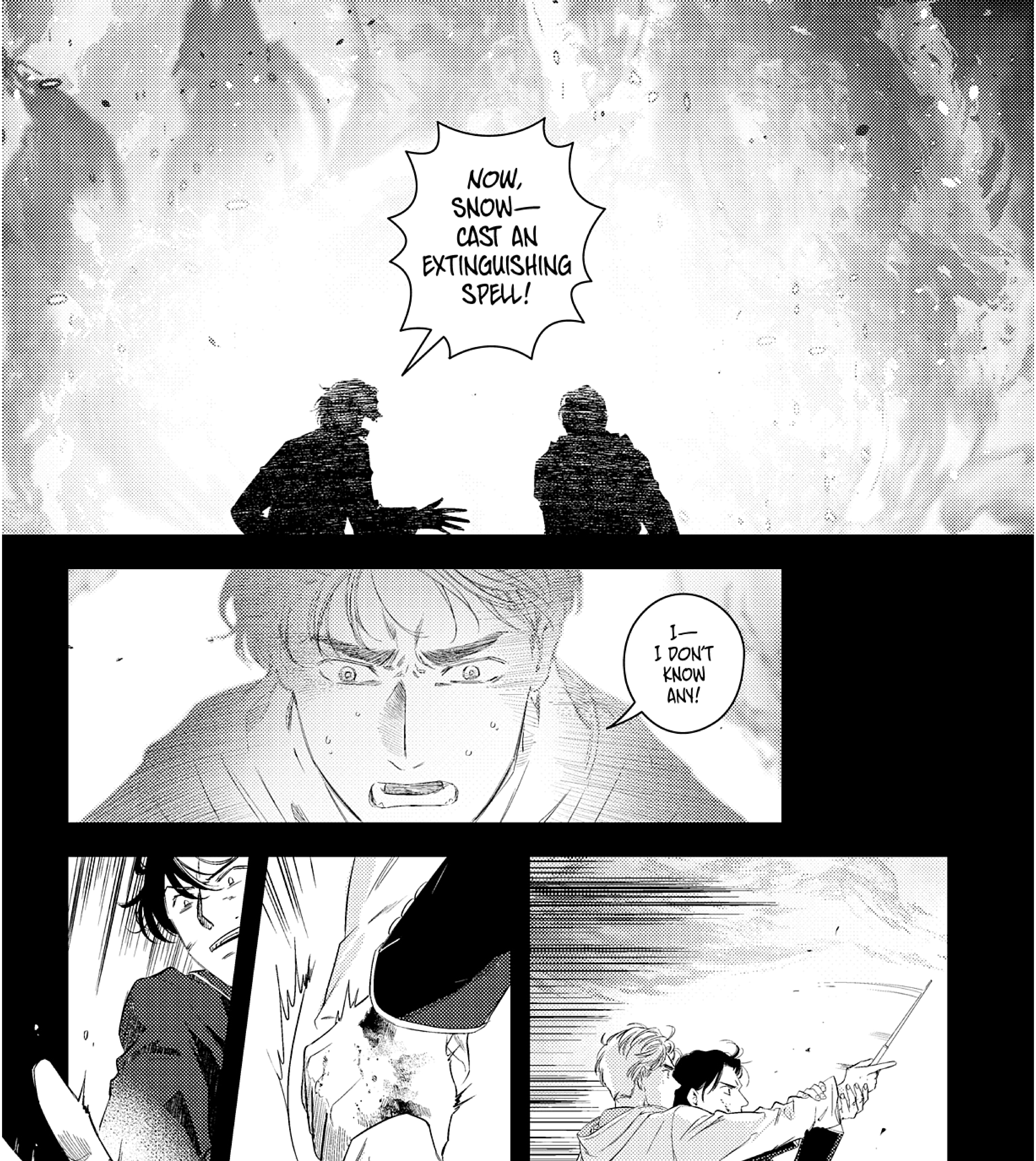

THIS IS FINE.
I'LL BE FINE.
IT'S **LEVI.**
AND I'VE DONE THIS, JUST THIS, WITH LEVI BEFORE...
"'ALL RIGHT?' SIMON ASKED."
Baz licked his lips again and nodded his head, taking Simon's hand.

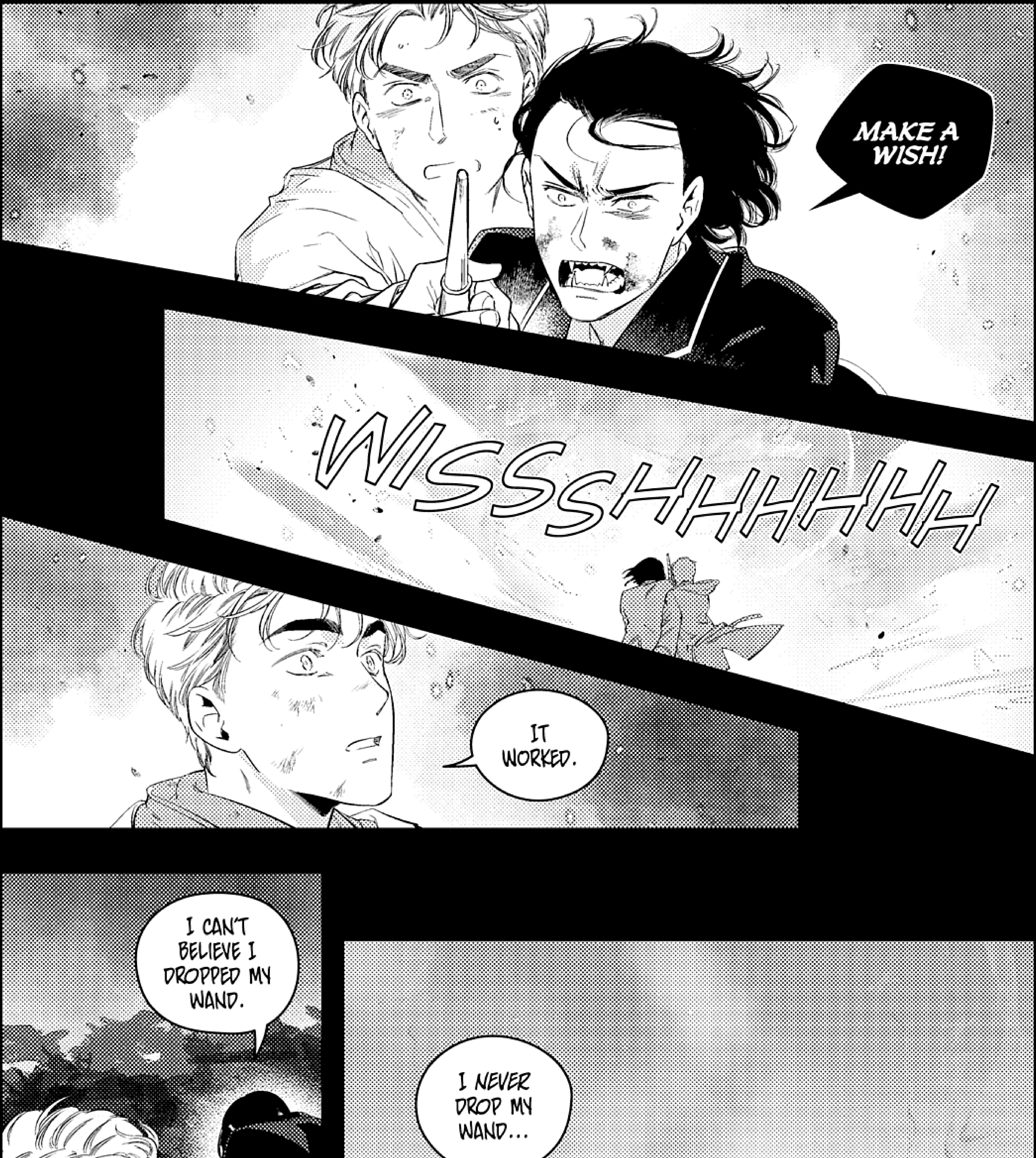


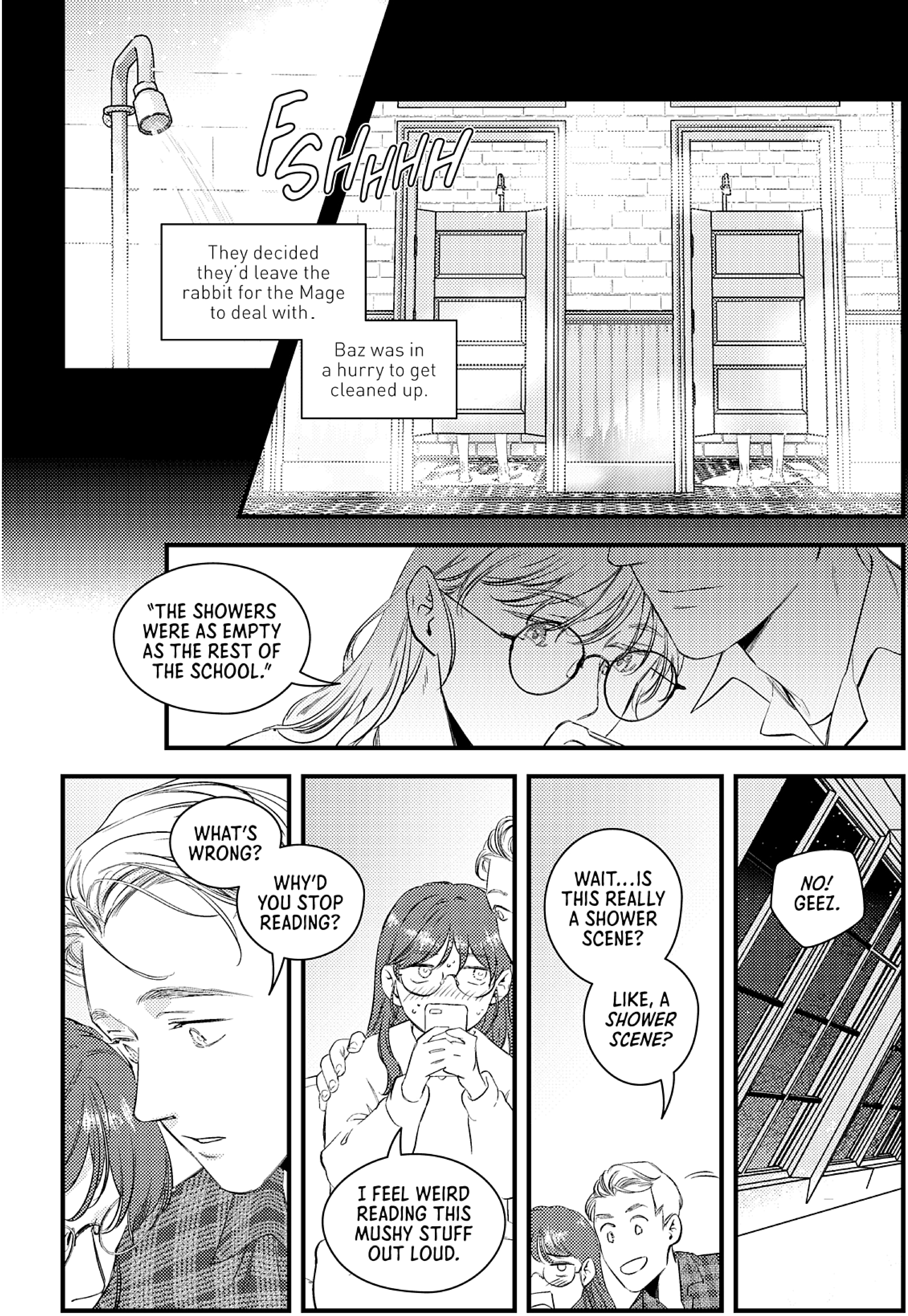
"Good," Simon said—and then realized that he really meant it.

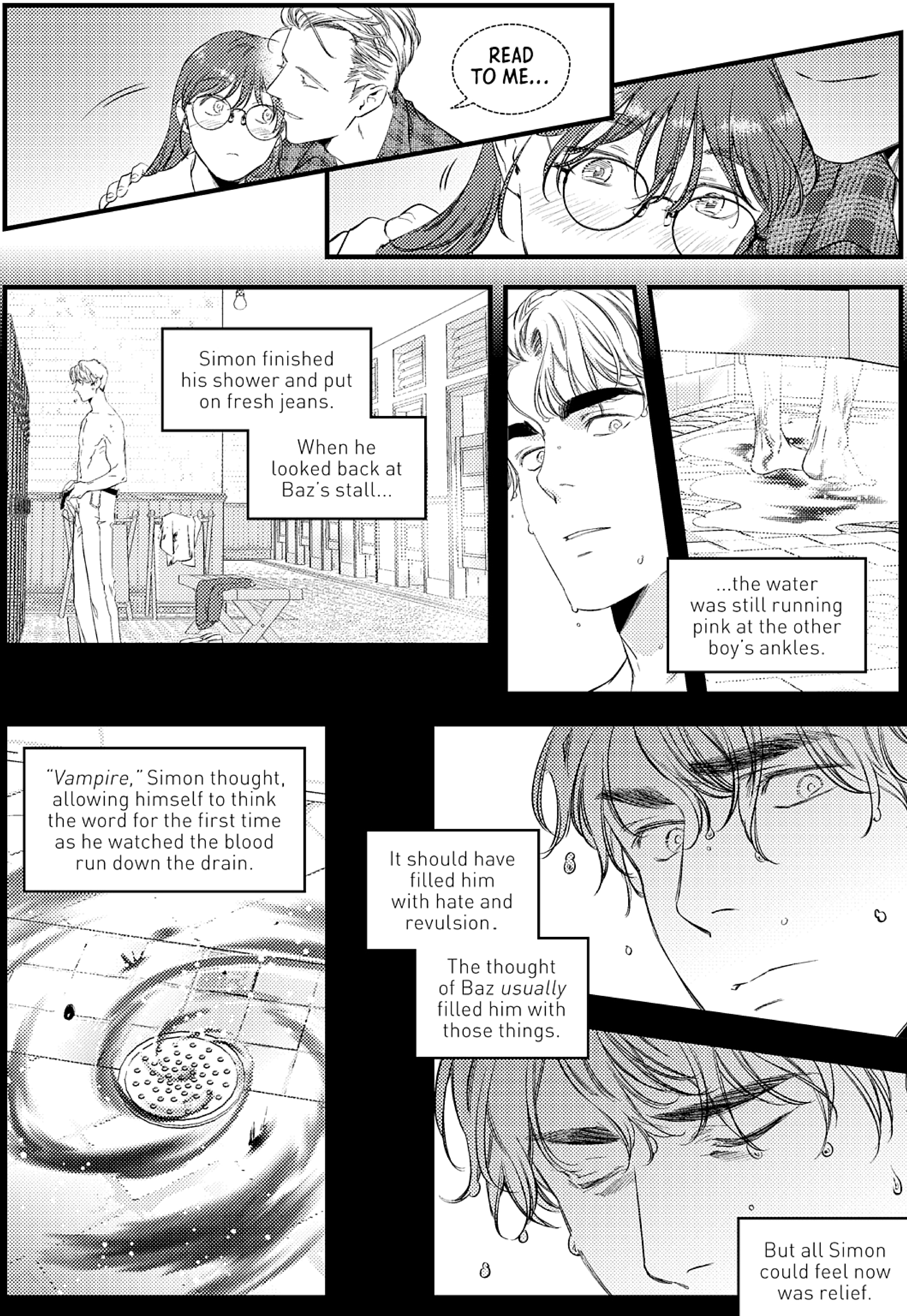
THE HARE IS *DEAD,* RIGHT?
DEAD TO RIGHTS?
I THINK SO.

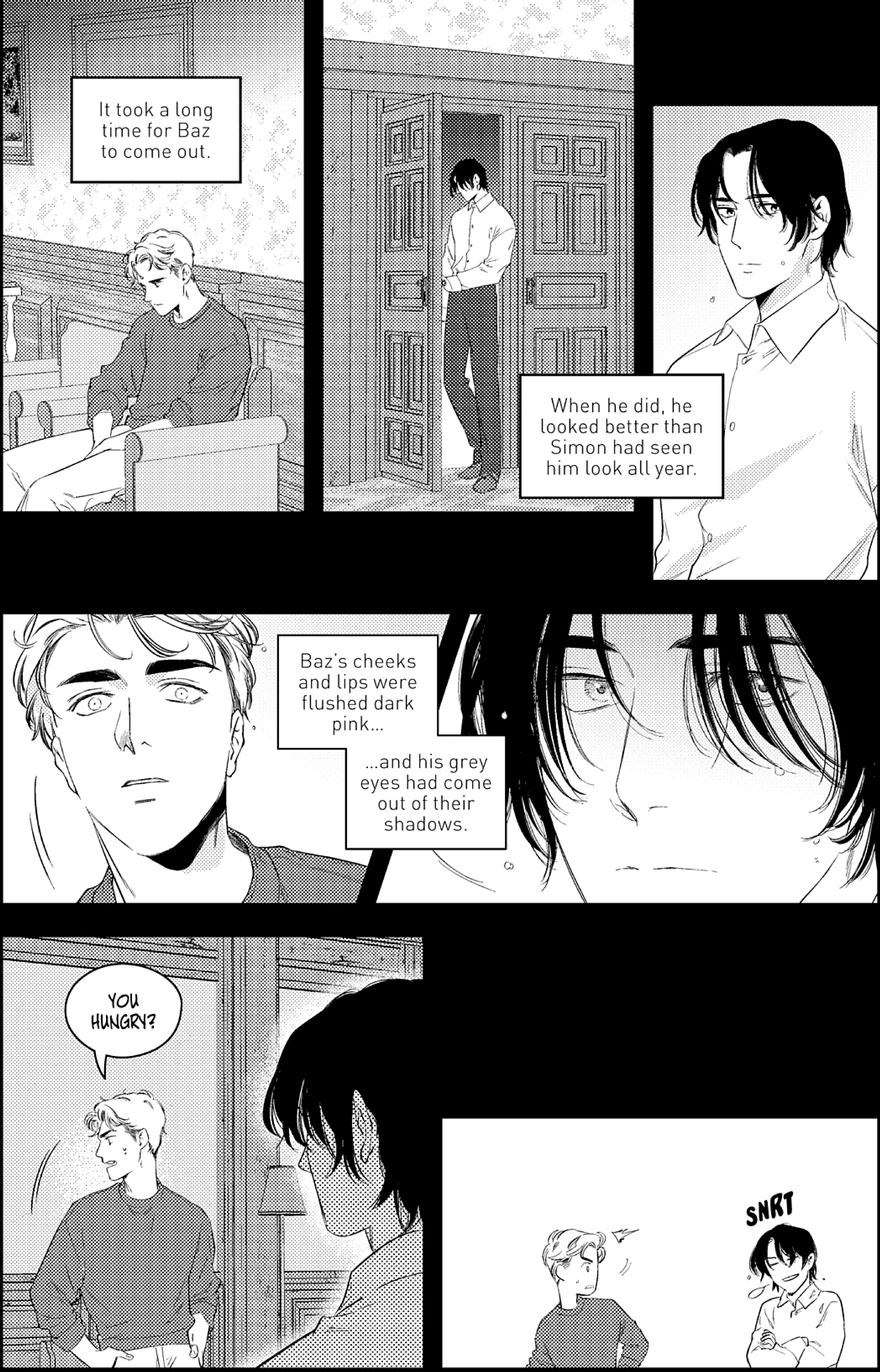

WHY IS IT SMOKING?
IT'S ON FIRE!
WHY IS IT ON FIRE?!
BECAUSE I THREW FLAMES AT IT—I WAS TRYING TO KILL IT, REMEMBER?!
WELL, PUT IT OUT—BEFORE THE WHOLE CASTLE GOES UP!
WATFORD SCHOOL OF MAGICKS
I DROPPED MY WAND—
YOU PUT IT OUT!
I—
WELL, I—

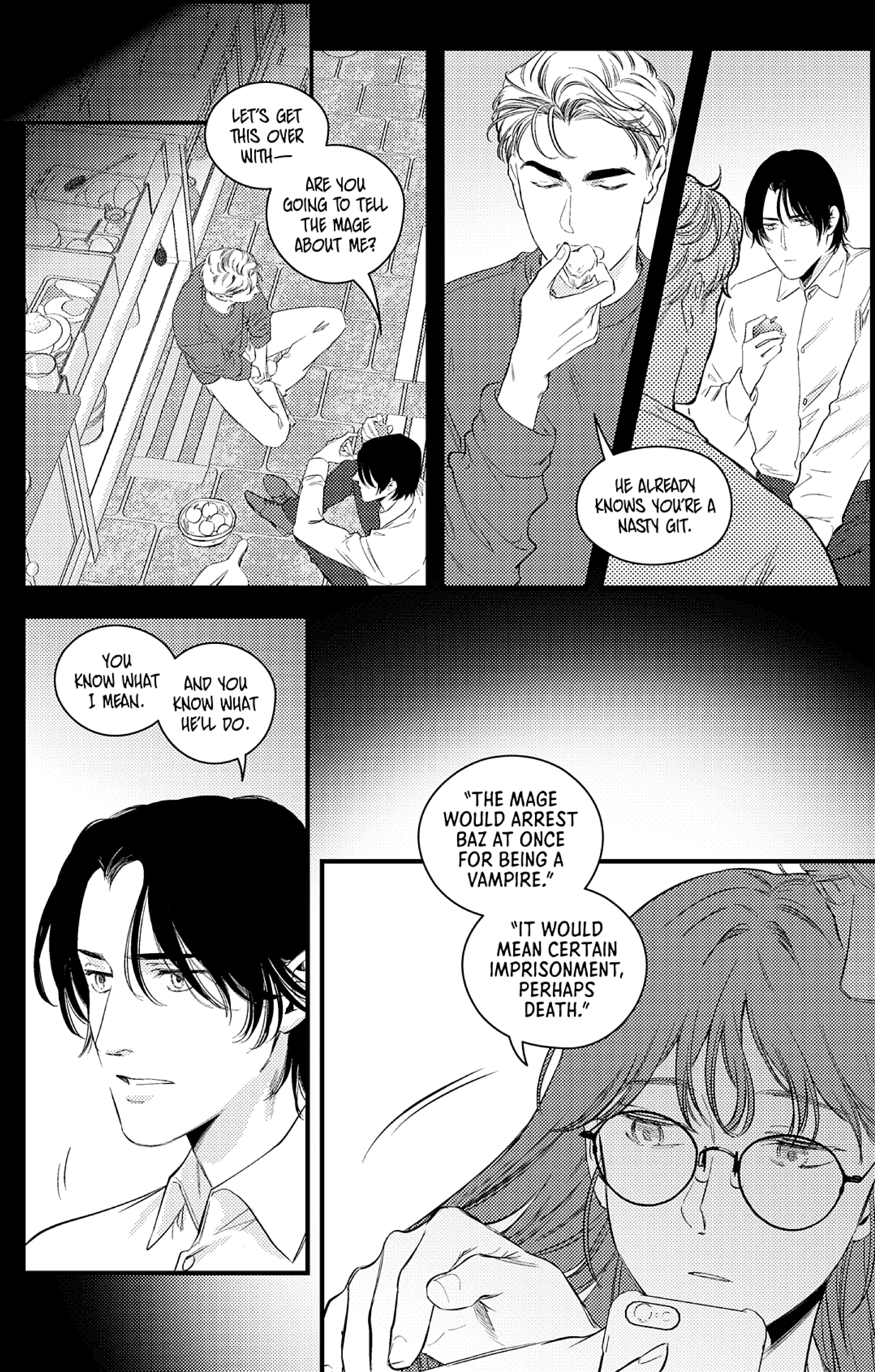

NOW, SNOW— CAST AN EXTINGUISHING SPELL!
I— I DON'T KNOW ANY!
GRIP

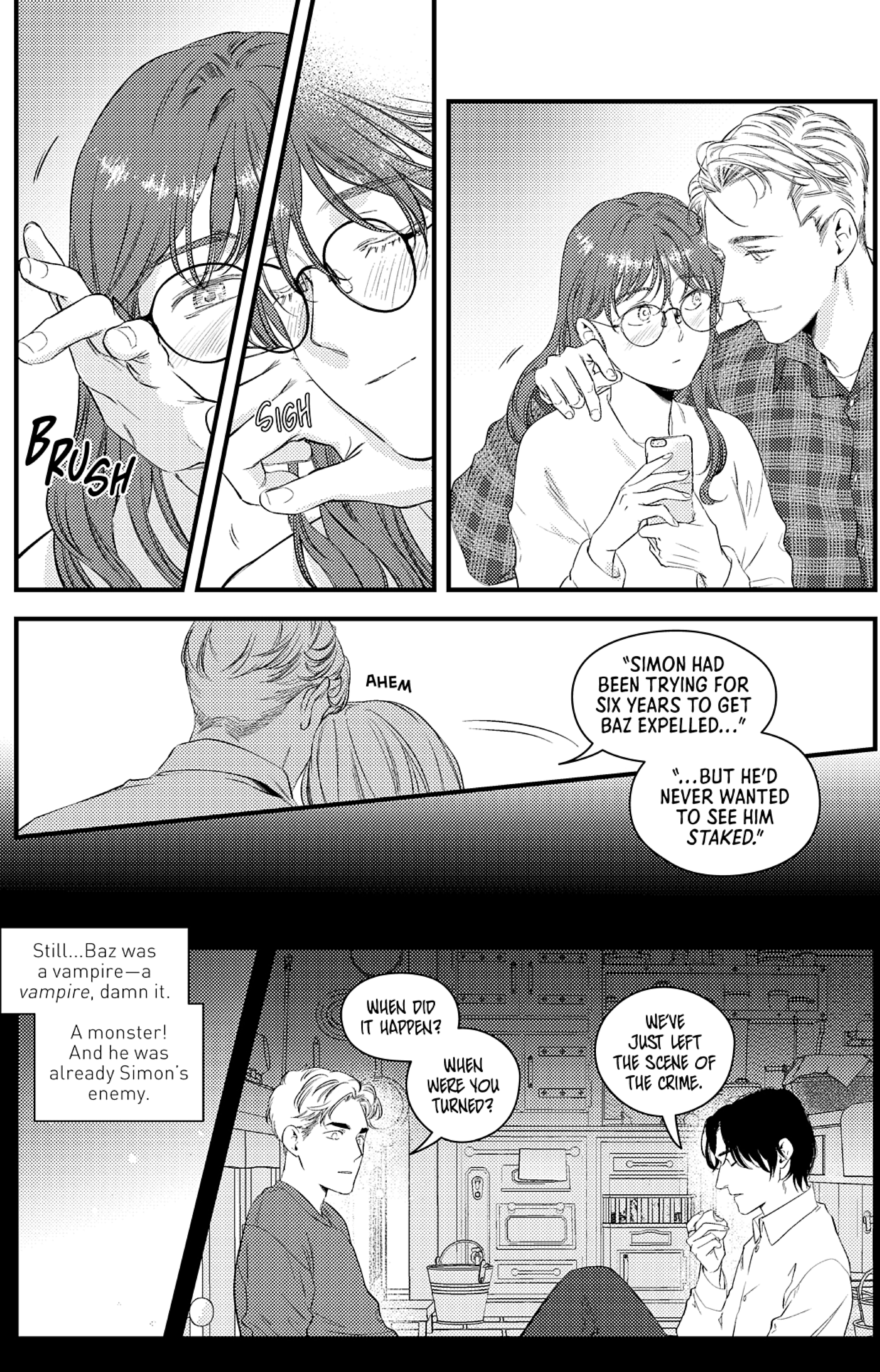

MAKE A WISH!
WISSSHHHHHH
IT WORKED.
I CAN'T BELIEVE I DROPPED MY WAND.
WATFOR
HOOL
I NEVER DROP MY WAND...

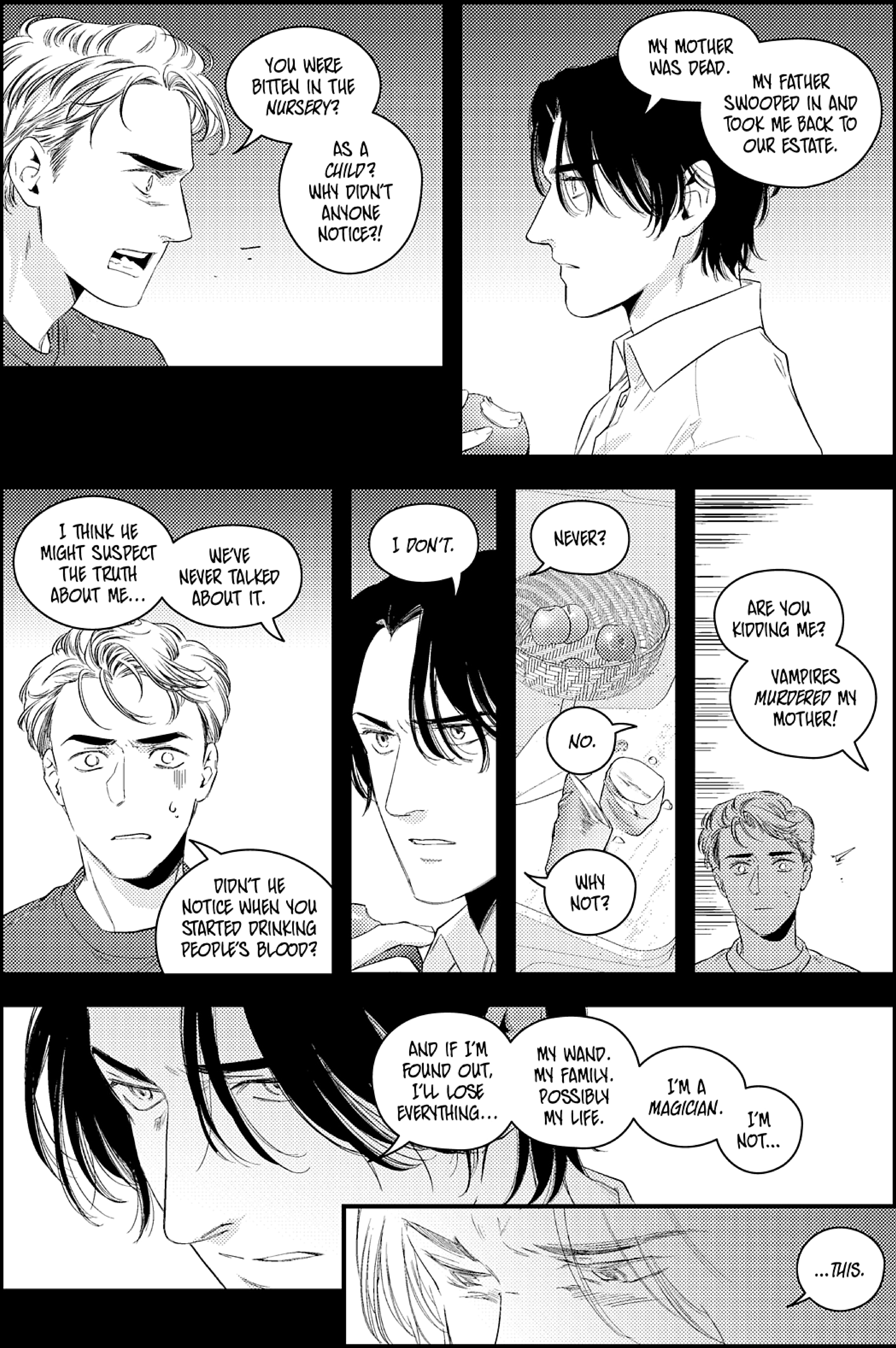

FSHHHH
They decided they'd leave the rabbit for the Mage to deal with.
Baz was in a hurry to get cleaned up.
"THE SHOWERS WERE AS EMPTY AS THE REST OF THE SCHOOL."
WHAT'S WRONG?
WHY'D YOU STOP READING?
I FEEL WEIRD READING THIS MUSHY STUFF OUT LOUD.
WAIT...IS THIS REALLY A SHOWER SCENE?
LIKE, A SHOWER SCENE?
NO! GEEZ.

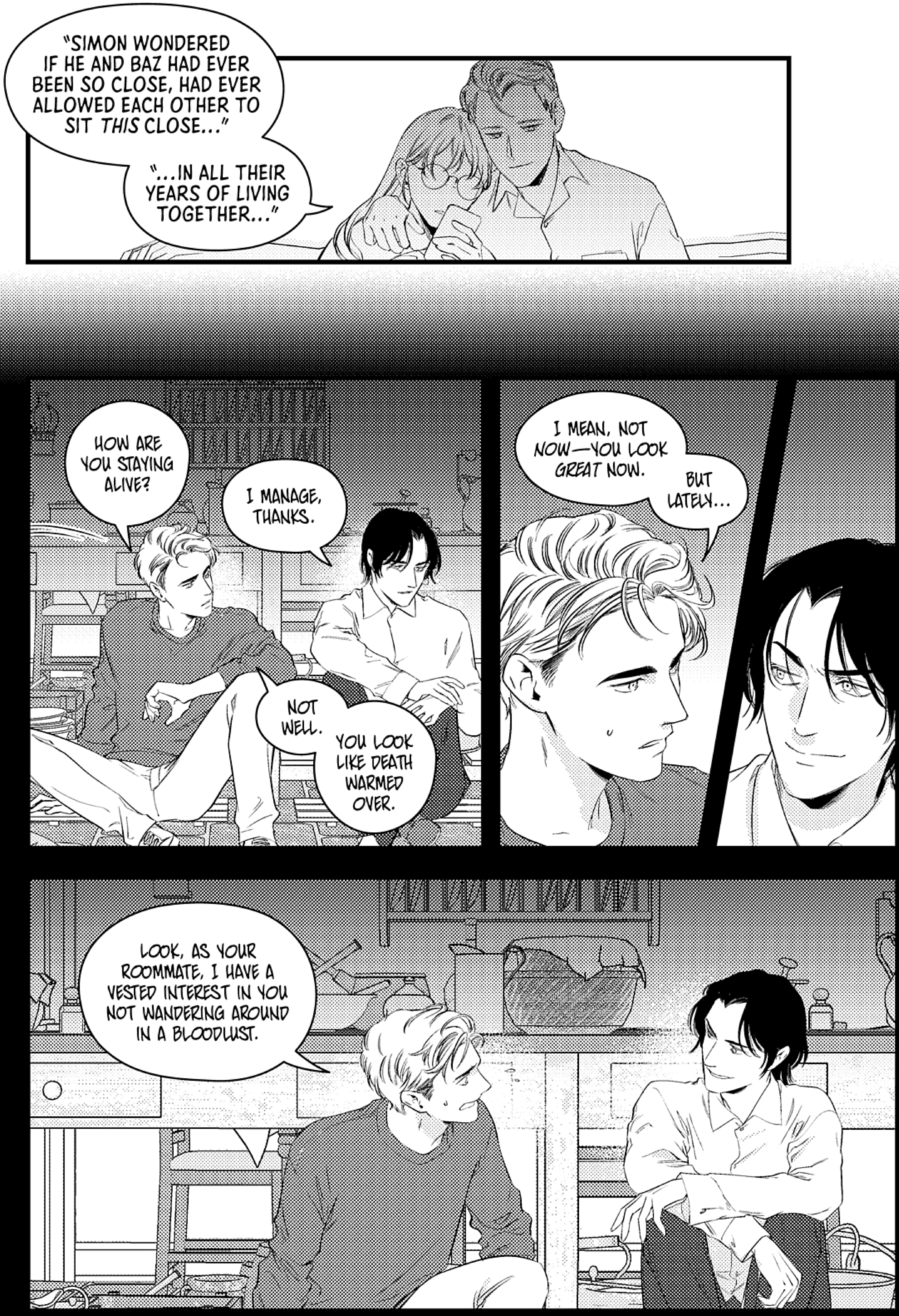

READ TO ME...
Simon finished his shower and put on fresh jeans.
When he looked back at Baz's stall...
...the water was still running pink at the other boy's ankles.
"Vampire," Simon thought, allowing himself to think the word for the first time as he watched the blood run down the drain.
It should have filled him with hate and revulsion.
The thought of Baz *usually* filled him with those things.
But all Simon could feel now was relief.

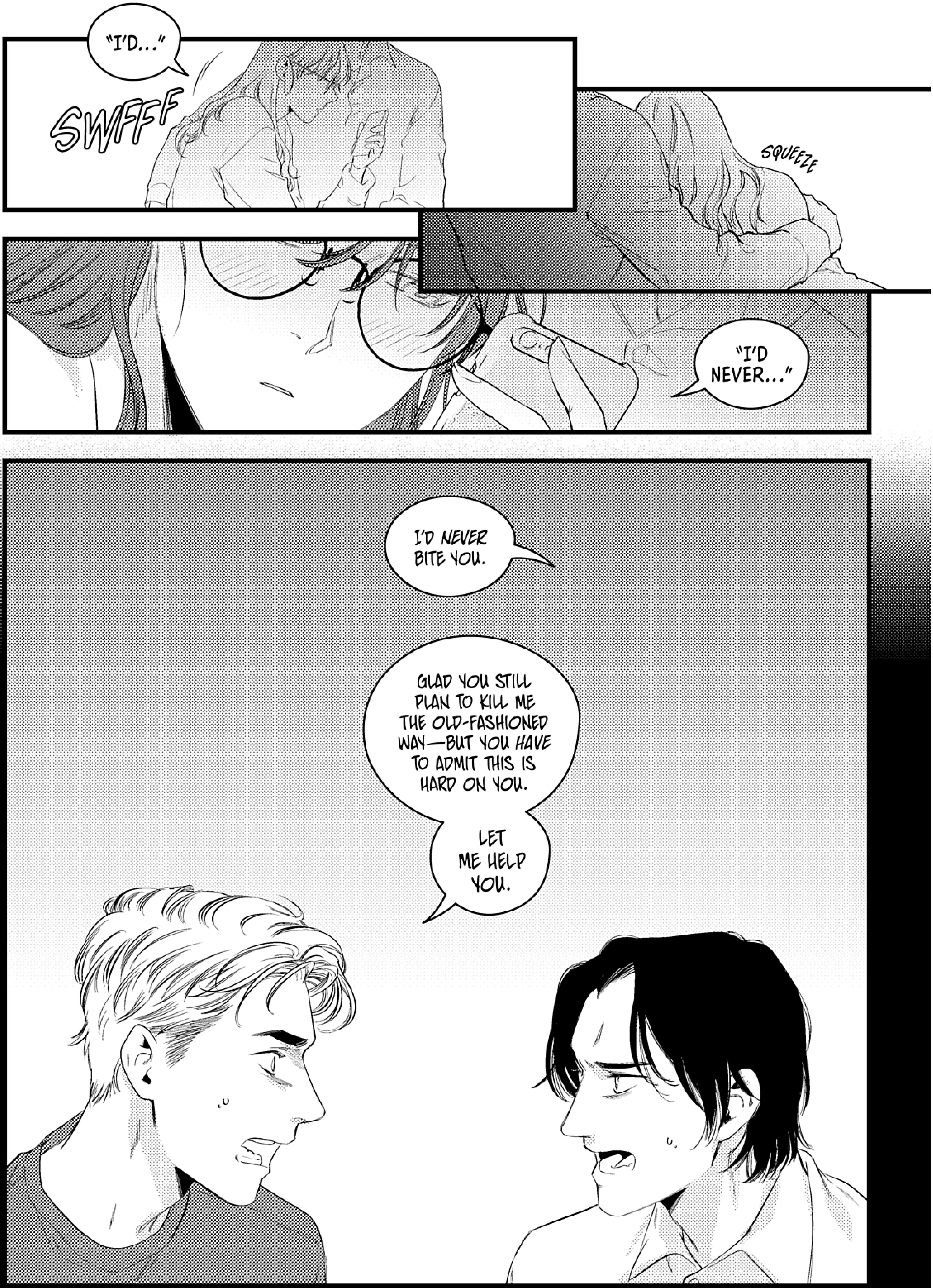

It took a long time for Baz to come out.
When he did, he looked better than Simon had seen him look all year.
Baz's cheeks and lips were flushed dark pink...
...and his grey eyes had come out of their shadows.
YOU HUNGRY?
SNRT

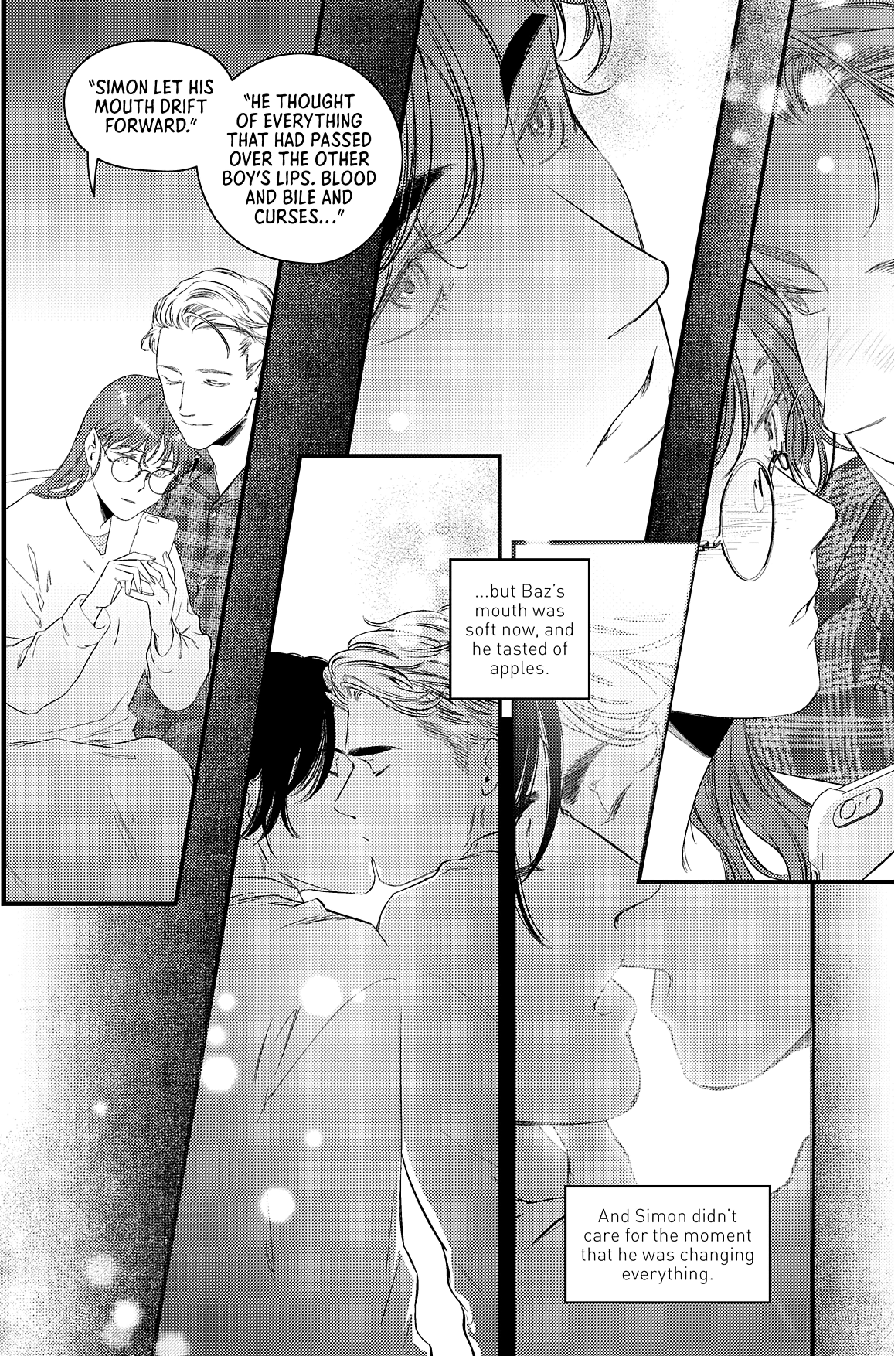

LET'S GET THIS OVER WITH—
ARE YOU GOING TO TELL THE MAGE ABOUT ME?
HE ALREADY KNOWS YOU'RE A NASTY GIT.
YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN.
AND YOU KNOW WHAT HE'LL DO.
"THE MAGE WOULD ARREST BAZ AT ONCE FOR BEING A VAMPIRE."
"IT WOULD MEAN CERTAIN IMPRISONMENT, PERHAPS DEATH."

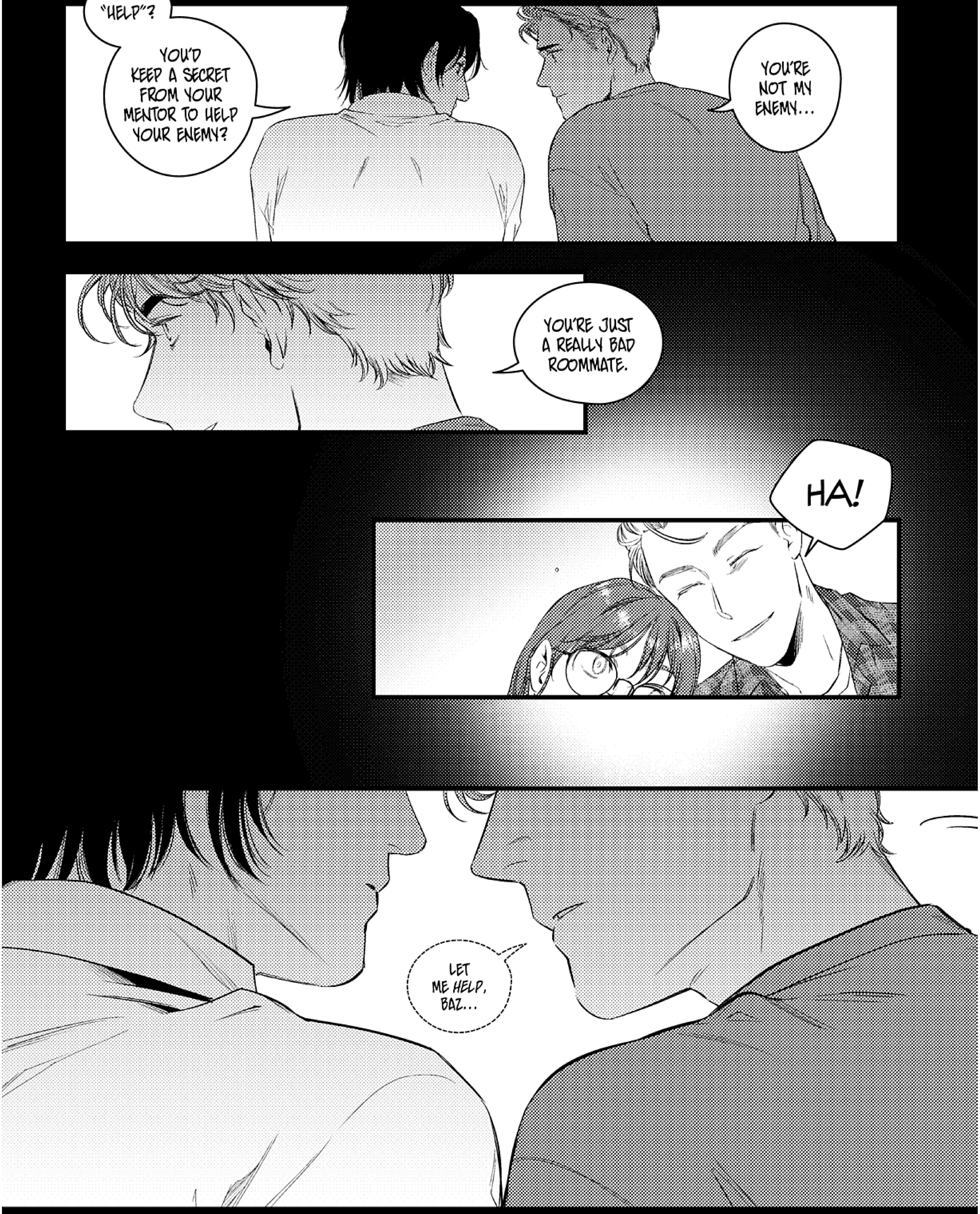

BRUSH
SIGH
AHEM
"SIMON HAD BEEN TRYING FOR SIX YEARS TO GET BAZ EXPELLED..."
"...BUT HE'D NEVER WANTED TO SEE HIM *STAKED*."
Still...Baz was a vampire—a *vampire*, damn it.
A monster! And he was already Simon's enemy.
WHEN DID IT HAPPEN?
WHEN WERE YOU TURNED?
WE'VE JUST LEFT THE SCENE OF THE CRIME.

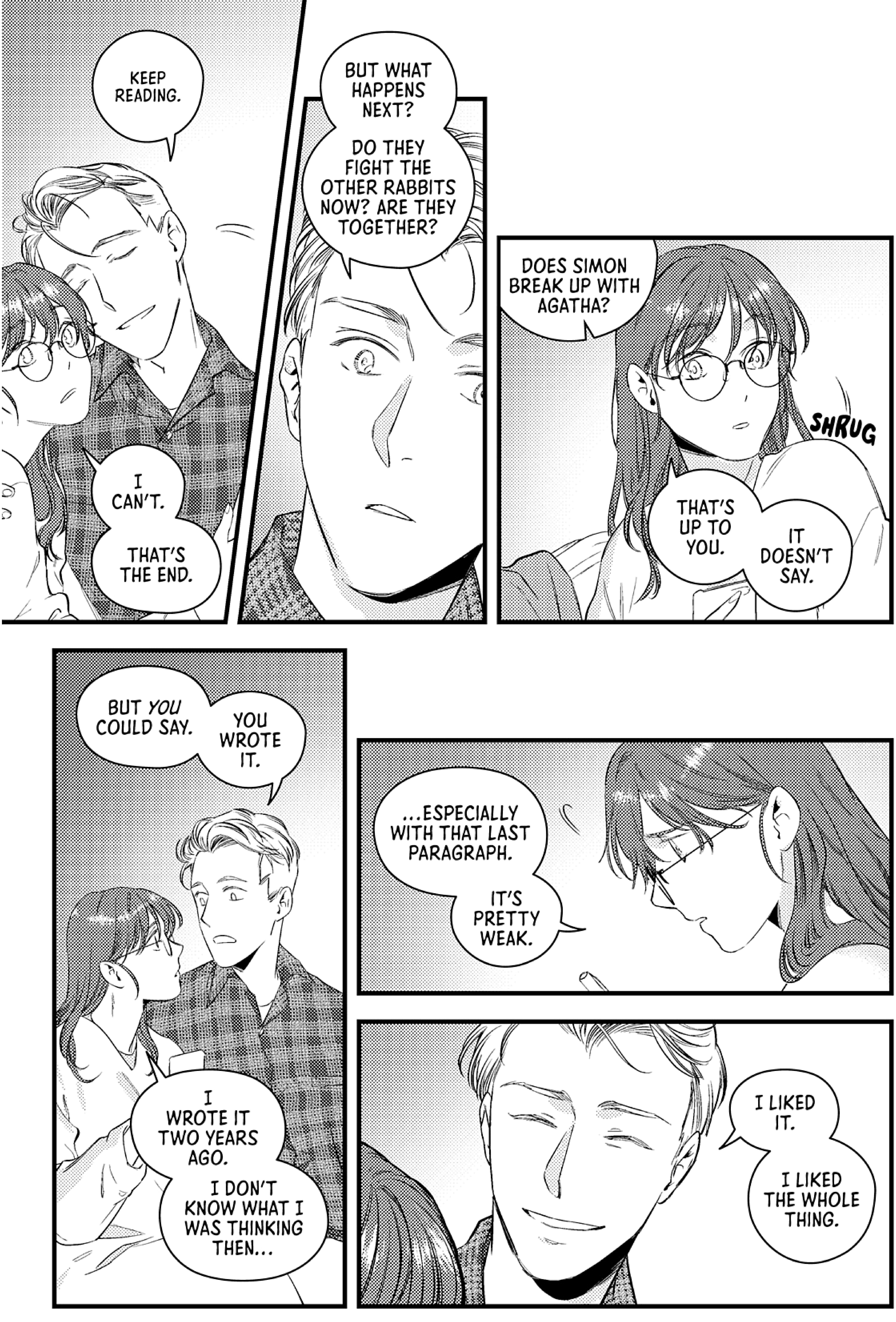

YOU WERE BITTEN IN THE *NURSERY*?
AS A *CHILD*? WHY DIDN'T ANYONE NOTICE?!
MY MOTHER WAS DEAD.
MY FATHER SWOOPED IN AND TOOK ME BACK TO OUR ESTATE.
I THINK HE MIGHT SUSPECT THE TRUTH ABOUT ME...
WE'VE NEVER TALKED ABOUT IT.
DIDN'T HE NOTICE WHEN YOU STARTED DRINKING PEOPLE'S BLOOD?
I *DON'T*.
NEVER?
NO.
WHY NOT?
ARE YOU KIDDING ME?
VAMPIRES *MURDERED* MY MOTHER!
AND IF I'M FOUND OUT, I'LL LOSE EVERYTHING...
MY WAND. MY FAMILY. POSSIBLY MY LIFE.
I'M A *MAGICIAN*.
I'M NOT...
...*THIS*.

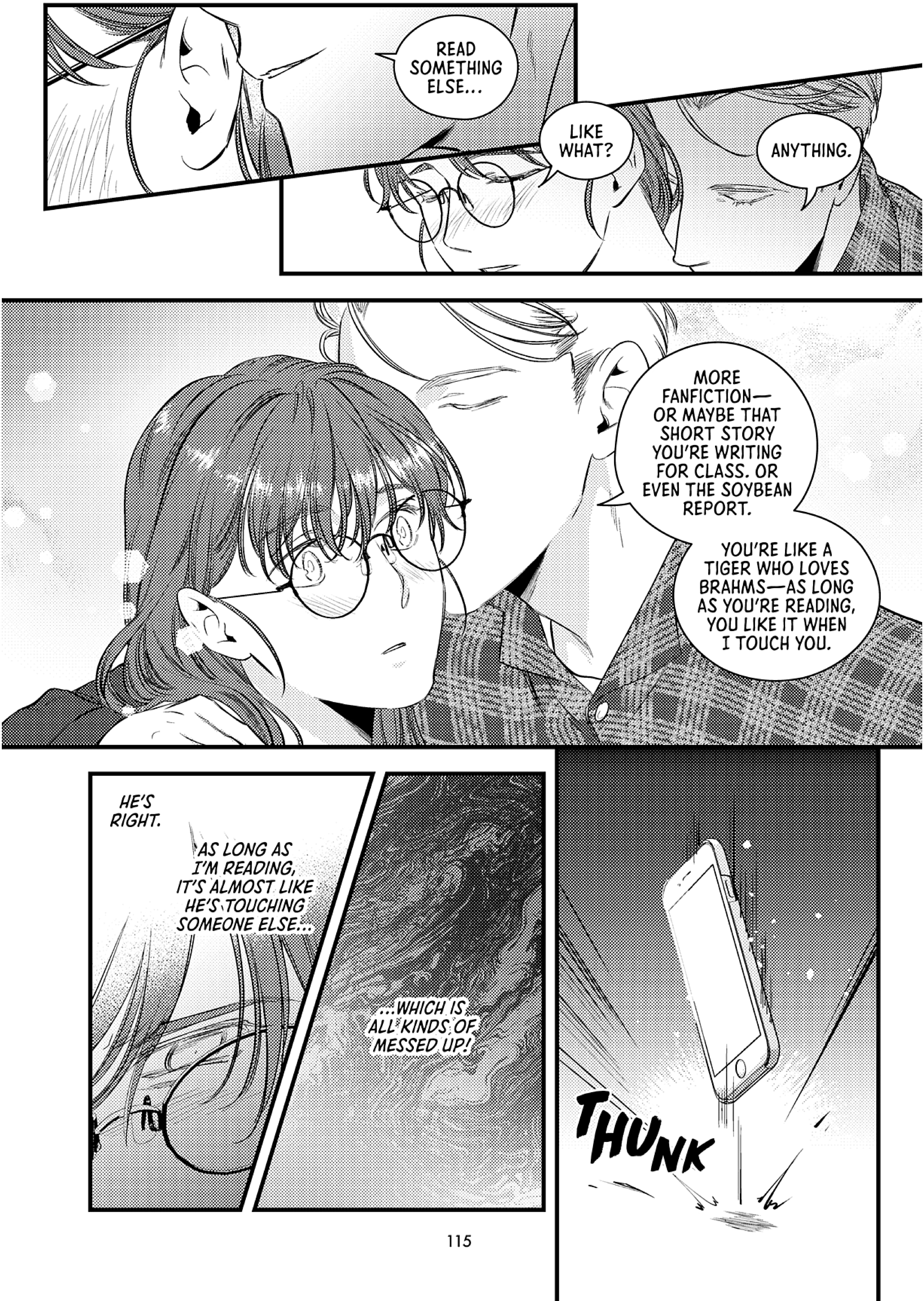

"SIMON WONDERED IF HE AND BAZ HAD EVER BEEN SO CLOSE, HAD EVER ALLOWED EACH OTHER TO SIT *THIS* CLOSE..."
"...IN ALL THEIR YEARS OF LIVING TOGETHER..."
HOW ARE YOU STAYING ALIVE?
I MANAGE, THANKS.
NOT WELL.
YOU LOOK LIKE DEATH WARMED OVER.
I MEAN, NOT NOW—YOU LOOK *GREAT* NOW.
BUT LATELY...
LOOK, AS YOUR ROOMMATE, I HAVE A VESTED INTEREST IN YOU NOT WANDERING AROUND IN A BLOODLUST.

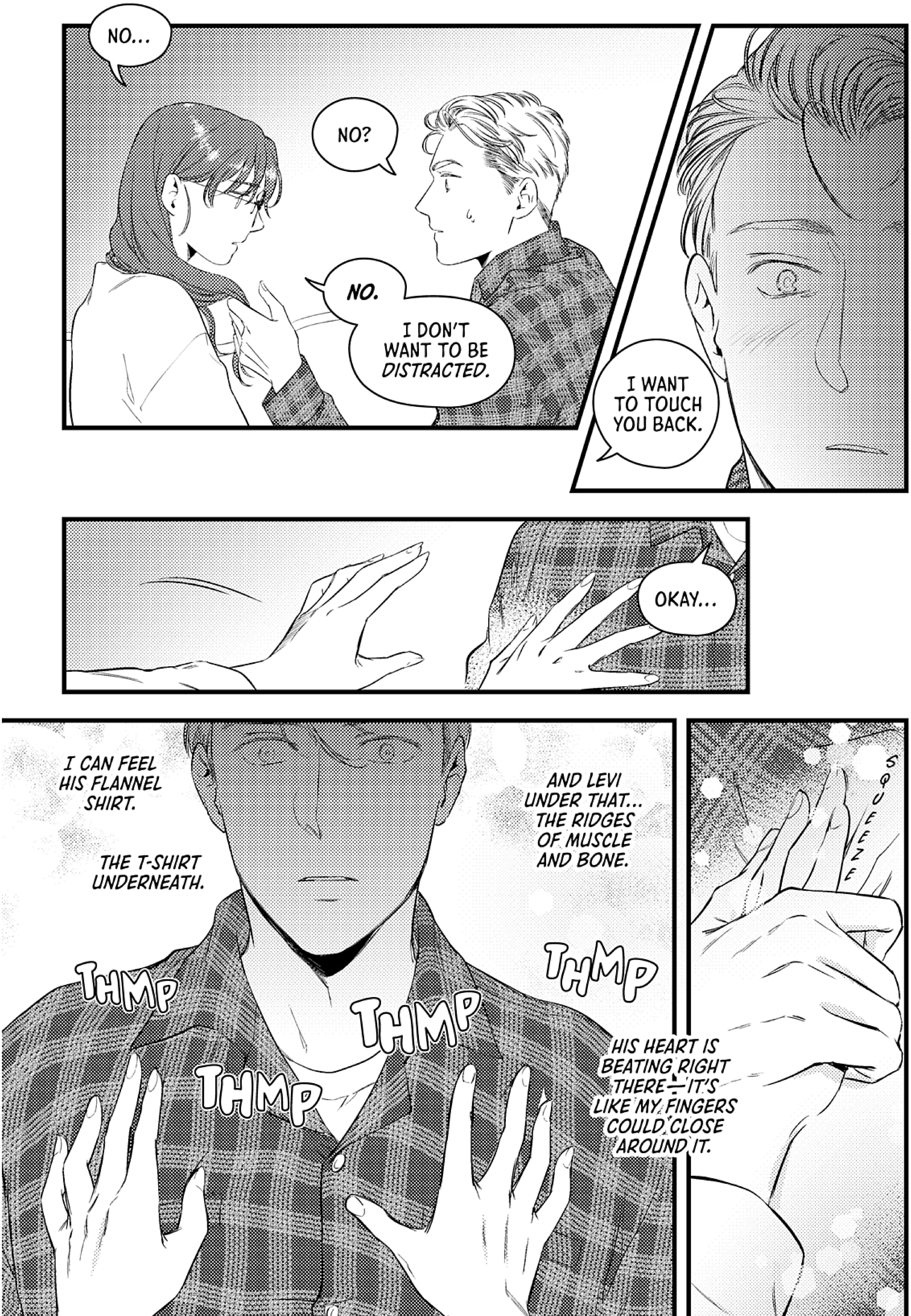

"I'D..."
SWFFF
SQUEEZE
"I'D NEVER..."
I'D NEVER BITE YOU.
GLAD YOU STILL PLAN TO KILL ME THE OLD-FASHIONED WAY—BUT YOU *HAVE* TO ADMIT THIS IS HARD ON YOU.
LET ME HELP YOU.

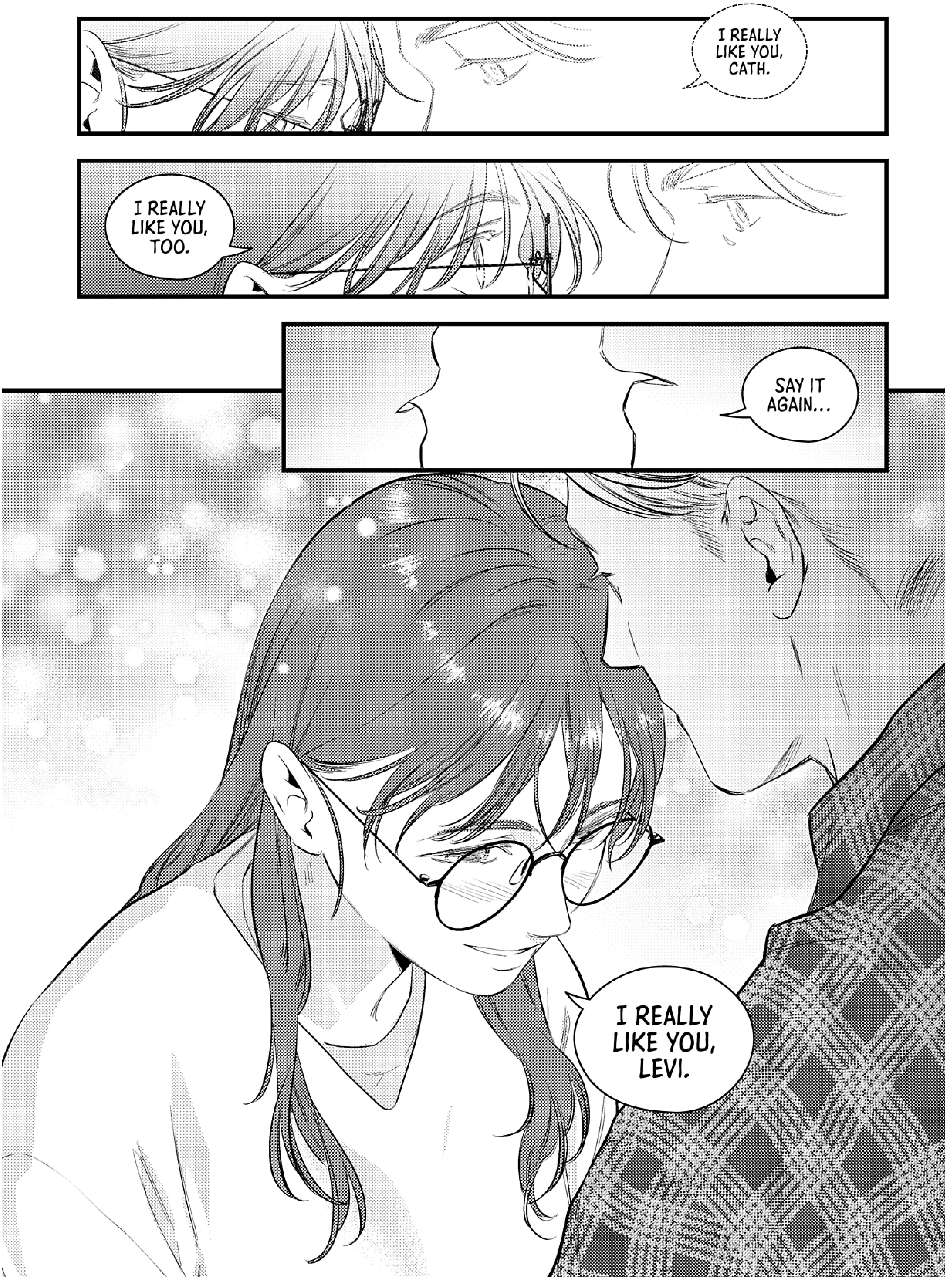

"SIMON LET HIS MOUTH DRIFT FORWARD."
"HE THOUGHT OF EVERYTHING THAT HAD PASSED OVER THE OTHER BOY'S LIPS. BLOOD AND BILE AND CURSES..."
...but Baz's mouth was soft now, and he tasted of apples.
And Simon didn't care for the moment that he was changing everything.

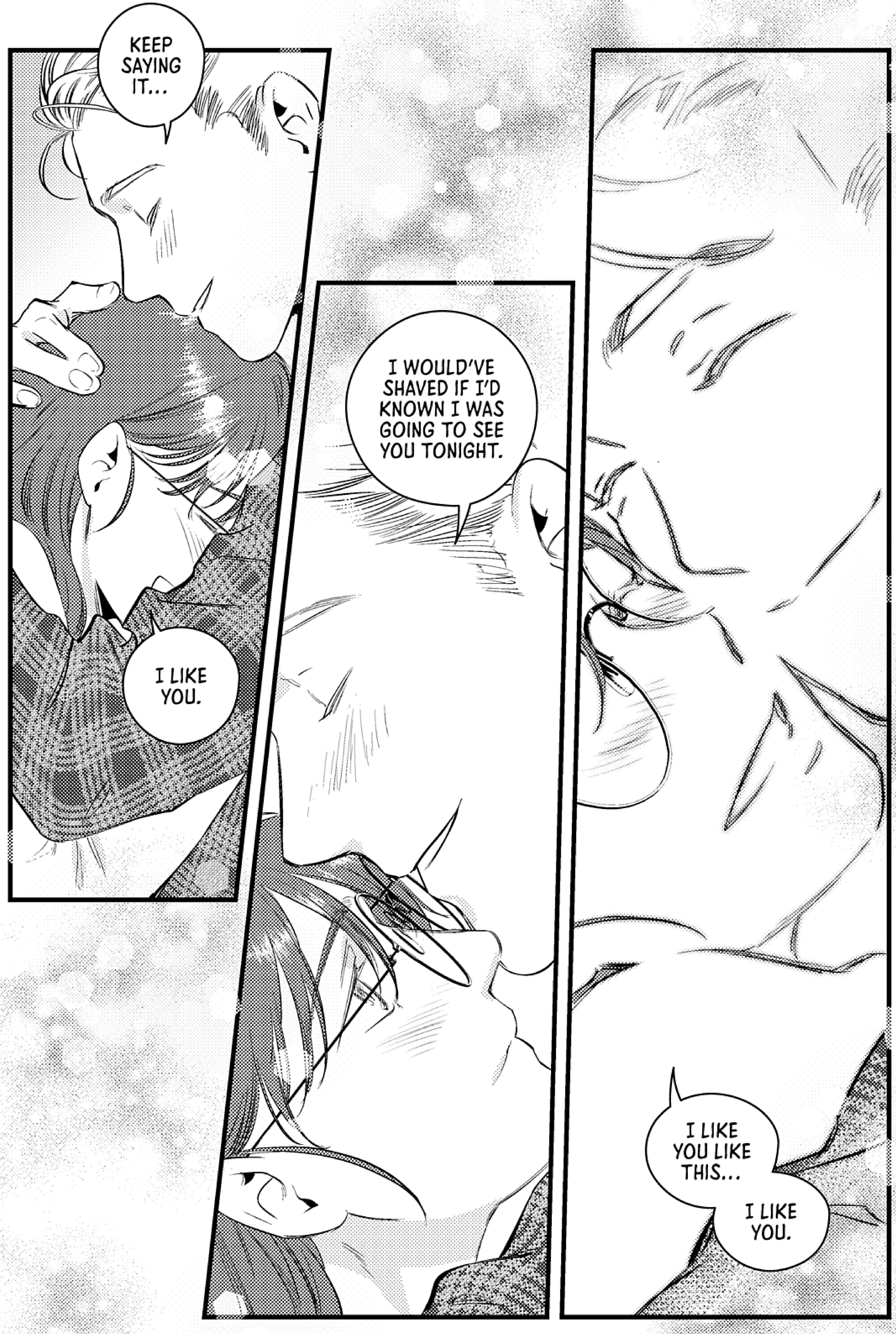

"HELP"?
YOU'D KEEP A SECRET FROM YOUR MENTOR TO HELP YOUR ENEMY?
YOU'RE NOT MY ENEMY...
YOU'RE JUST A REALLY BAD ROOMMATE.
HA!
LET ME HELP, BAZ...

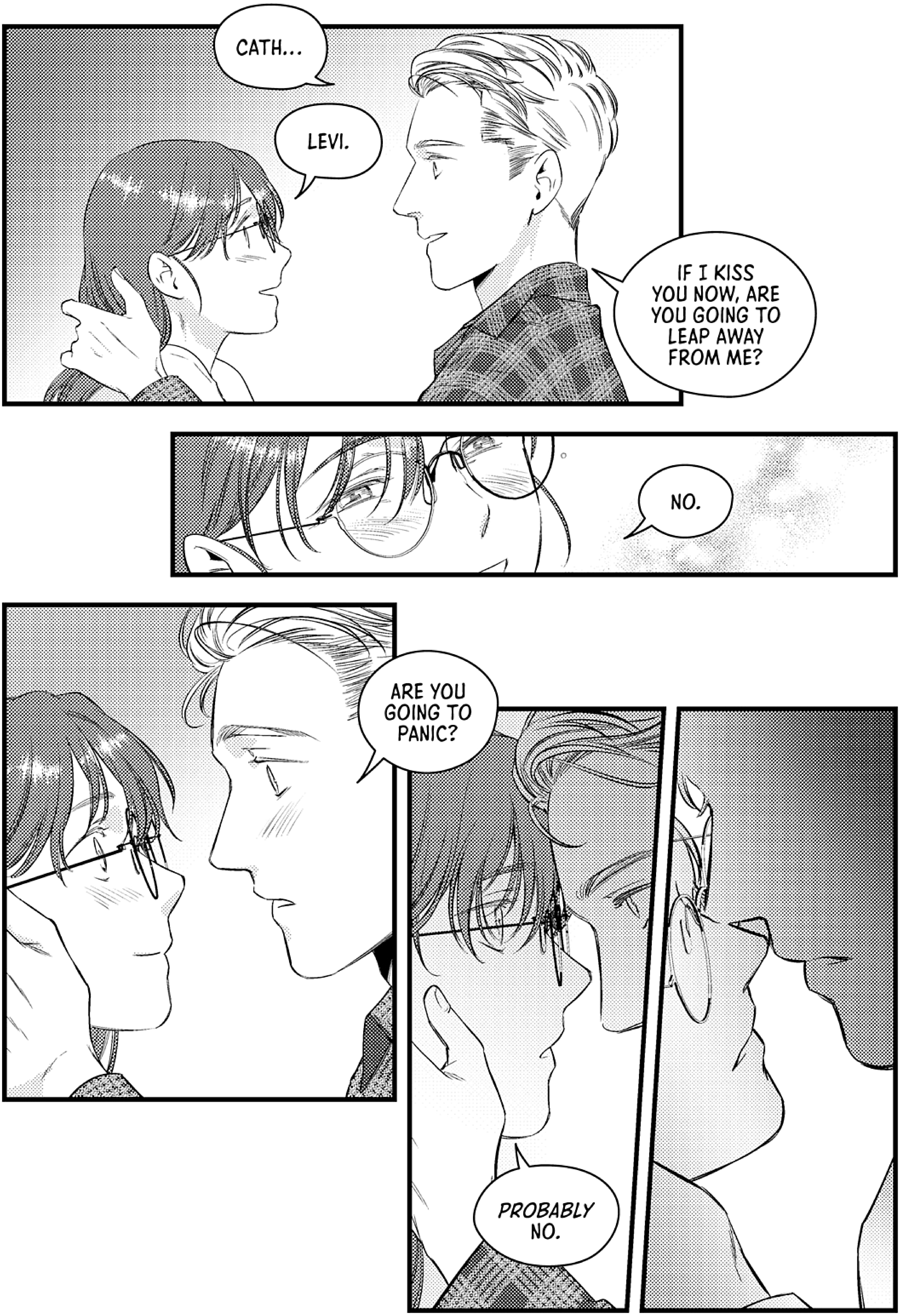

KEEP READING.
I CAN'T.
THAT'S THE END.
BUT WHAT HAPPENS NEXT?
DO THEY FIGHT THE OTHER RABBITS NOW? ARE THEY TOGETHER?
DOES SIMON BREAK UP WITH AGATHA?
SHRUG
THAT'S UP TO YOU.
IT DOESN'T SAY.
BUT *YOU* COULD SAY.
YOU WROTE IT.
I WROTE IT TWO YEARS AGO.
I DON'T KNOW WHAT I WAS THINKING THEN...
...ESPECIALLY WITH THAT LAST PARAGRAPH.
IT'S PRETTY WEAK.
I LIKED IT.
I LIKED THE WHOLE THING.

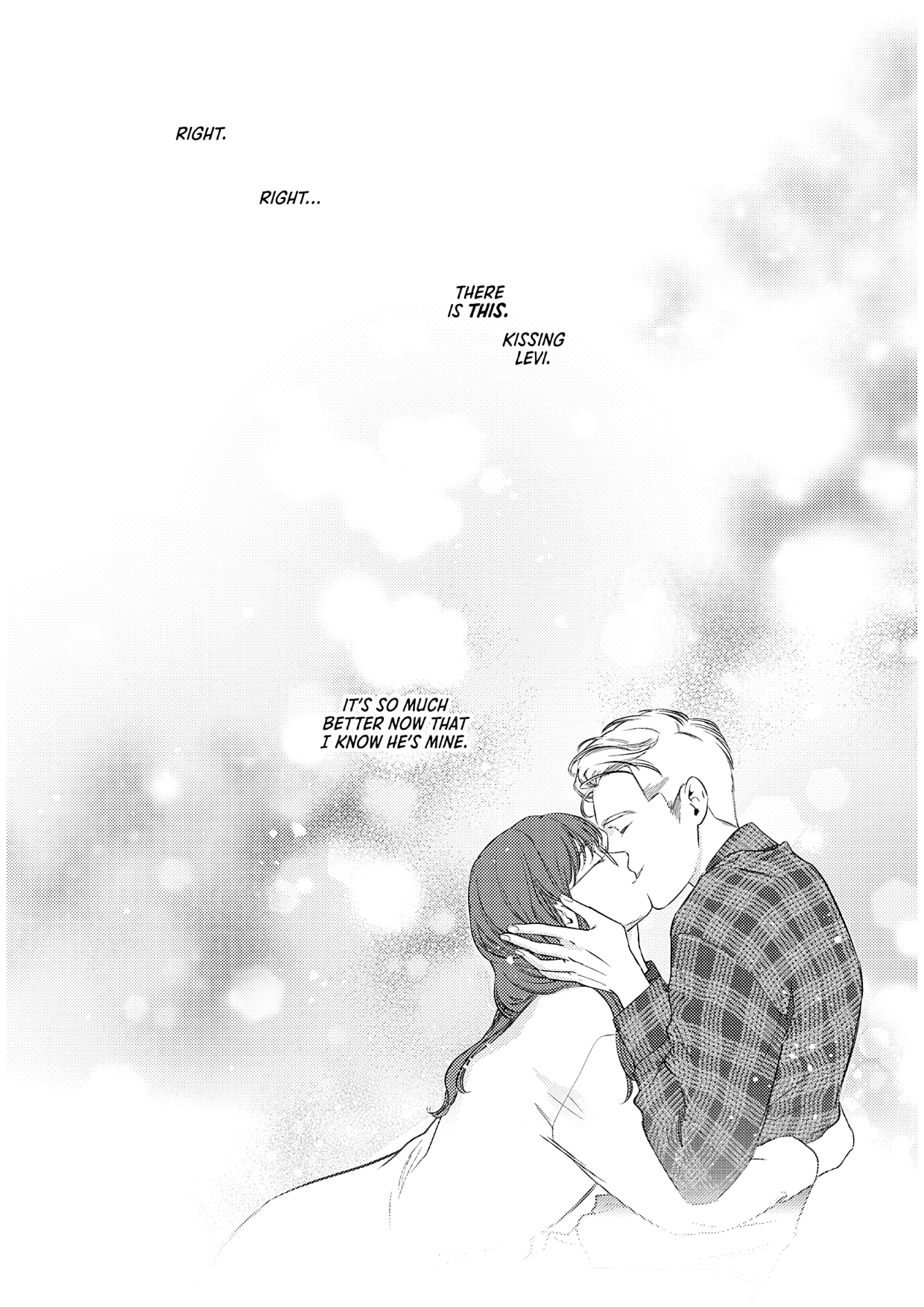

READ SOMETHING ELSE...
LIKE WHAT?
ANYTHING.
MORE FANFICTION—OR MAYBE THAT SHORT STORY YOU'RE WRITING FOR CLASS. OR EVEN THE SOYBEAN REPORT.
YOU'RE LIKE A TIGER WHO LOVES BRAHMS—AS LONG AS YOU'RE READING, YOU LIKE IT WHEN I TOUCH YOU.
HE'S RIGHT.
AS LONG AS I'M READING, IT'S ALMOST LIKE HE'S TOUCHING SOMEONE ELSE...
...WHICH IS ALL KINDS OF MESSED UP!
THUNK

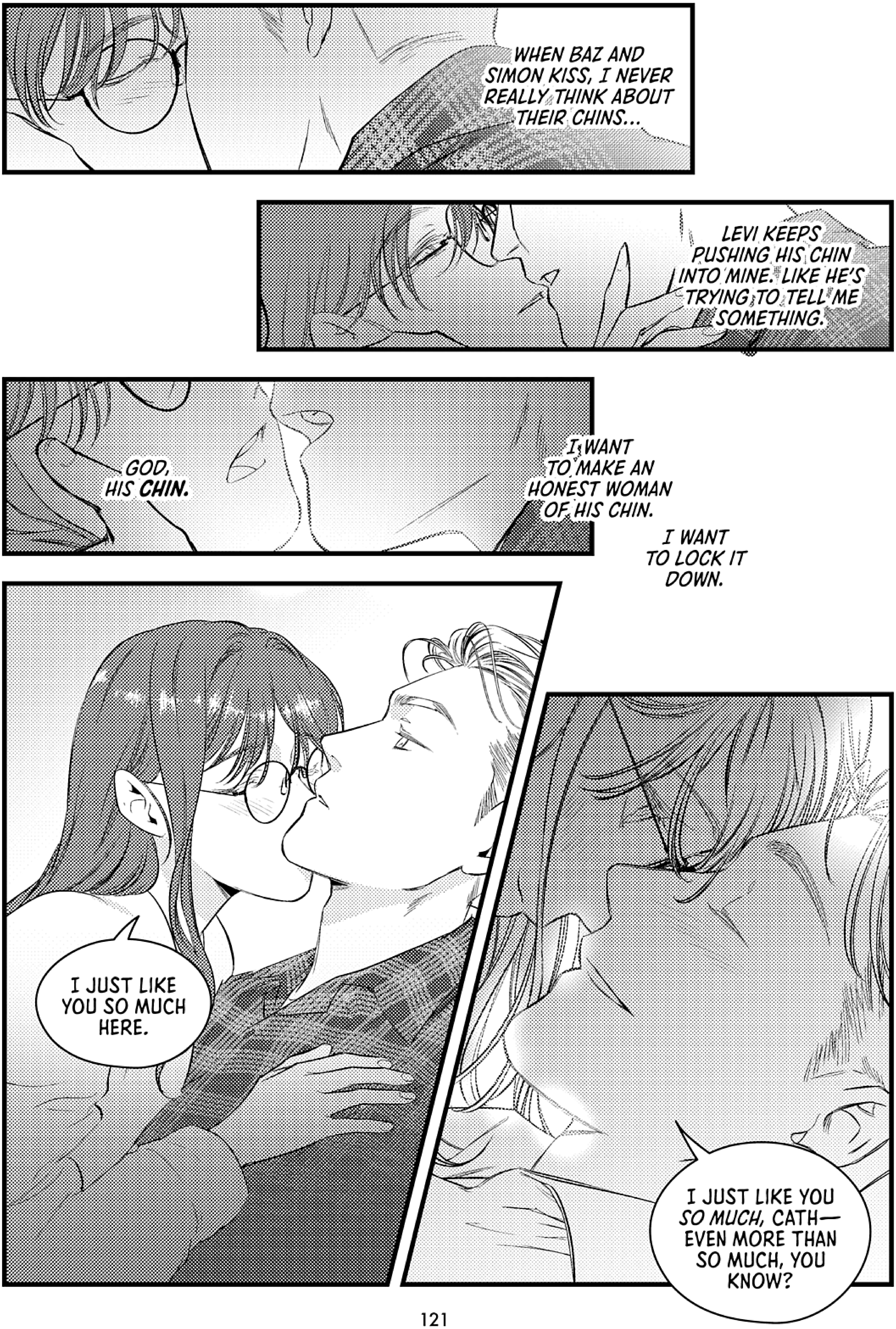

NO...
NO?
NO.
I DON'T WANT TO BE DISTRACTED.
I WANT TO TOUCH YOU BACK.
OKAY...
I CAN FEEL HIS FLANNEL SHIRT.
THE T-SHIRT UNDERNEATH.
AND LEVI UNDER THAT... THE RIDGES OF MUSCLE AND BONE.
THMP
THMP
THMP
THMP
HIS HEART IS BEATING RIGHT THERE—IT'S LIKE MY FINGERS COULD CLOSE AROUND IT.
SQUEEZE

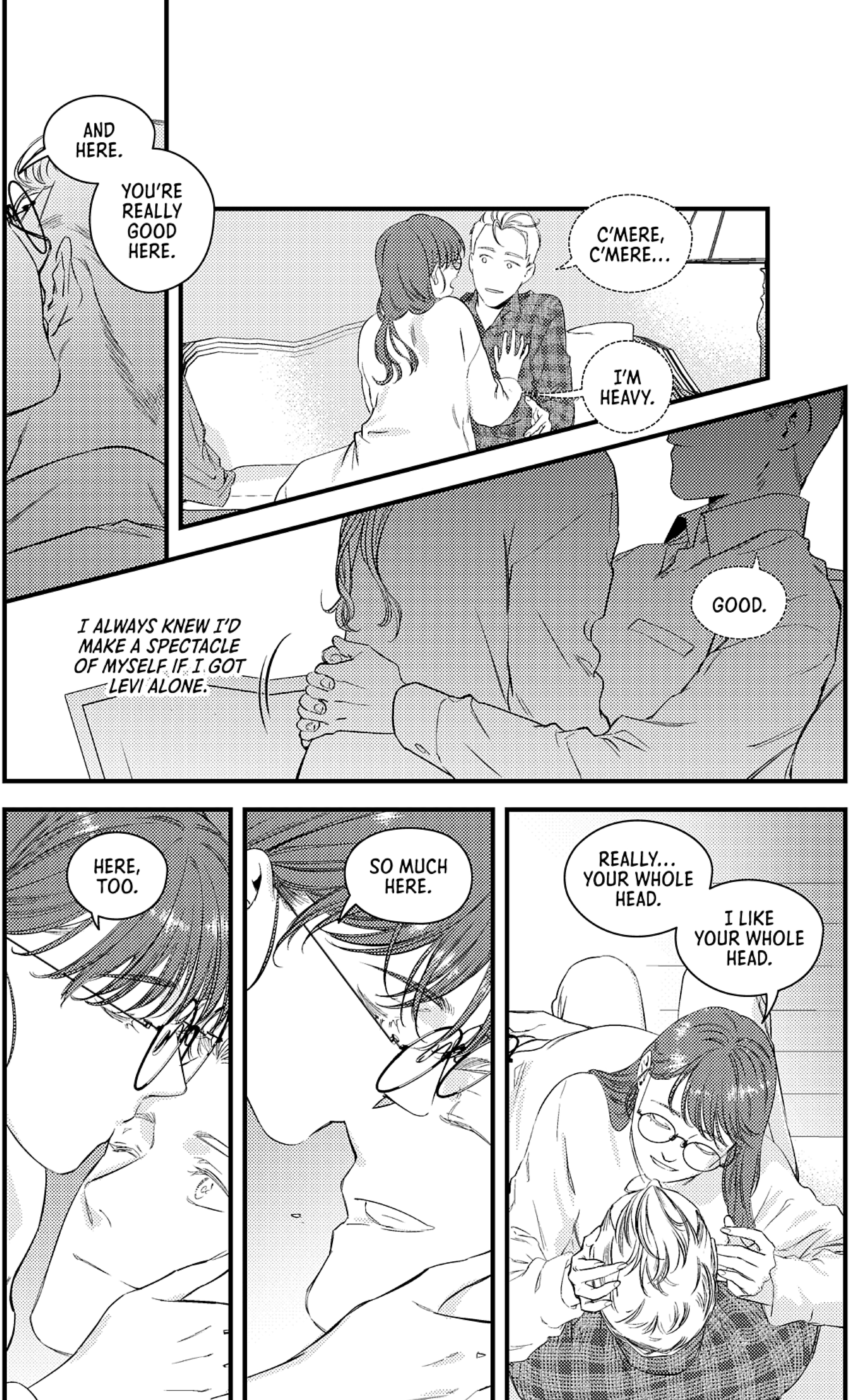

I REALLY LIKE YOU, CATH.
I REALLY LIKE YOU, TOO.
SAY IT AGAIN...
I REALLY LIKE YOU, LEVI.

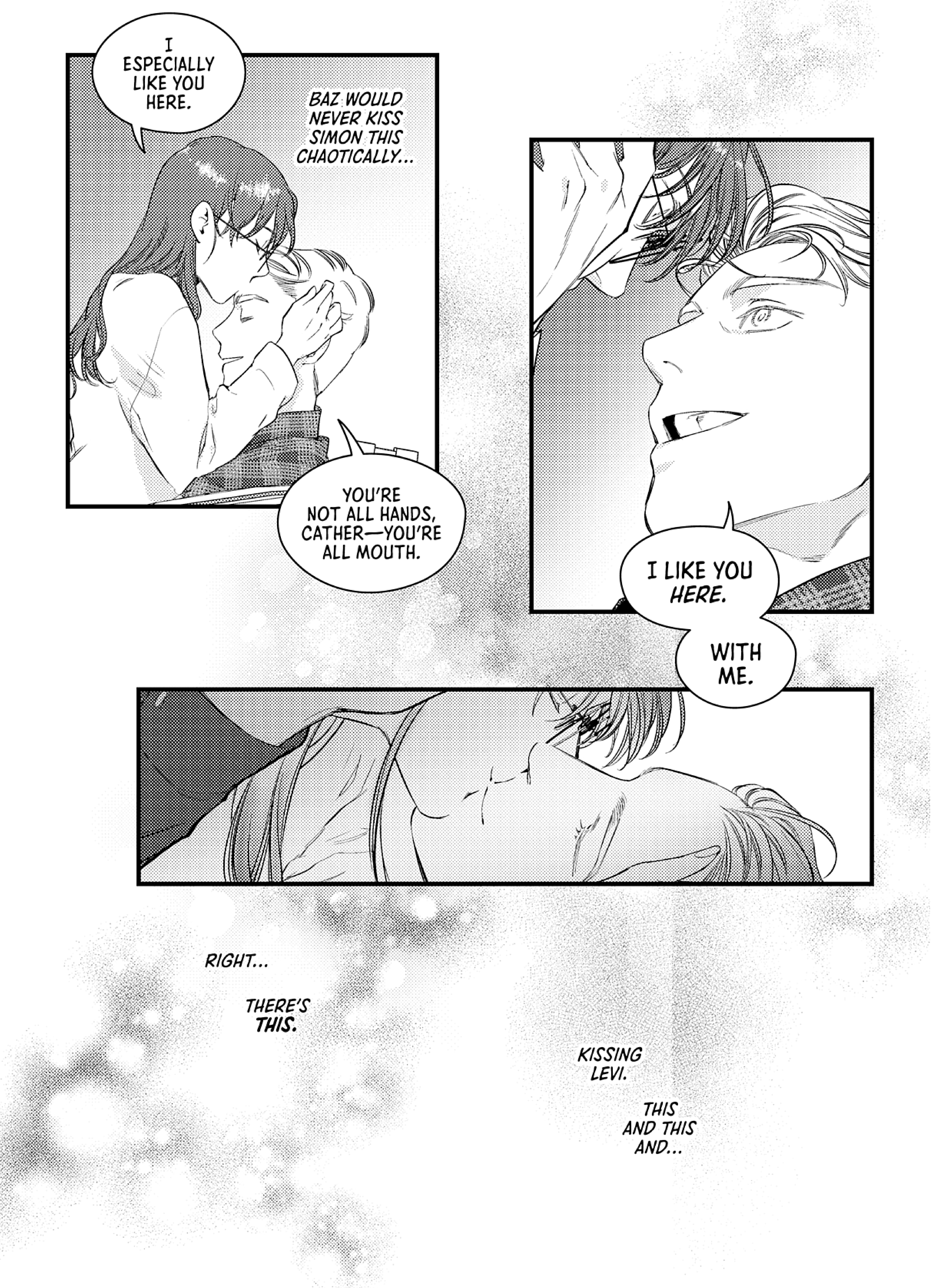

KEEP SAYING IT...
I LIKE YOU.
I WOULD'VE SHAVED IF I'D KNOWN I WAS GOING TO SEE YOU TONIGHT.
I LIKE YOU LIKE THIS...
I LIKE YOU.

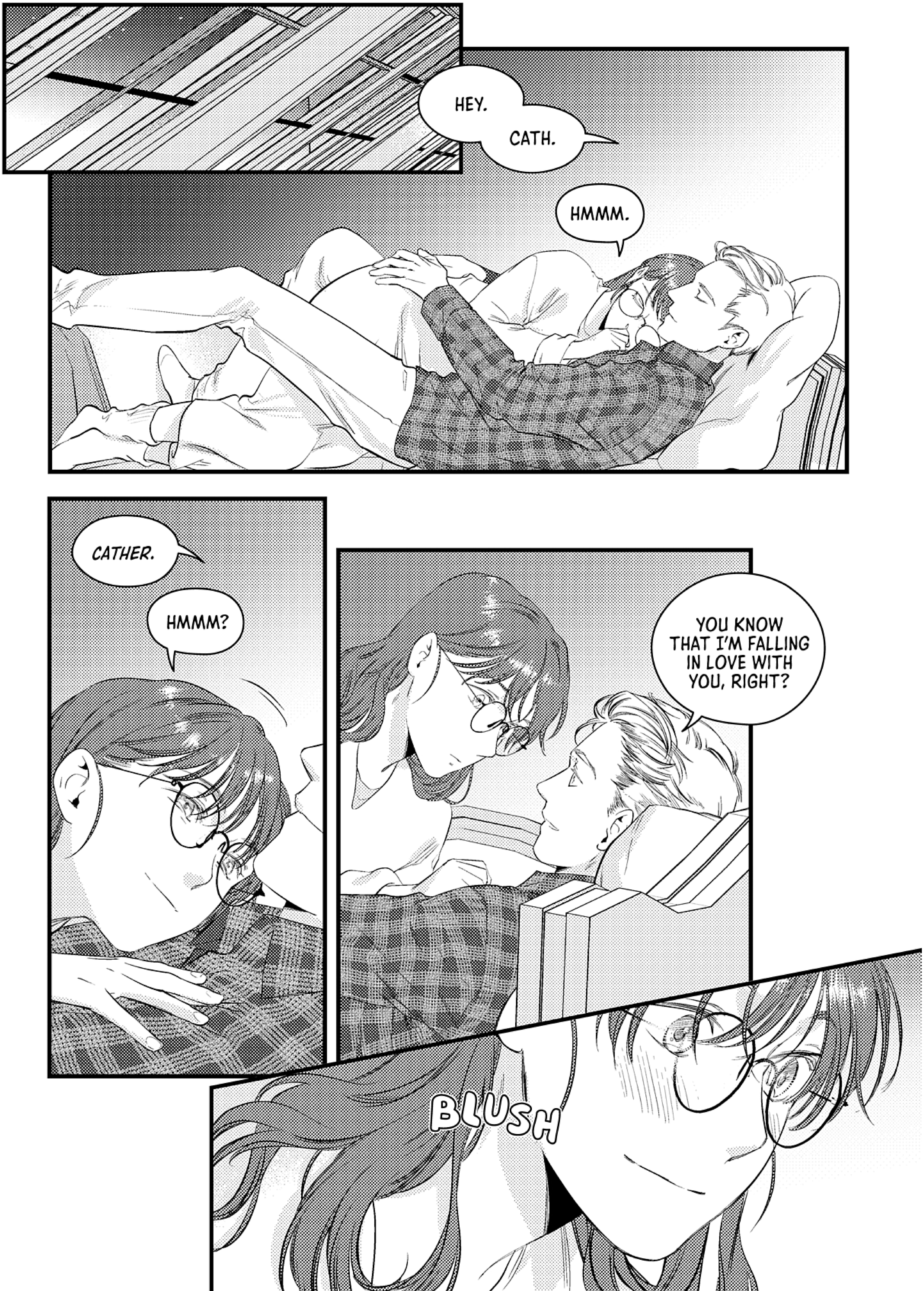

CATH...
LEVI.
IF I KISS YOU NOW, ARE YOU GOING TO LEAP AWAY FROM ME?
NO.
ARE YOU GOING TO PANIC?
PROBABLY NO.


RIGHT.
RIGHT...
THERE IS **THIS.**
KISSING LEVI.
IT'S SO MUCH BETTER NOW THAT I KNOW HE'S MINE.


WHEN BAZ AND SIMON KISS, I NEVER REALLY THINK ABOUT THEIR CHINS...
LEVI KEEPS PUSHING HIS CHIN INTO MINE. LIKE HE'S TRYING TO TELL ME SOMETHING.
GOD, HIS **CHIN.**
I WANT TO MAKE AN HONEST WOMAN OF HIS CHIN.
I WANT TO LOCK IT DOWN.
I JUST LIKE YOU SO MUCH HERE.
I JUST LIKE YOU *SO MUCH*, CATH— EVEN MORE THAN SO MUCH, YOU KNOW?

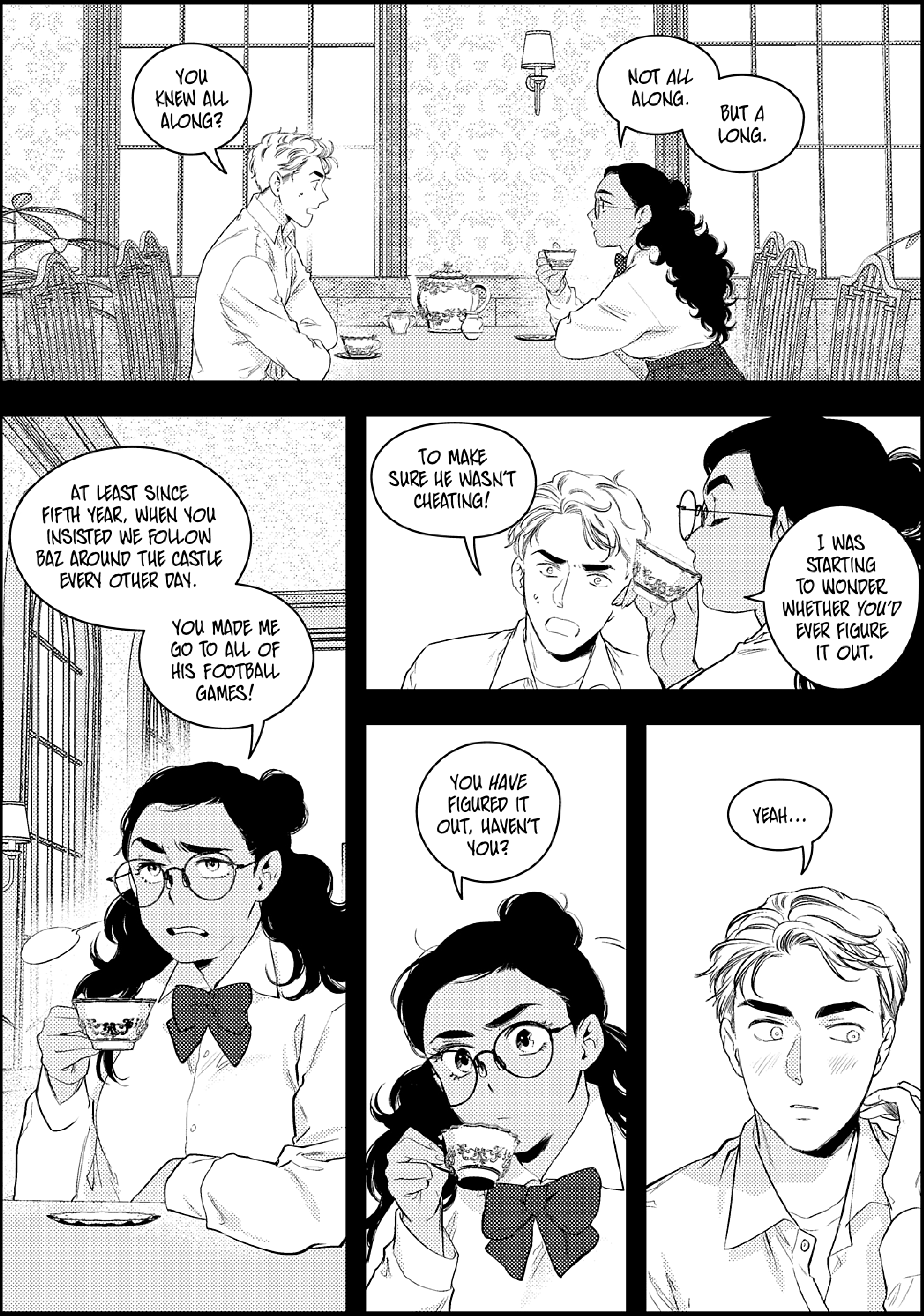

AND HERE.
YOU'RE REALLY GOOD HERE.
C'MERE, C'MERE...
I'M HEAVY.
GOOD.
I ALWAYS KNEW I'D MAKE A SPECTACLE OF MYSELF IF I GOT LEVI ALONE.
HERE, TOO.
SO MUCH HERE.
REALLY... YOUR WHOLE HEAD.
I LIKE YOUR WHOLE HEAD.

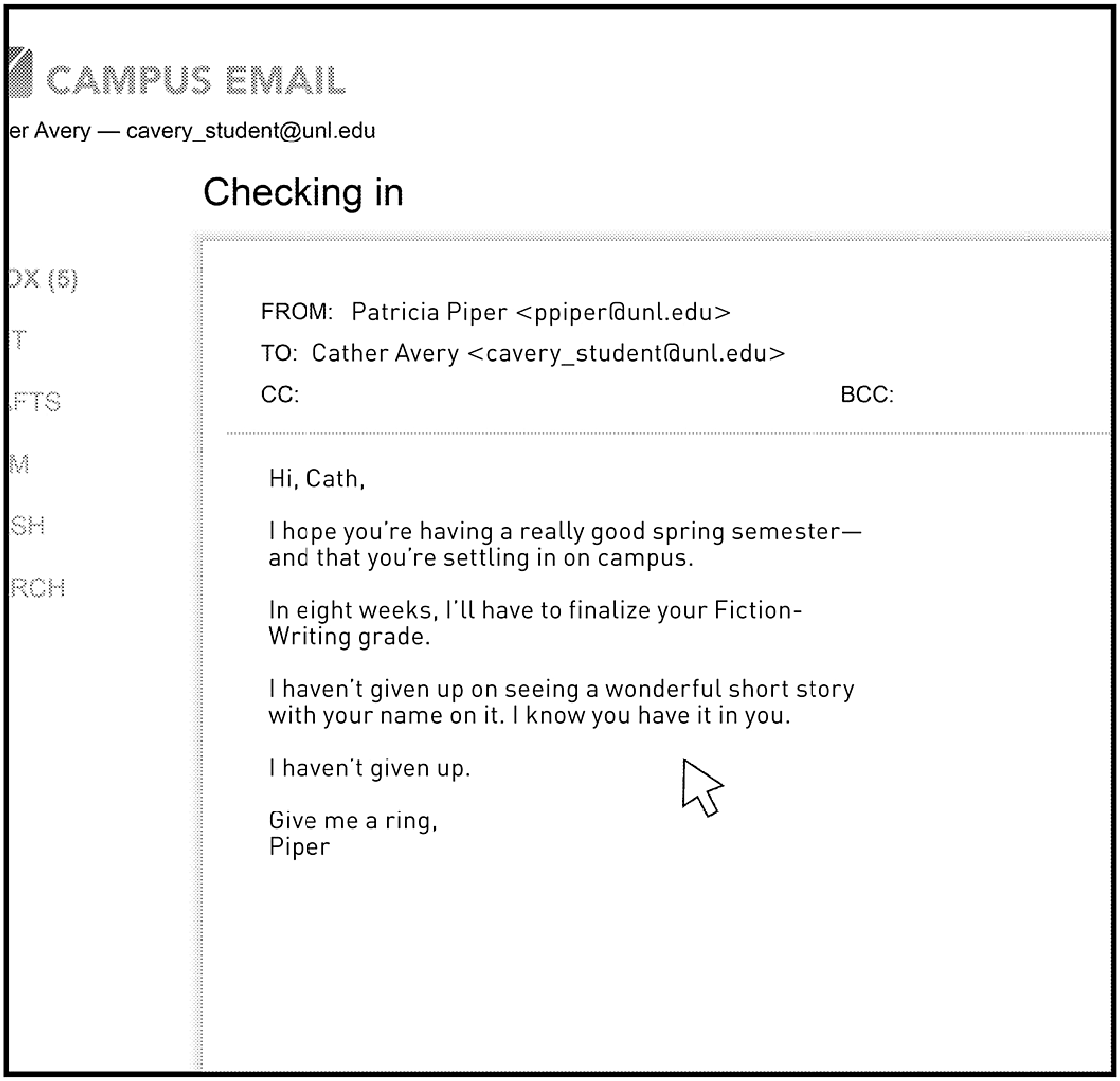

I ESPECIALLY LIKE YOU HERE.
BAZ WOULD NEVER KISS SIMON THIS CHAOTICALLY...
YOU'RE NOT ALL HANDS, CATHER—YOU'RE ALL MOUTH.
I LIKE YOU *HERE.*
WITH ME.
RIGHT...
THERE'S **THIS.**
KISSING LEVI.
THIS AND THIS AND...


HEY.
CATH.
HMMM.
CATHER.
HMMM?
YOU KNOW THAT I'M FALLING IN LOVE WITH YOU, RIGHT?
BLUSH

From *Carry On, Simon*

By FanFixx.net author Magicath
Archived one year ago


YOU KNEW ALL ALONG?
NOT ALL ALONG.
BUT A LONG.
AT LEAST SINCE FIFTH YEAR, WHEN YOU INSISTED WE FOLLOW BAZ AROUND THE CASTLE EVERY OTHER DAY.
YOU MADE ME GO TO ALL OF HIS FOOTBALL GAMES!
TO MAKE SURE HE WASN'T CHEATING!
I WAS STARTING TO WONDER WHETHER YOU'D EVER FIGURE IT OUT.
YOU HAVE FIGURED IT OUT, HAVEN'T YOU?
YEAH...


CAMPUS EMAIL
er Avery — cavery_student@unl.edu
OX (5)
T
FTS
M
SH
RCH

Checking in

FROM: Patricia Piper <ppiper@unl.edu>
TO: Cather Avery <cavery_student@unl.edu>
CC:
BCC:

Hi, Cath,

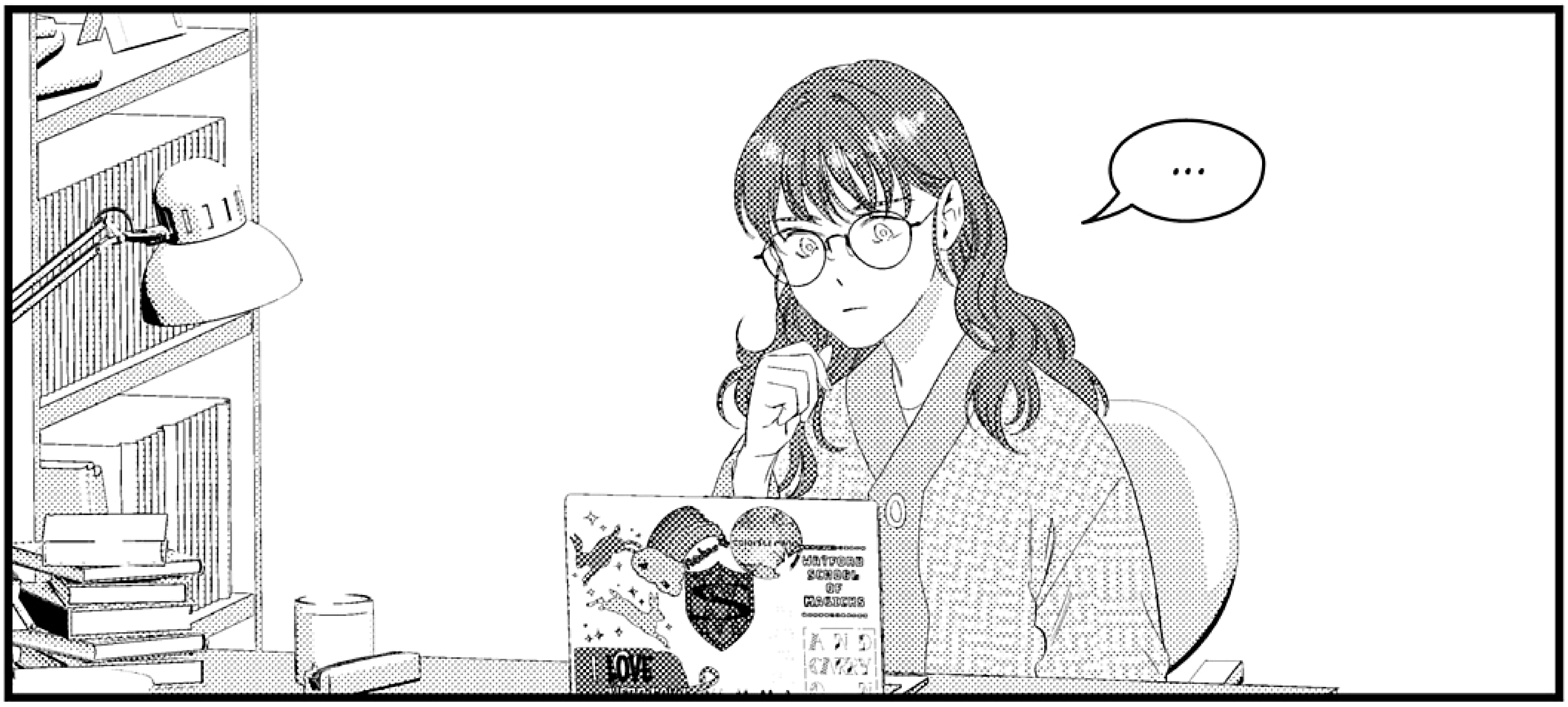
I hope you're having a really good spring semester—and that you're settling in on campus.

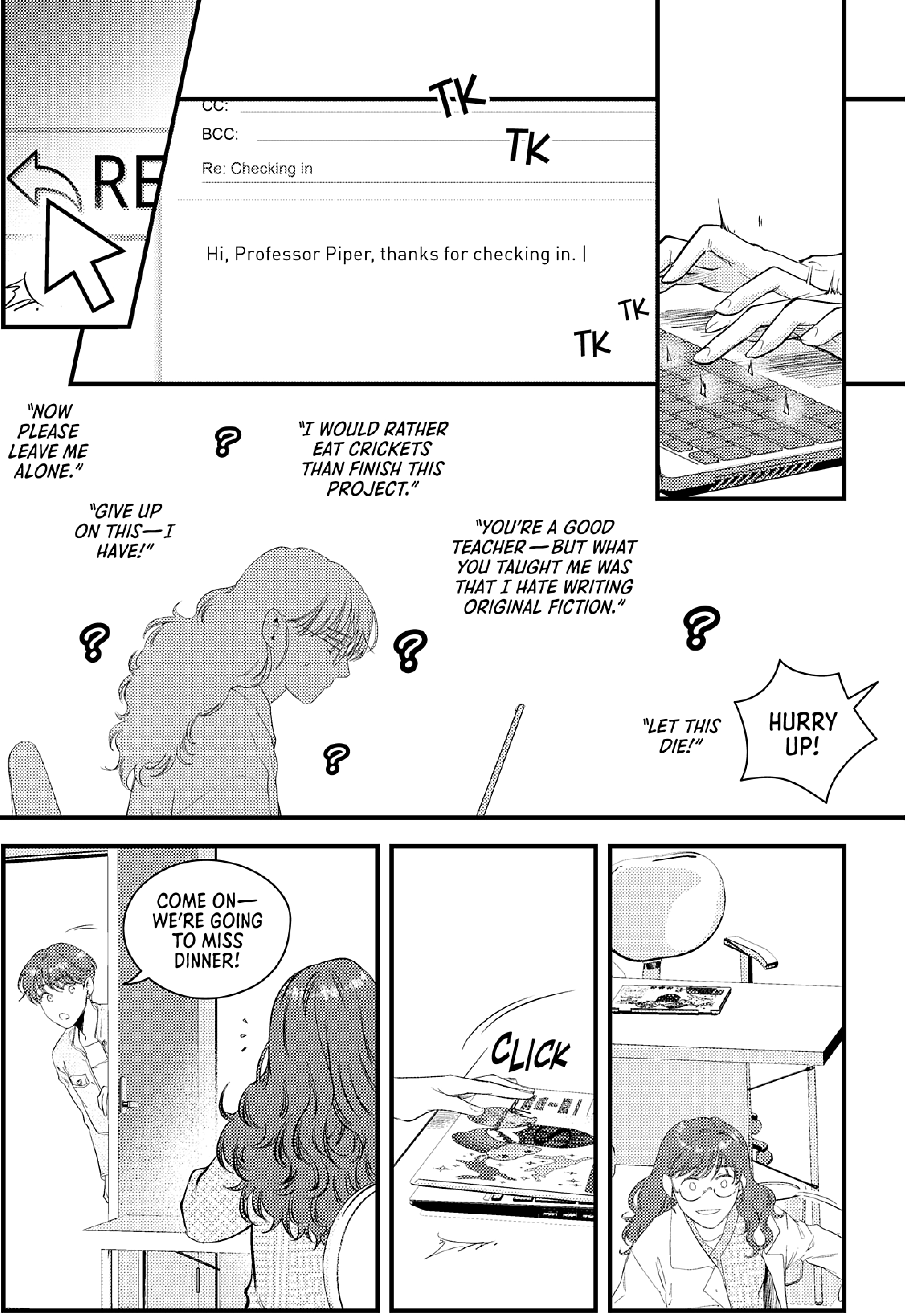
In eight weeks, I'll have to finalize your Fiction-Writing grade.

I haven't given up on seeing a wonderful short story with your name on it. I know you have it in you.

I haven't given up.

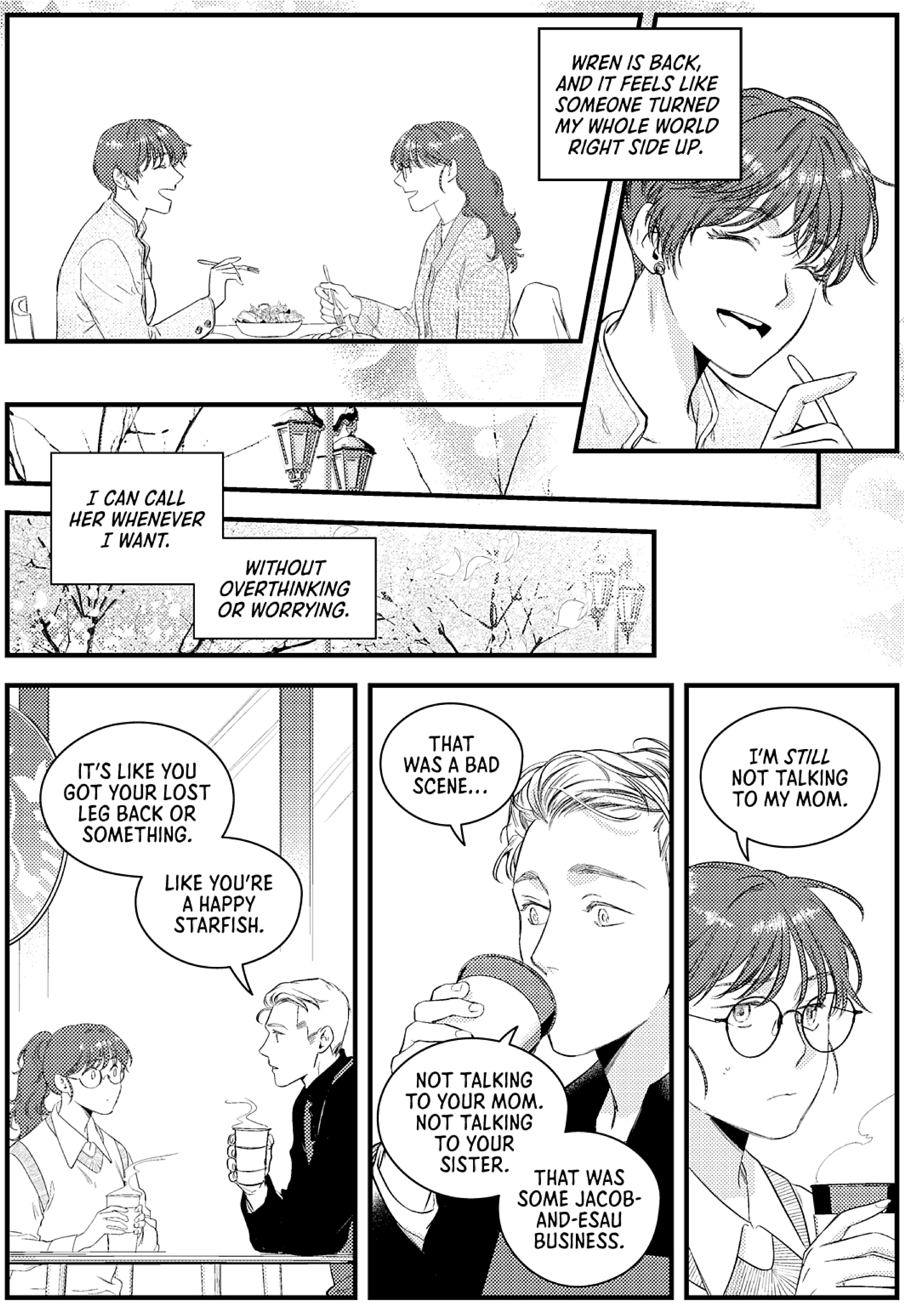
Give me a ring,
Piper

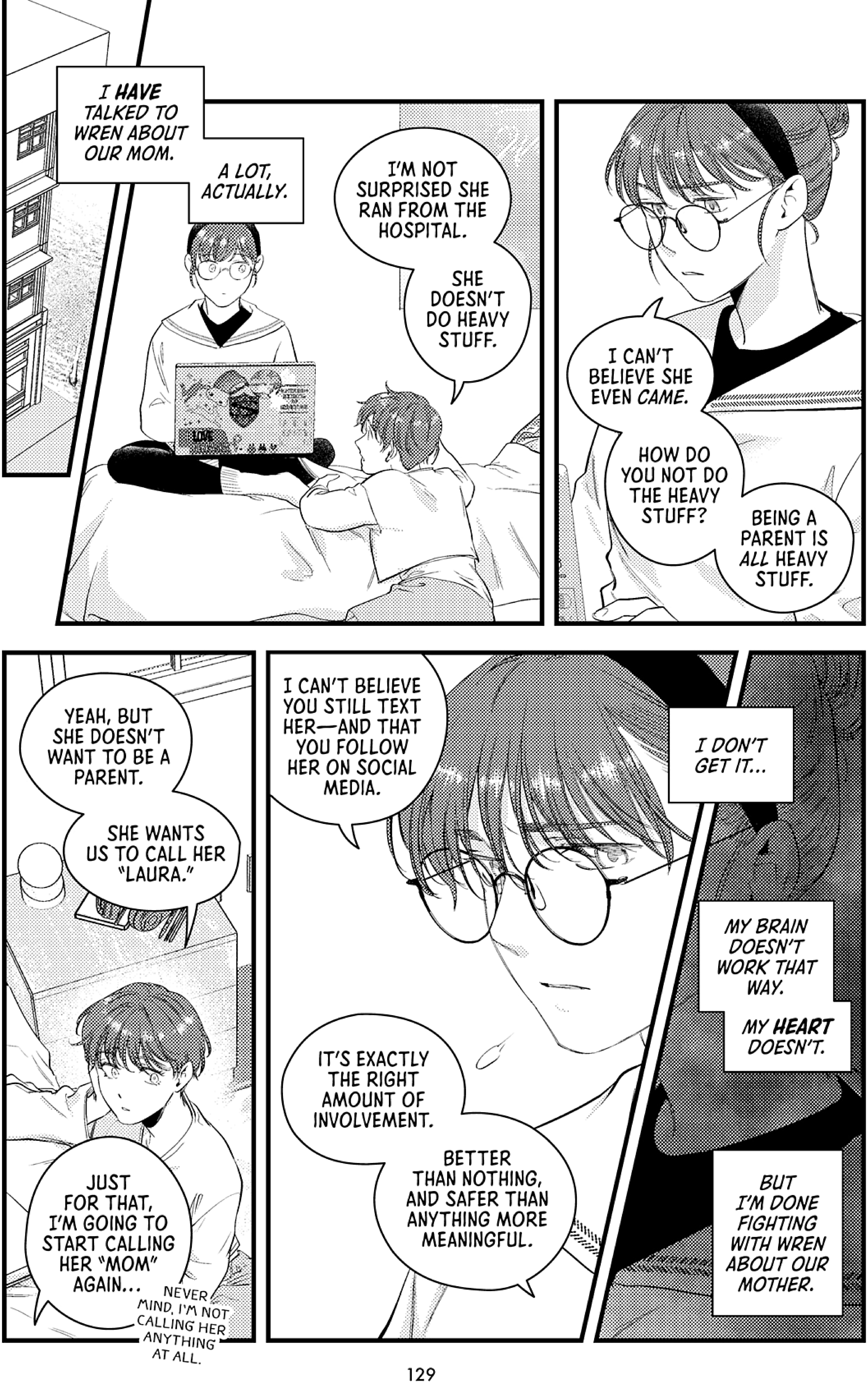


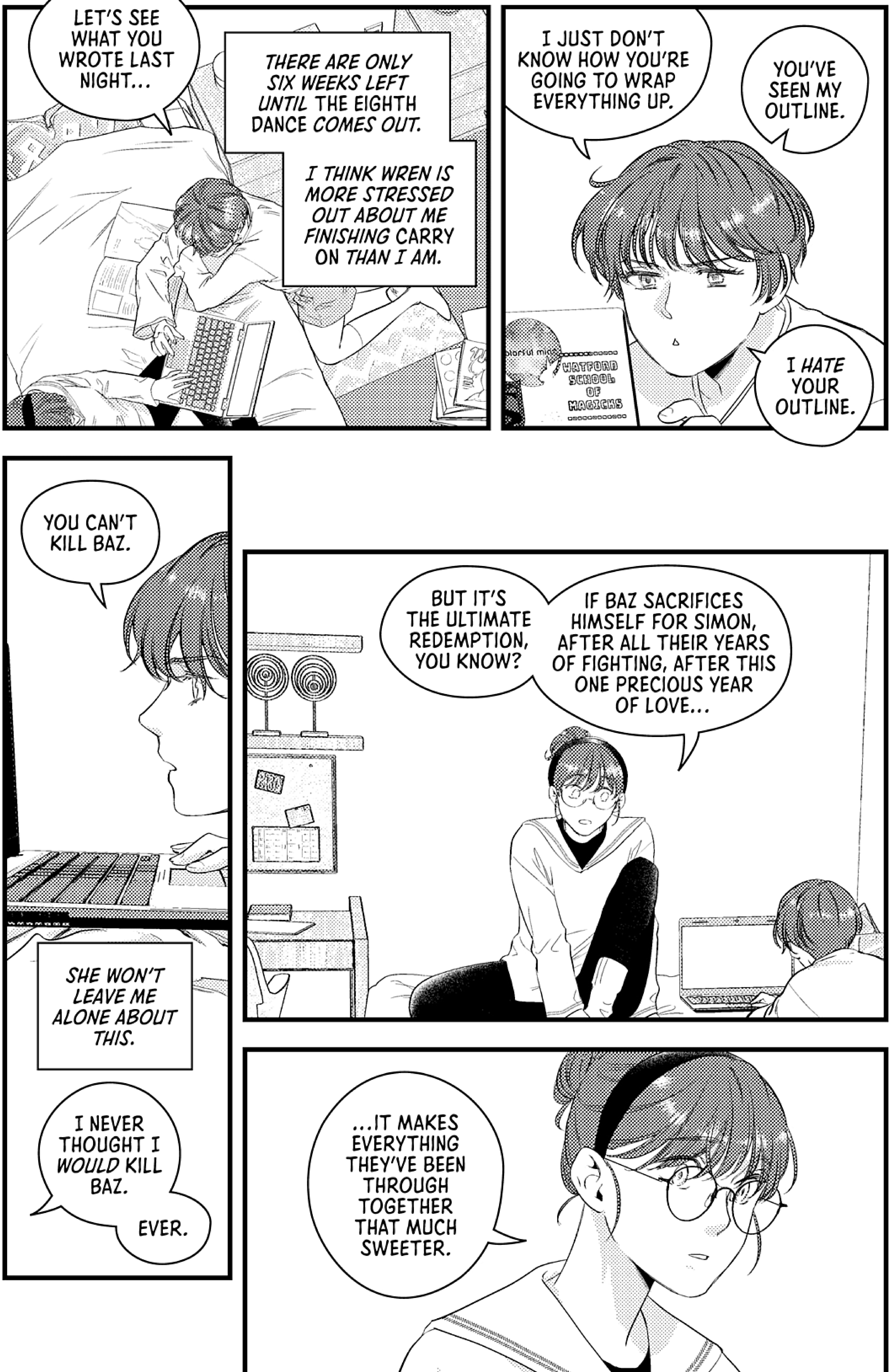

CC:
BCC:
Re: Checking in

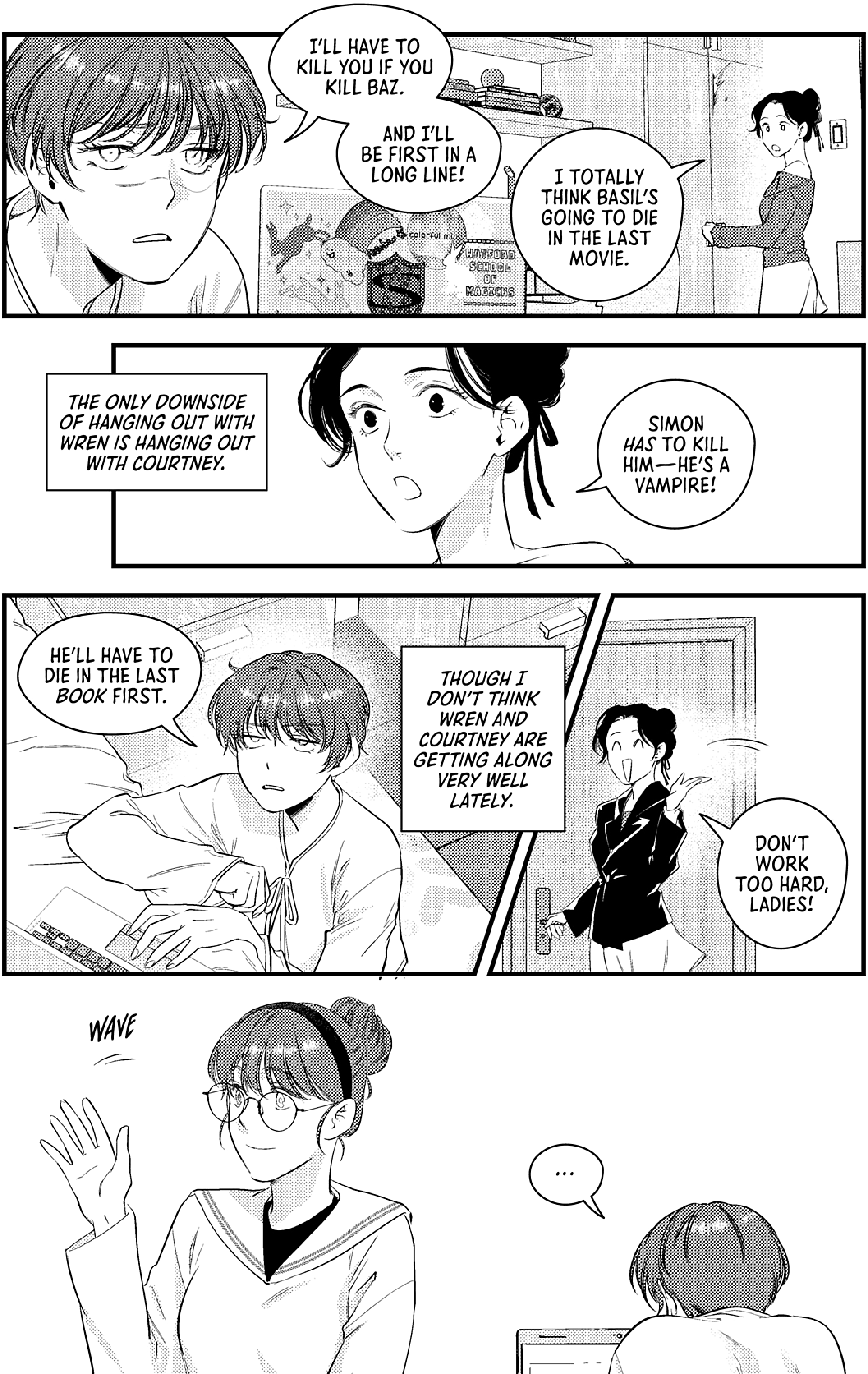
Hi, Professor Piper, thanks for checking in. |

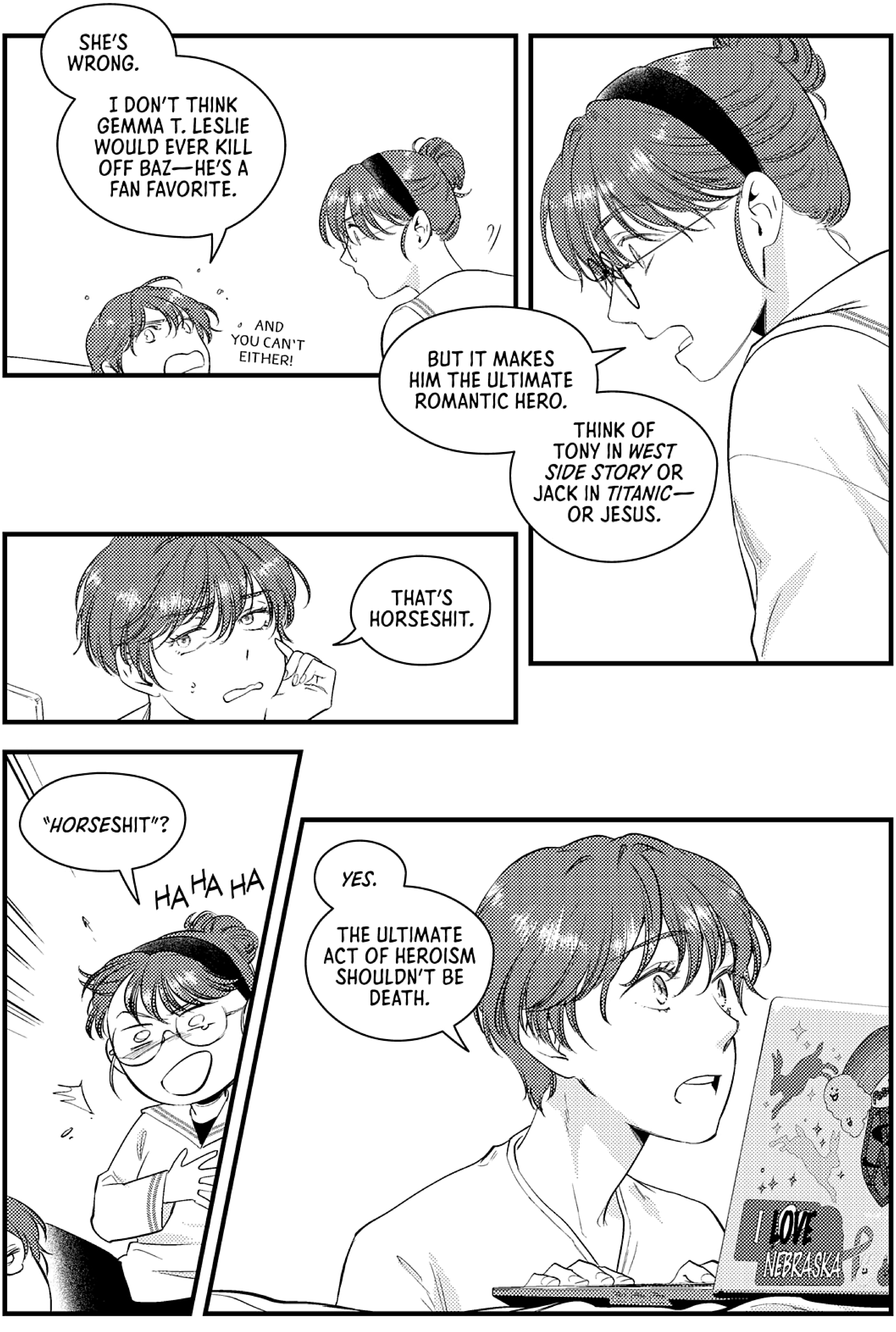
RE
TK
TK
TK
TK
"NOW PLEASE LEAVE ME ALONE."
?
"I WOULD RATHER EAT CRICKETS THAN FINISH THIS PROJECT."
"GIVE UP ON THIS—I HAVE!"
"YOU'RE A GOOD TEACHER—BUT WHAT YOU TAUGHT ME WAS THAT I HATE WRITING ORIGINAL FICTION."
?
?
?
?
"LET THIS DIE!"
HURRY UP!
COME ON—WE'RE GOING TO MISS DINNER!
CLICK

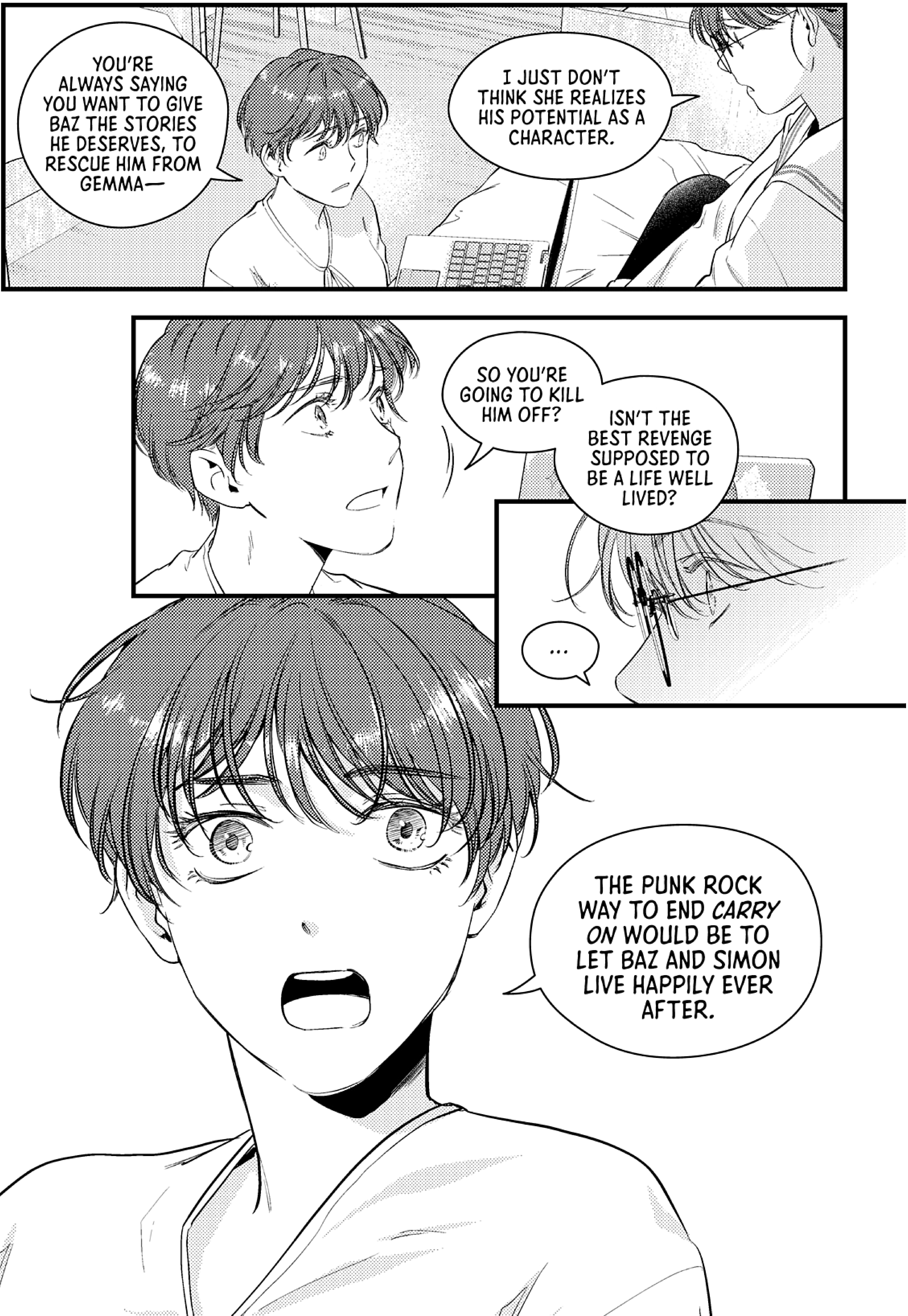

WREN IS BACK, AND IT FEELS LIKE SOMEONE TURNED MY WHOLE WORLD RIGHT SIDE UP.
I CAN CALL HER WHENEVER I WANT.
WITHOUT OVERTHINKING OR WORRYING.
IT'S LIKE YOU GOT YOUR LOST LEG BACK OR SOMETHING.
LIKE YOU'RE A HAPPY STARFISH.
THAT WAS A BAD SCENE...
NOT TALKING TO YOUR MOM. NOT TALKING TO YOUR SISTER.
THAT WAS SOME JACOB-AND-ESAU BUSINESS.
I'M *STILL* NOT TALKING TO MY MOM.

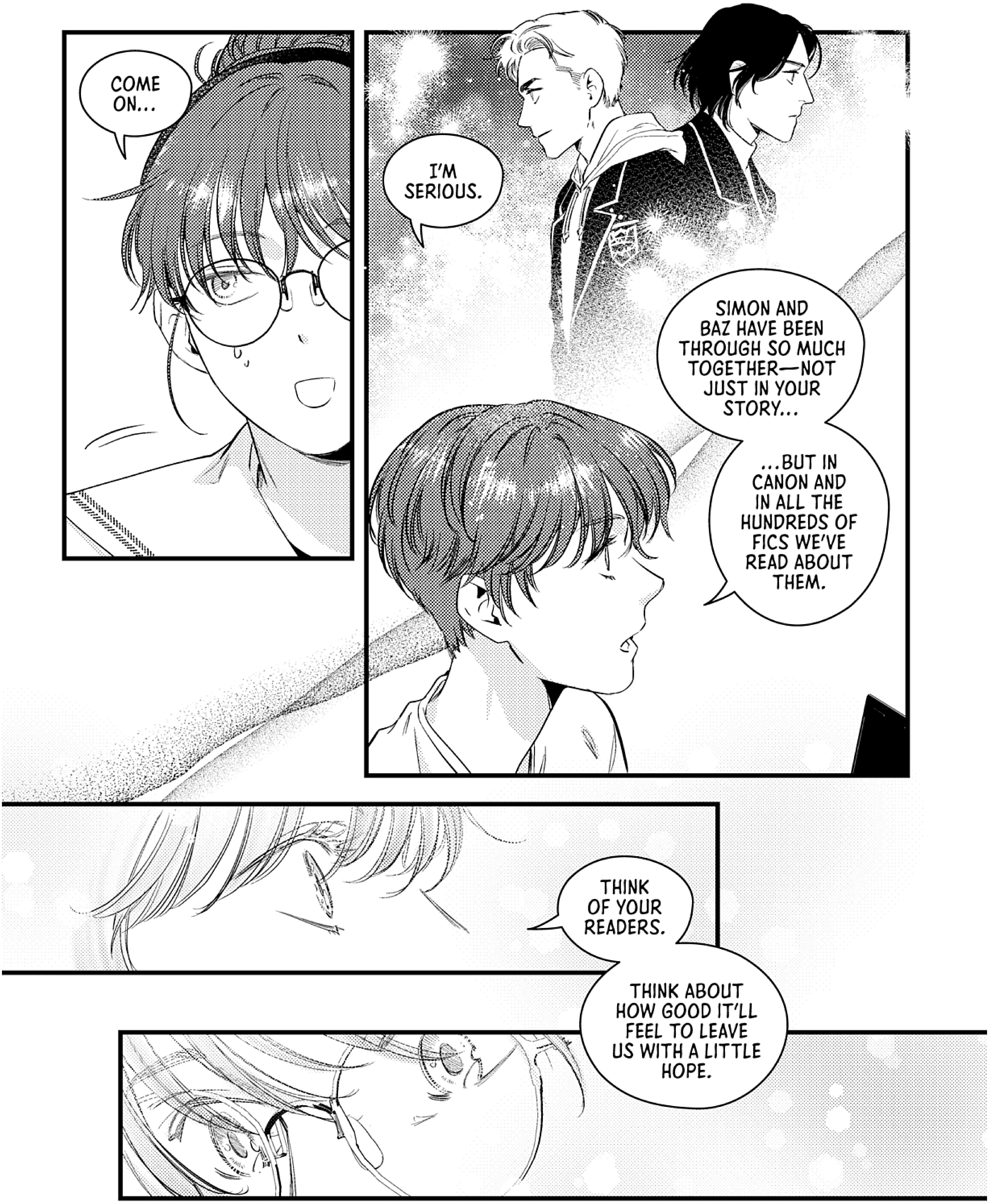

I HAVE TALKED TO WREN ABOUT OUR MOM.
A LOT, ACTUALLY.
I'M NOT SURPRISED SHE RAN FROM THE HOSPITAL.
SHE DOESN'T DO HEAVY STUFF.
I CAN'T BELIEVE SHE EVEN CAME.
HOW DO YOU NOT DO THE HEAVY STUFF?
BEING A PARENT IS ALL HEAVY STUFF.
YEAH, BUT SHE DOESN'T WANT TO BE A PARENT.
SHE WANTS US TO CALL HER "LAURA."
JUST FOR THAT, I'M GOING TO START CALLING HER "MOM" AGAIN...
NEVER MIND, I'M NOT CALLING HER ANYTHING AT ALL.
I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU STILL TEXT HER—AND THAT YOU FOLLOW HER ON SOCIAL MEDIA.
IT'S EXACTLY THE RIGHT AMOUNT OF INVOLVEMENT.
BETTER THAN NOTHING, AND SAFER THAN ANYTHING MORE MEANINGFUL.
I DON'T GET IT...
MY BRAIN DOESN'T WORK THAT WAY.
MY HEART DOESN'T.
BUT I'M DONE FIGHTING WITH WREN ABOUT OUR MOTHER.

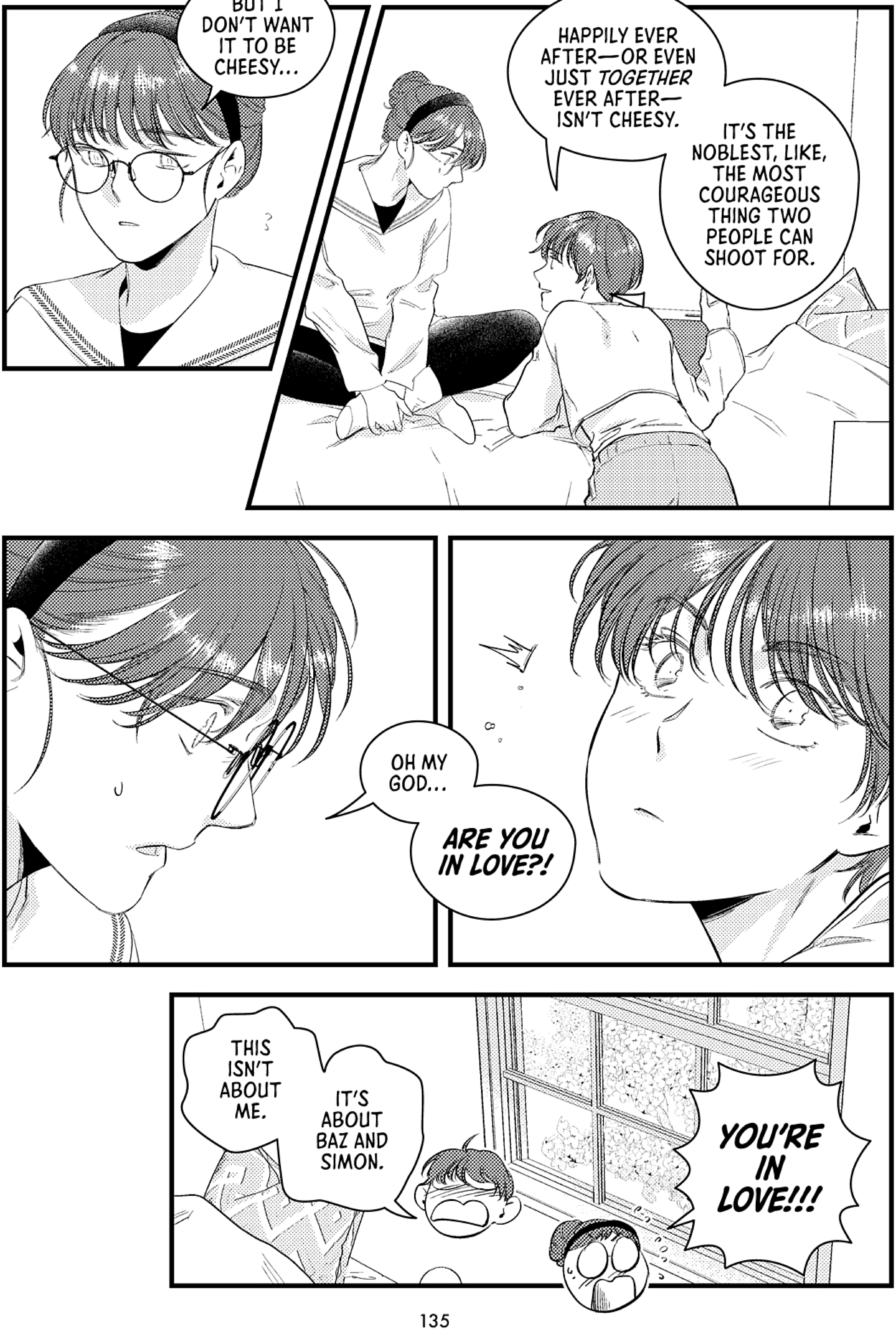

LET'S SEE WHAT YOU WROTE LAST NIGHT...
THERE ARE ONLY SIX WEEKS LEFT UNTIL THE EIGHTH DANCE *COMES OUT.*
I THINK WREN IS MORE STRESSED OUT ABOUT ME FINISHING CARRY ON *THAN I AM.*
I JUST DON'T KNOW HOW YOU'RE GOING TO WRAP EVERYTHING UP.
YOU'VE SEEN MY OUTLINE.
WATFORD SCHOOL OF MAGICKS
I *HATE* YOUR OUTLINE.
YOU CAN'T KILL BAZ.
SHE WON'T LEAVE ME ALONE ABOUT THIS.
I NEVER THOUGHT I *WOULD* KILL BAZ.
EVER.
BUT IT'S THE ULTIMATE REDEMPTION, YOU KNOW?
IF BAZ SACRIFICES HIMSELF FOR SIMON, AFTER ALL THEIR YEARS OF FIGHTING, AFTER THIS ONE PRECIOUS YEAR OF LOVE...
...IT MAKES EVERYTHING THEY'VE BEEN THROUGH TOGETHER THAT MUCH SWEETER.

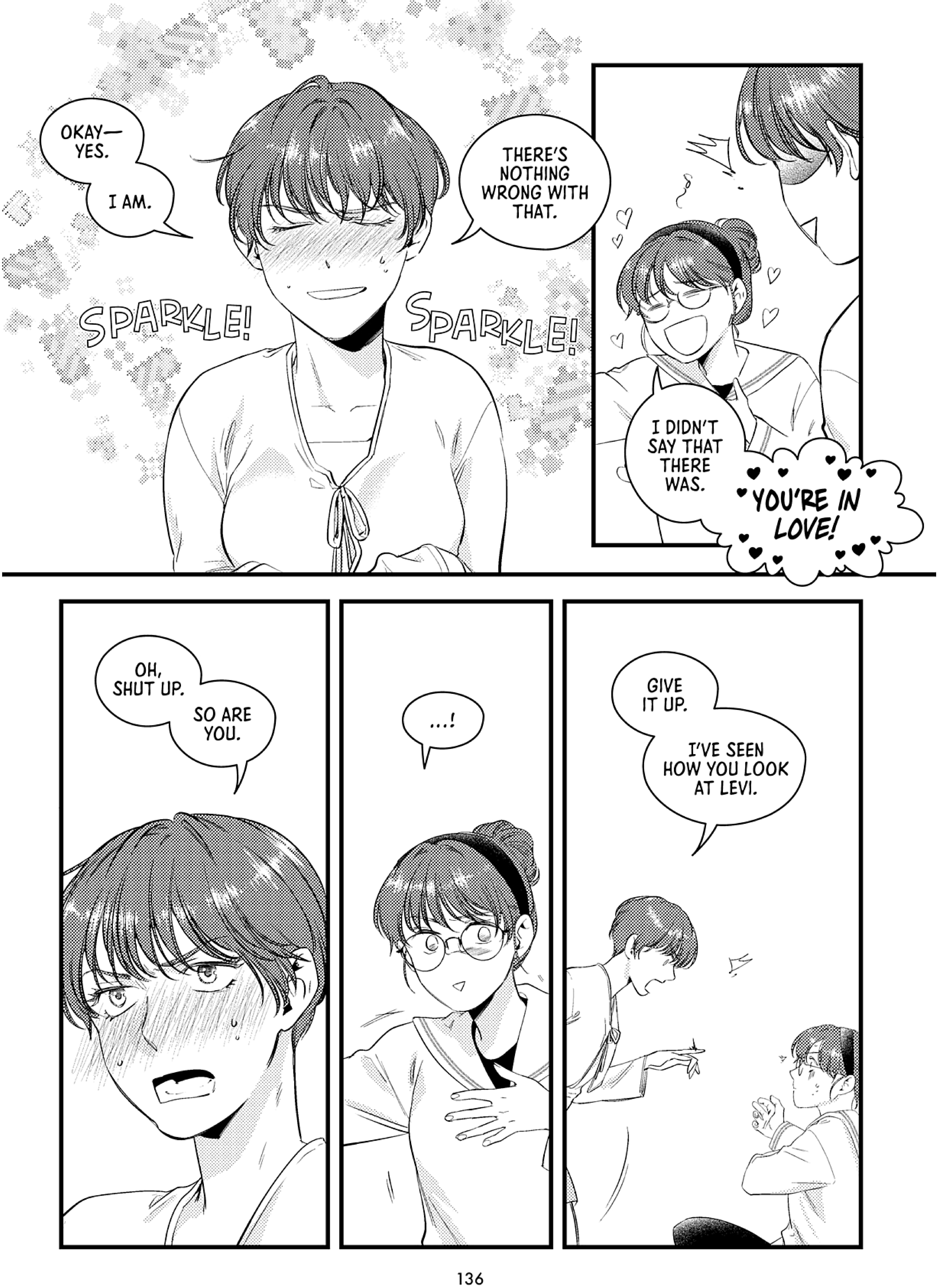

I'LL HAVE TO KILL YOU IF YOU KILL BAZ.
AND I'LL BE FIRST IN A LONG LINE!
WATFORD SCHOOL OF MAGICKS
I TOTALLY THINK BASIL'S GOING TO DIE IN THE LAST MOVIE.
THE ONLY DOWNSIDE OF HANGING OUT WITH WREN IS HANGING OUT WITH COURTNEY.
SIMON *HAS* TO KILL HIM—HE'S A VAMPIRE!
HE'LL HAVE TO DIE IN THE LAST *BOOK* FIRST.
THOUGH I DON'T THINK WREN AND COURTNEY ARE GETTING ALONG VERY WELL LATELY.
DON'T WORK TOO HARD, LADIES!
WAVE
...

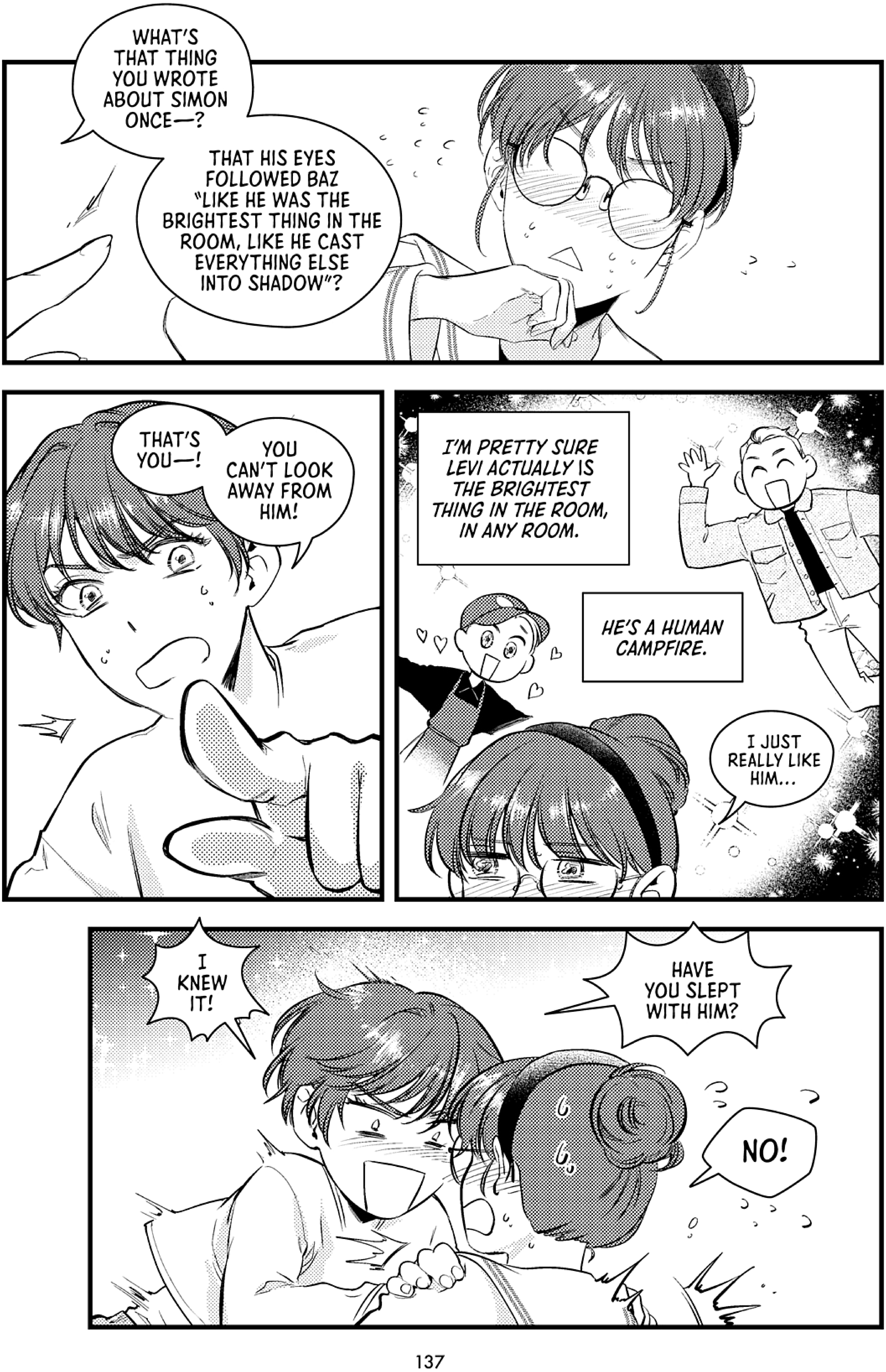

SHE'S WRONG.
I DON'T THINK GEMMA T. LESLIE WOULD EVER KILL OFF BAZ—HE'S A FAN FAVORITE.
AND YOU CAN'T EITHER!
BUT IT MAKES HIM THE ULTIMATE ROMANTIC HERO.
THINK OF TONY IN *WEST SIDE STORY* OR JACK IN *TITANIC*— OR JESUS.
THAT'S HORSESHIT.
"HORSESHIT"?
HA HA HA
YES.
THE ULTIMATE ACT OF HEROISM SHOULDN'T BE DEATH.
I LOVE NEBRASKA

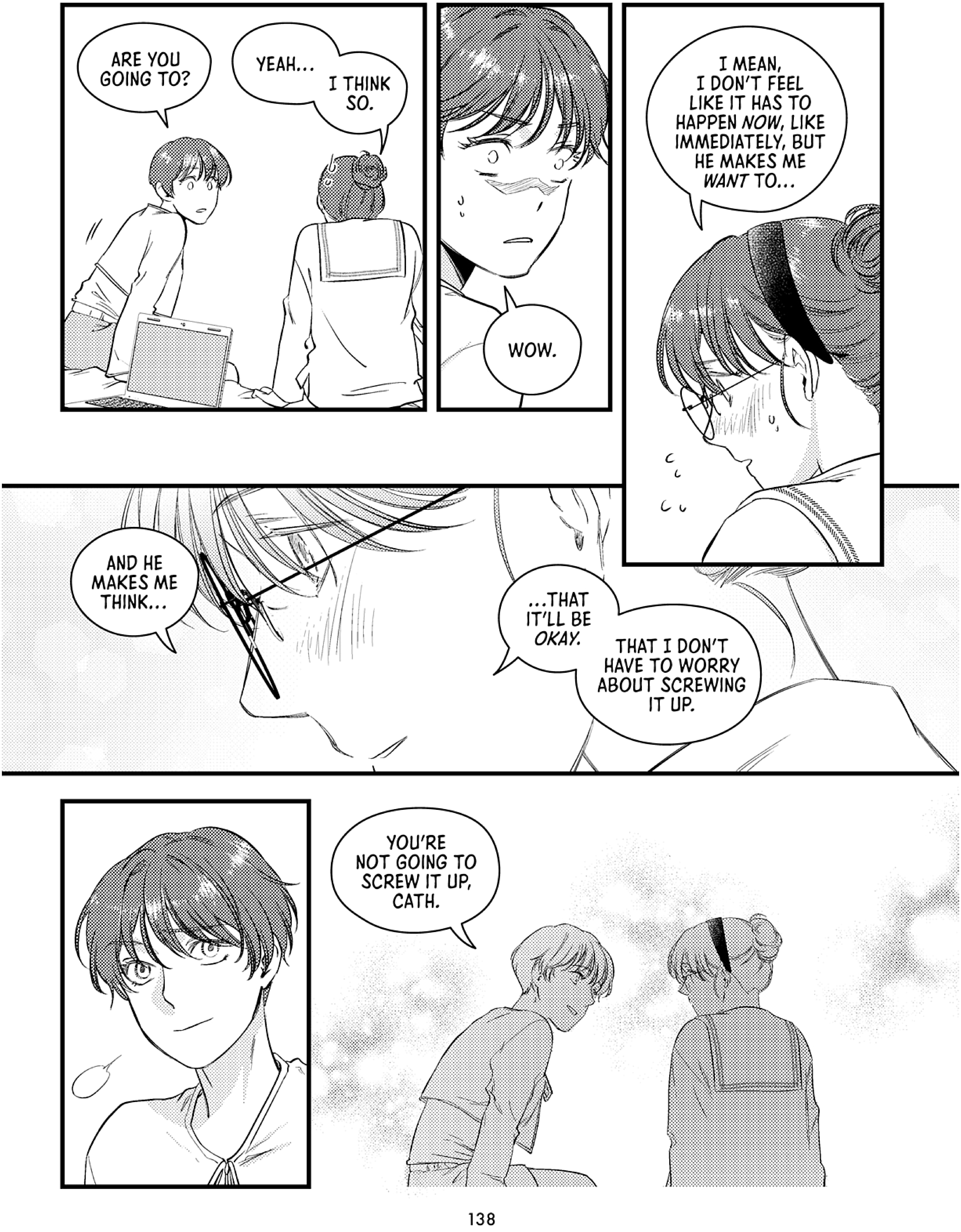

YOU'RE ALWAYS SAYING YOU WANT TO GIVE BAZ THE STORIES HE DESERVES, TO RESCUE HIM FROM GEMMA—
I JUST DON'T THINK SHE REALIZES HIS POTENTIAL AS A CHARACTER.
SO YOU'RE GOING TO KILL HIM OFF?
ISN'T THE BEST REVENGE SUPPOSED TO BE A LIFE WELL LIVED?
...
THE PUNK ROCK WAY TO END *CARRY ON* WOULD BE TO LET BAZ AND SIMON LIVE HAPPILY EVER AFTER.

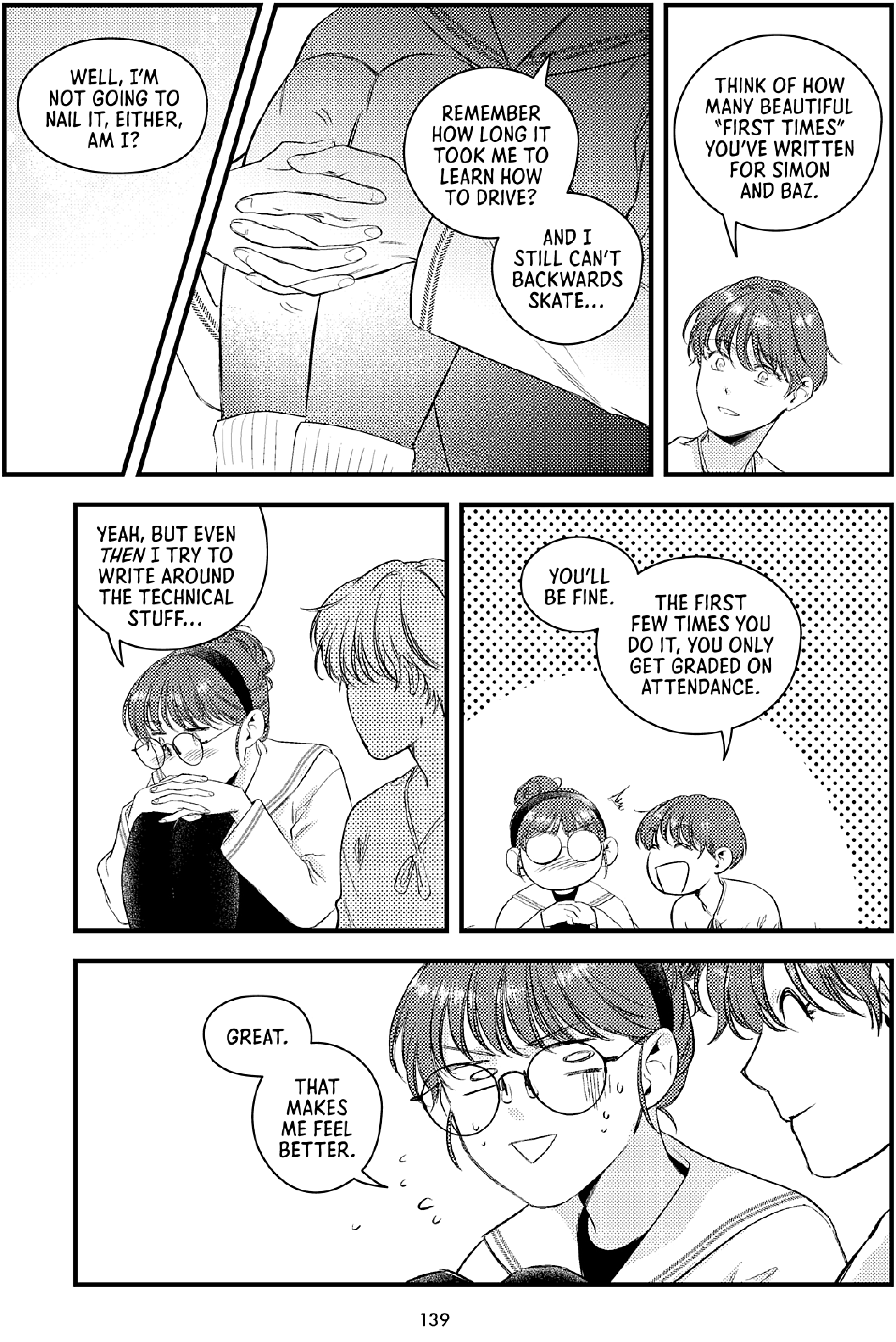

COME ON...
I'M SERIOUS.
SIMON AND BAZ HAVE BEEN THROUGH SO MUCH TOGETHER—NOT JUST IN YOUR STORY...
...BUT IN CANON AND IN ALL THE HUNDREDS OF FICS WE'VE READ ABOUT THEM.
THINK OF YOUR READERS.
THINK ABOUT HOW GOOD IT'LL FEEL TO LEAVE US WITH A LITTLE HOPE.

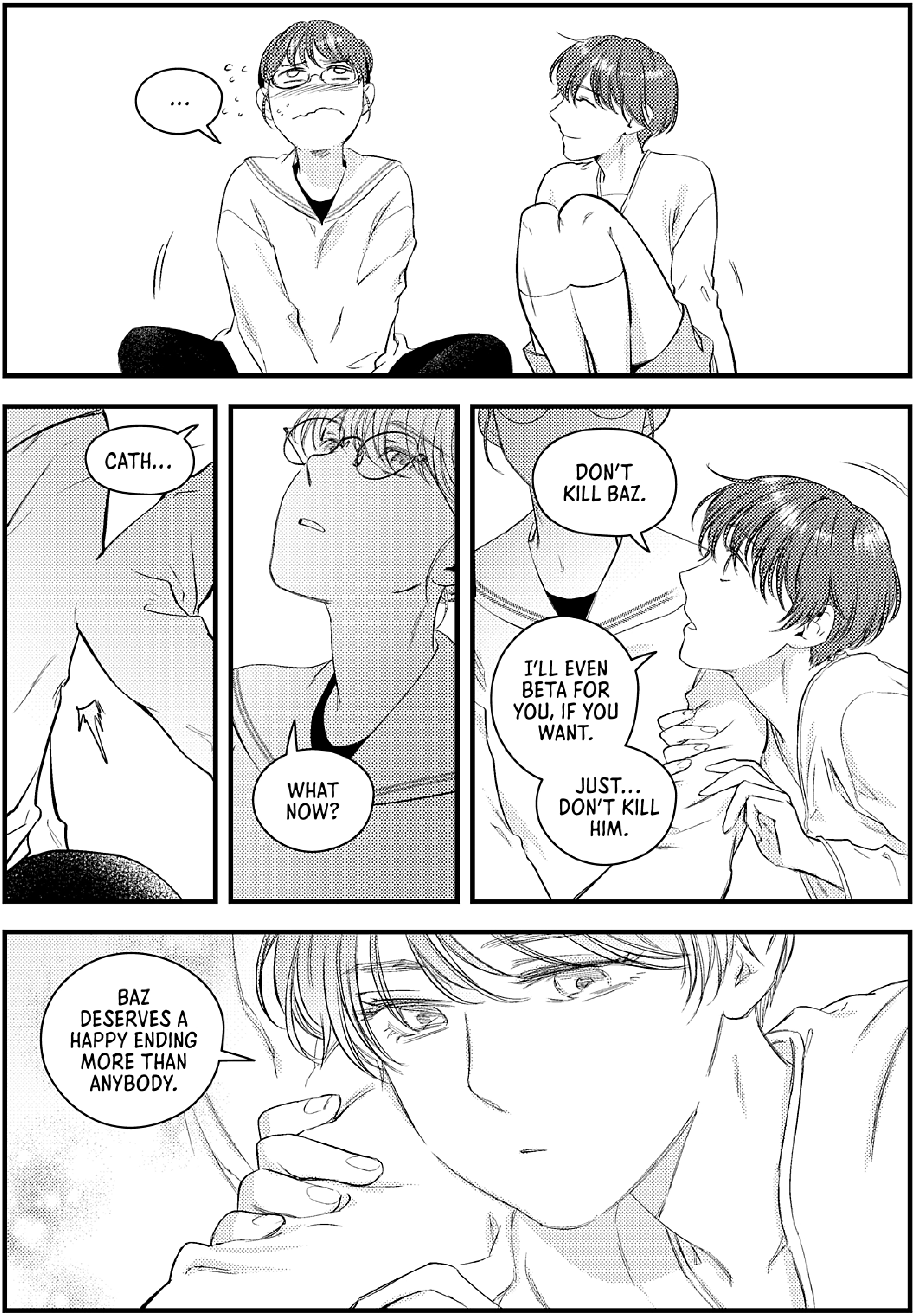

BUT I DON'T WANT IT TO BE CHEESY...
HAPPILY EVER AFTER—OR EVEN JUST *TOGETHER* EVER AFTER—ISN'T CHEESY.
IT'S THE NOBLEST, LIKE, THE MOST COURAGEOUS THING TWO PEOPLE CAN SHOOT FOR.
OH MY GOD...
ARE YOU IN LOVE?!
THIS ISN'T ABOUT ME.
IT'S ABOUT BAZ AND SIMON.
YOU'RE IN LOVE!!!


OKAY— YES.
I AM.
SPARKLE!
SPARKLE!
THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH THAT.
I DIDN'T SAY THAT THERE WAS.
YOU'RE IN LOVE!
OH, SHUT UP.
SO ARE YOU.
...!
GIVE IT UP.
I'VE SEEN HOW YOU LOOK AT LEVI.

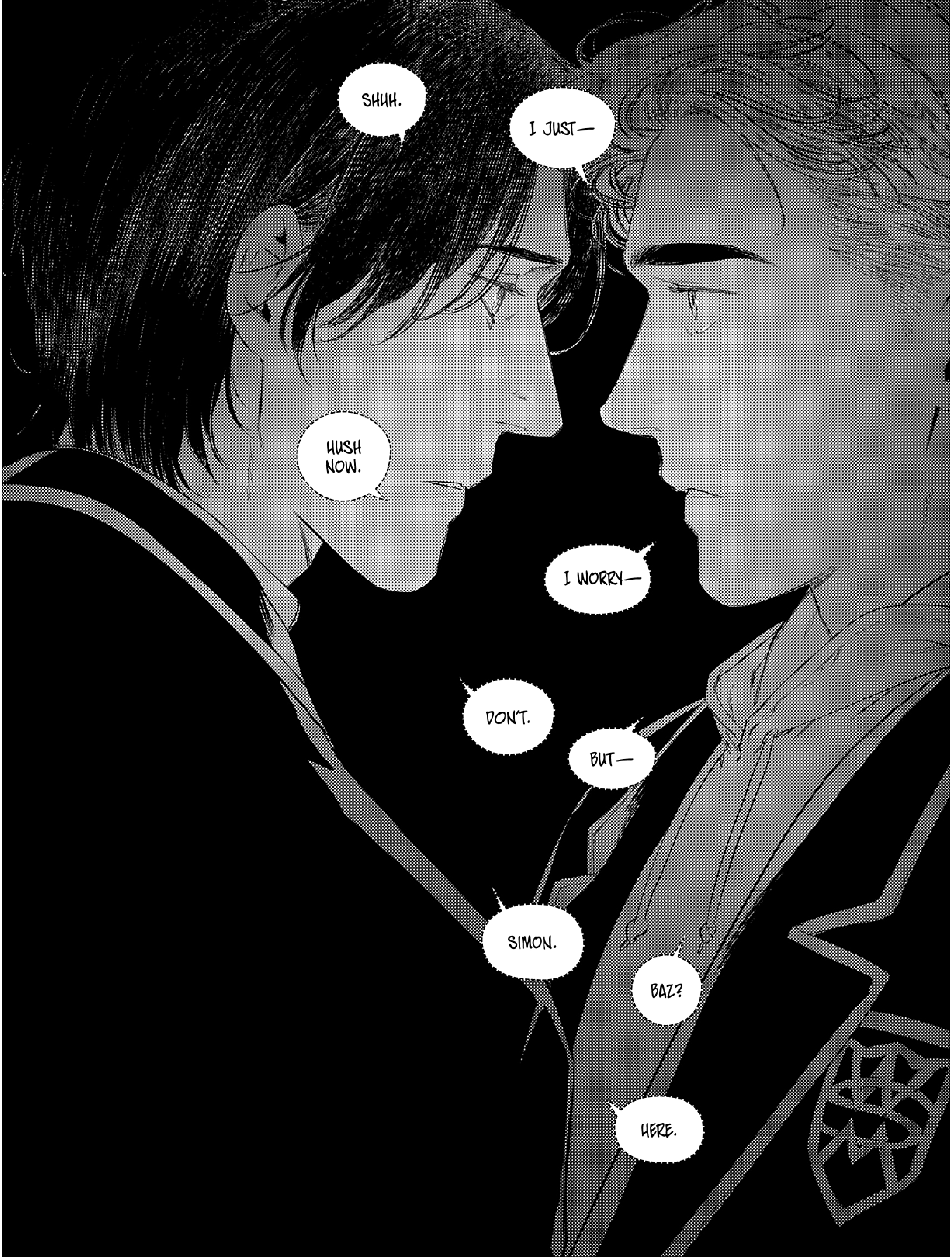

WHAT'S THAT THING YOU WROTE ABOUT SIMON ONCE—?
THAT HIS EYES FOLLOWED BAZ "LIKE HE WAS THE BRIGHTEST THING IN THE ROOM, LIKE HE CAST EVERYTHING ELSE INTO SHADOW"?
THAT'S YOU—!
YOU CAN'T LOOK AWAY FROM HIM!
I'M PRETTY SURE LEVI ACTUALLY IS THE BRIGHTEST THING IN THE ROOM, IN ANY ROOM.
HE'S A HUMAN CAMPFIRE.
I JUST REALLY LIKE HIM...
I KNEW IT!
HAVE YOU SLEPT WITH HIM?
NO!

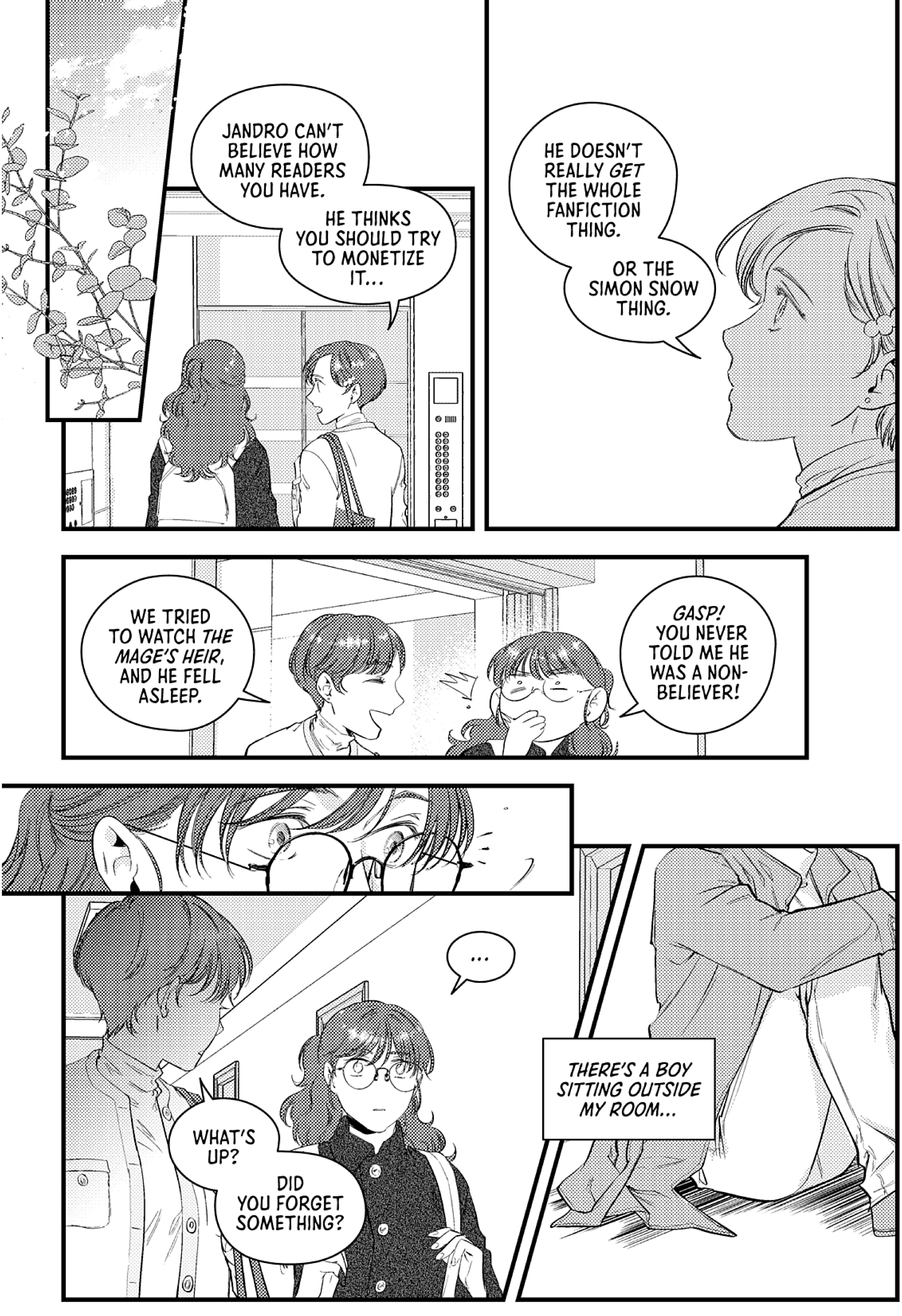

ARE YOU GOING TO?
YEAH... I THINK SO.
WOW.
I MEAN, I DON'T FEEL LIKE IT HAS TO HAPPEN *NOW*, LIKE IMMEDIATELY, BUT HE MAKES ME *WANT* TO...
AND HE MAKES ME THINK...
...THAT IT'LL BE *OKAY.*
THAT I DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT SCREWING IT UP.
YOU'RE NOT GOING TO SCREW IT UP, CATH.

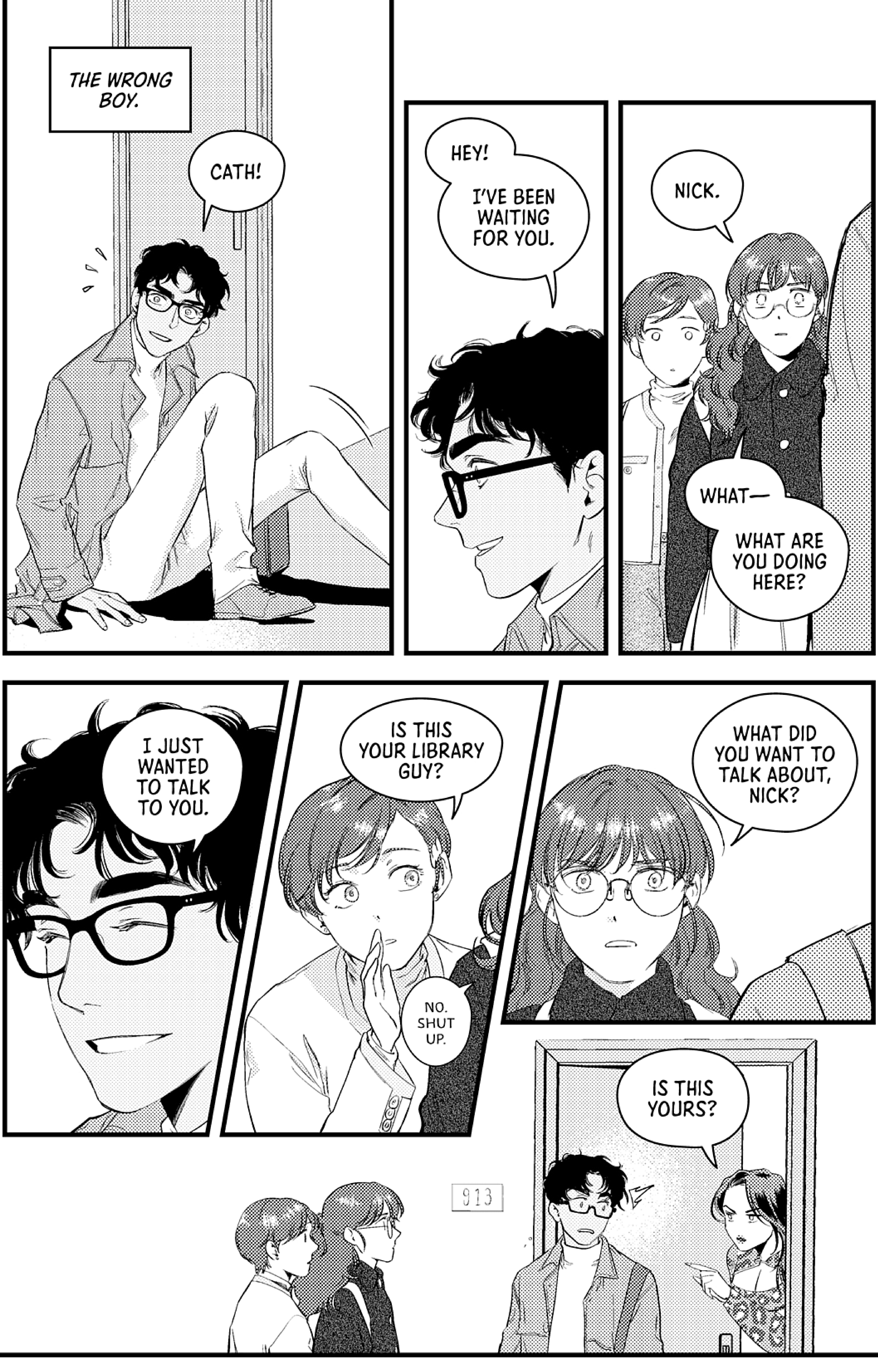

WELL, I'M NOT GOING TO NAIL IT, EITHER, AM I?
REMEMBER HOW LONG IT TOOK ME TO LEARN HOW TO DRIVE?
AND I STILL CAN'T BACKWARDS SKATE...
THINK OF HOW MANY BEAUTIFUL "FIRST TIMES" YOU'VE WRITTEN FOR SIMON AND BAZ.
YEAH, BUT EVEN *THEN* I TRY TO WRITE AROUND THE TECHNICAL STUFF...
YOU'LL BE FINE.
THE FIRST FEW TIMES YOU DO IT, YOU ONLY GET GRADED ON ATTENDANCE.
GREAT.
THAT MAKES ME FEEL BETTER.

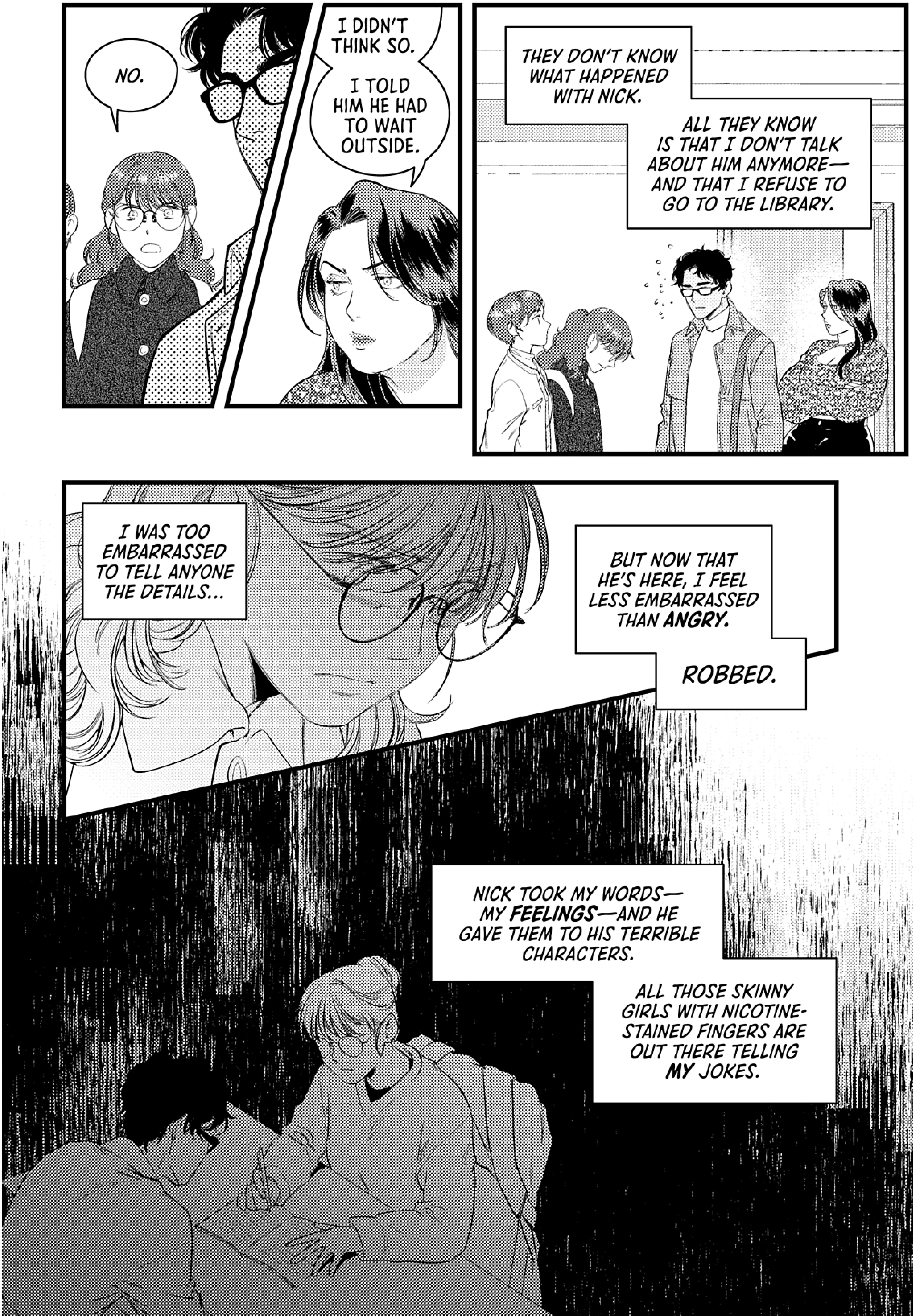

...
CATH...
WHAT NOW?
DON'T KILL BAZ.
I'LL EVEN BETA FOR YOU, IF YOU WANT.
JUST... DON'T KILL HIM.
BAZ DESERVES A HAPPY ENDING MORE THAN ANYBODY.

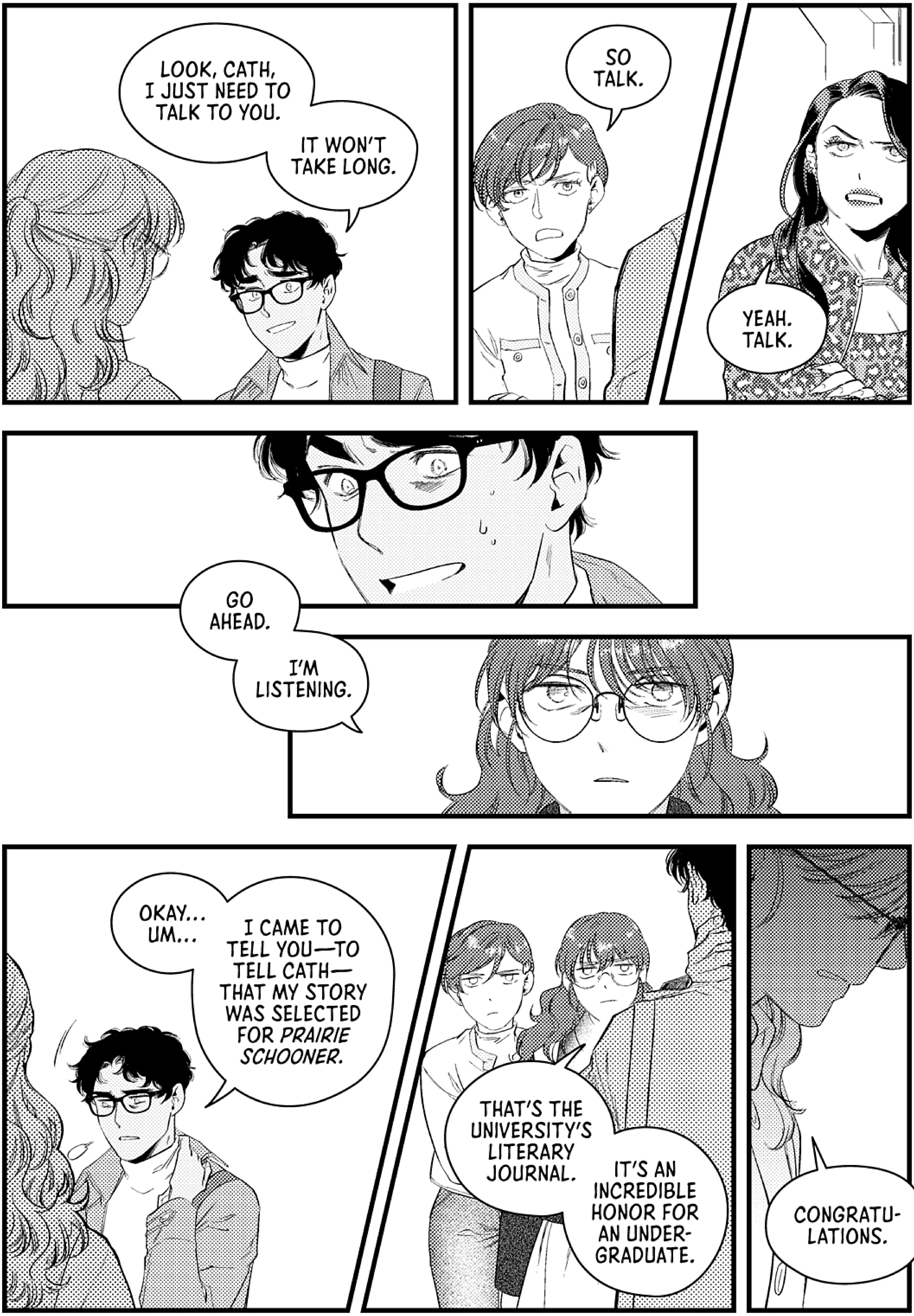
From *Carry On, Simon*
By FanFixx.net author Magicath
Archived four months ago

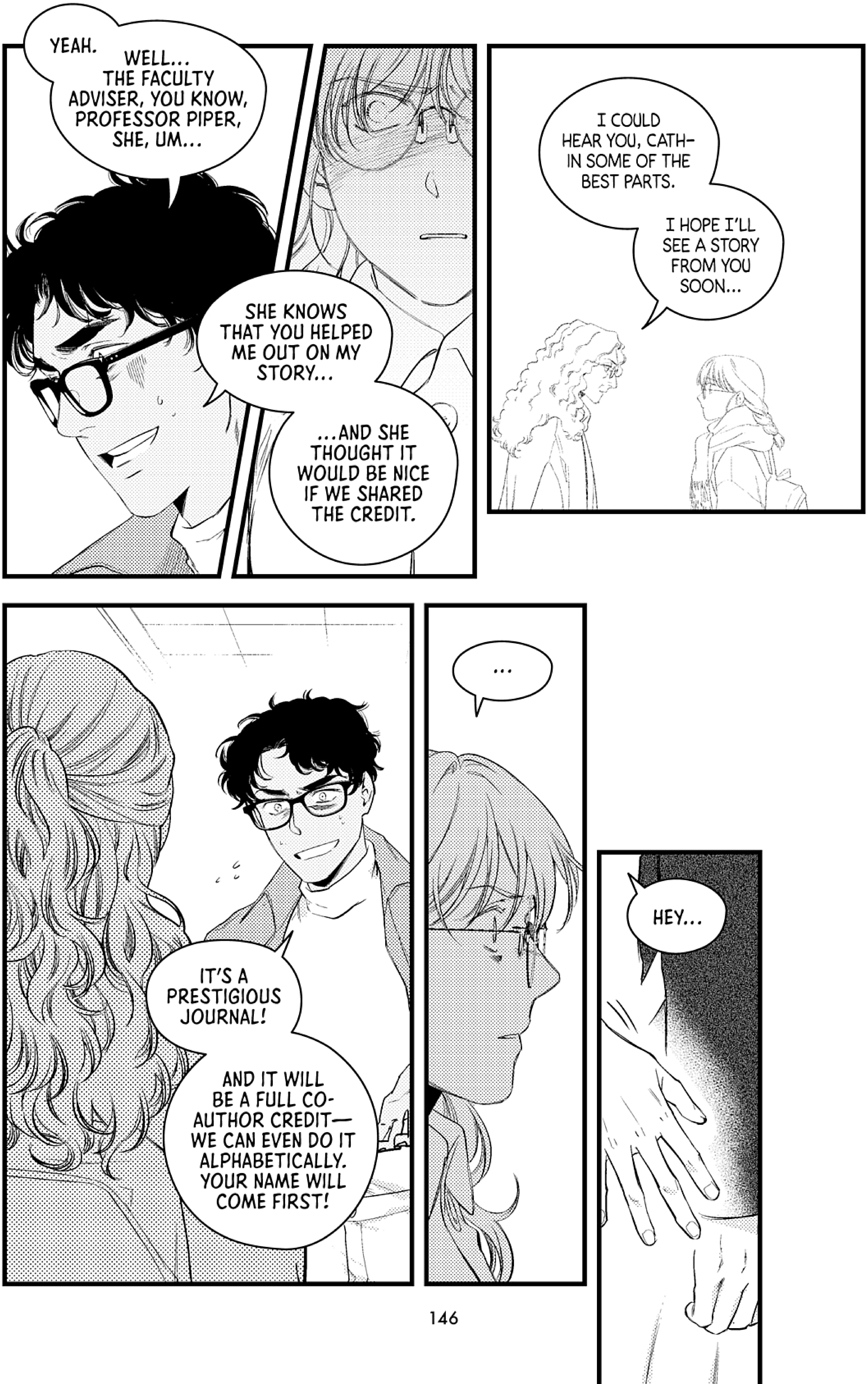

SHHH.
I JUST—
HUSH NOW.
I WORRY—
DON'T.
BUT—
SIMON.
BAZ?
HERE.

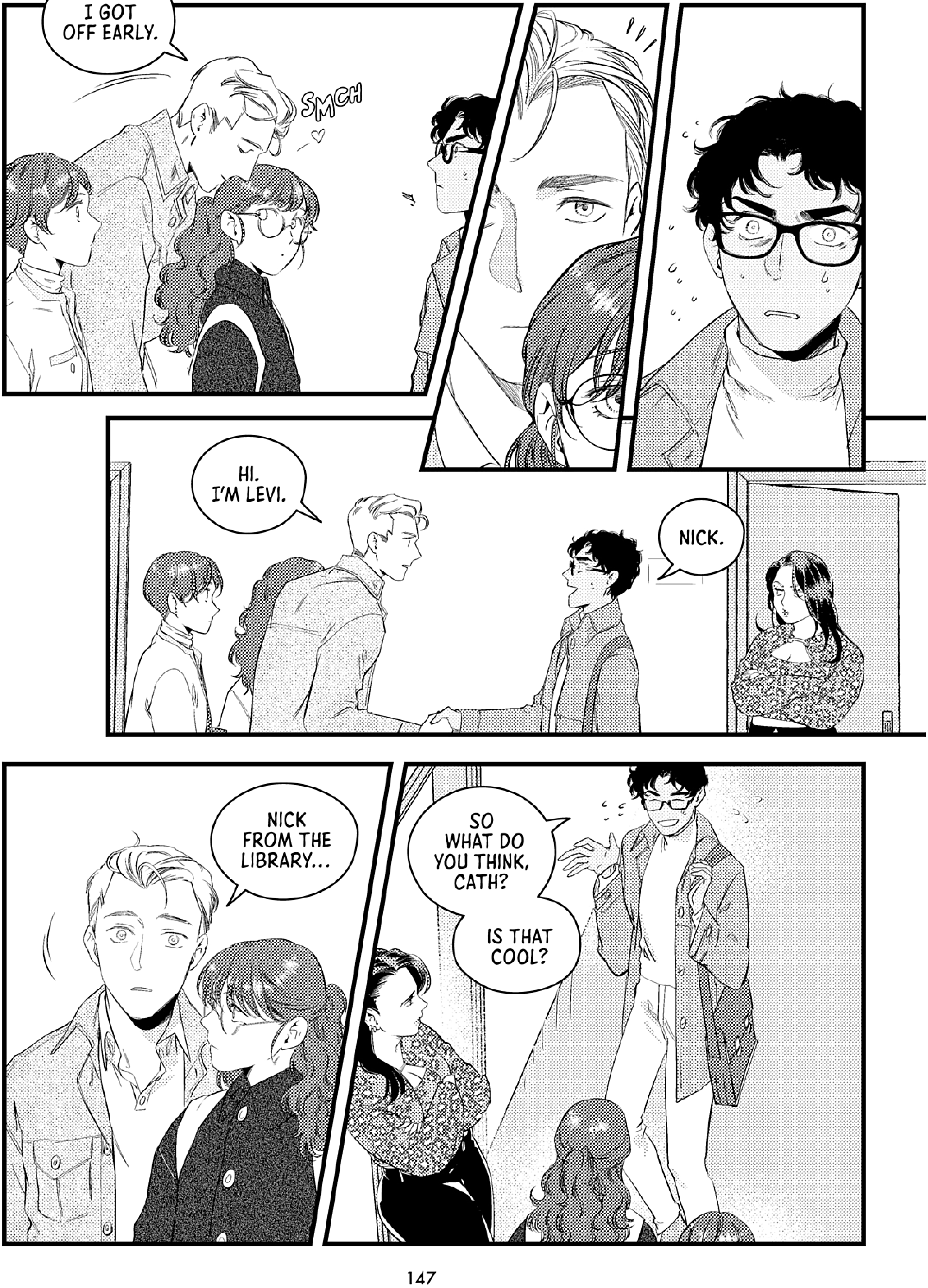

JANDRO CAN'T BELIEVE HOW MANY READERS YOU HAVE.
HE THINKS YOU SHOULD TRY TO MONETIZE IT...
HE DOESN'T REALLY *GET* THE WHOLE FANFICTION THING.
OR THE SIMON SNOW THING.
WE TRIED TO WATCH *THE MAGE'S HEIR*, AND HE FELL ASLEEP.
GASP! YOU NEVER TOLD ME HE WAS A NON-BELIEVER!
...
WHAT'S UP?
DID YOU FORGET SOMETHING?
THERE'S A BOY SITTING OUTSIDE MY ROOM...

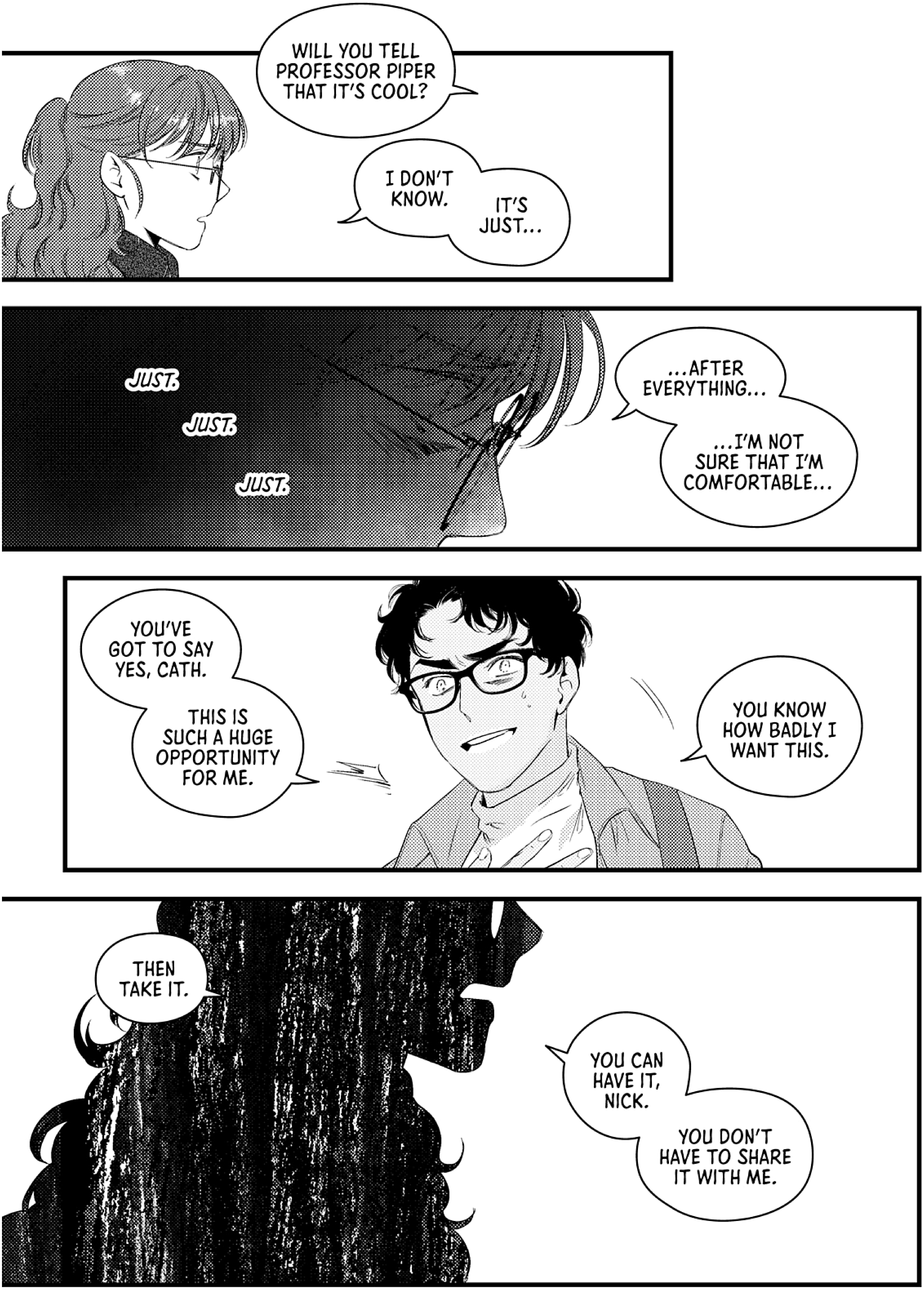

THE WRONG BOY.
CATH!
HEY!
I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU.
NICK.
WHAT—
WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
I JUST WANTED TO TALK TO YOU.
IS THIS YOUR LIBRARY GUY?
NO. SHUT UP.
WHAT DID YOU WANT TO TALK ABOUT, NICK?
IS THIS YOURS?
913

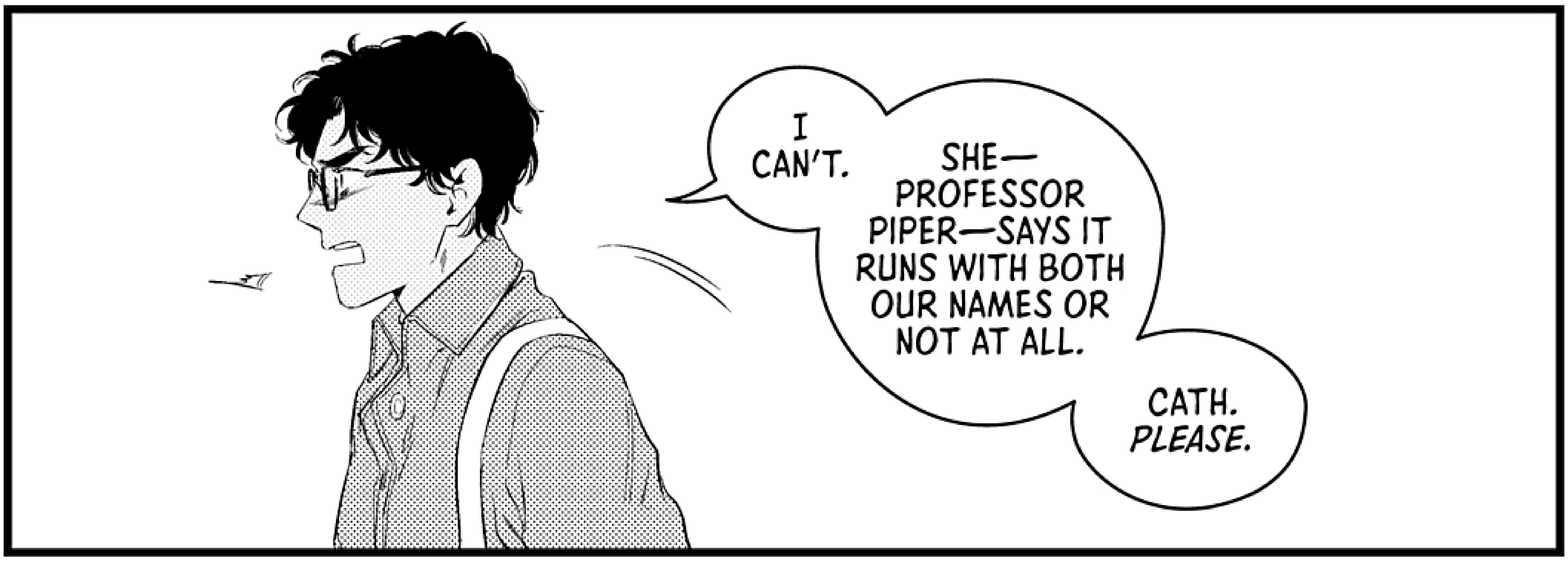

NO.
I DIDN'T THINK SO.
I TOLD HIM HE HAD TO WAIT OUTSIDE.
THEY DON'T KNOW WHAT HAPPENED WITH NICK.
ALL THEY KNOW IS THAT I DON'T TALK ABOUT HIM ANYMORE—AND THAT I REFUSE TO GO TO THE LIBRARY.
I WAS TOO EMBARRASSED TO TELL ANYONE THE DETAILS...
BUT NOW THAT HE'S HERE, I FEEL LESS EMBARRASSED THAN **ANGRY.**
ROBBED.
NICK TOOK MY WORDS—MY **FEELINGS**—AND HE GAVE THEM TO HIS TERRIBLE CHARACTERS.
ALL THOSE SKINNY GIRLS WITH NICOTINE-STAINED FINGERS ARE OUT THERE TELLING **MY** JOKES.

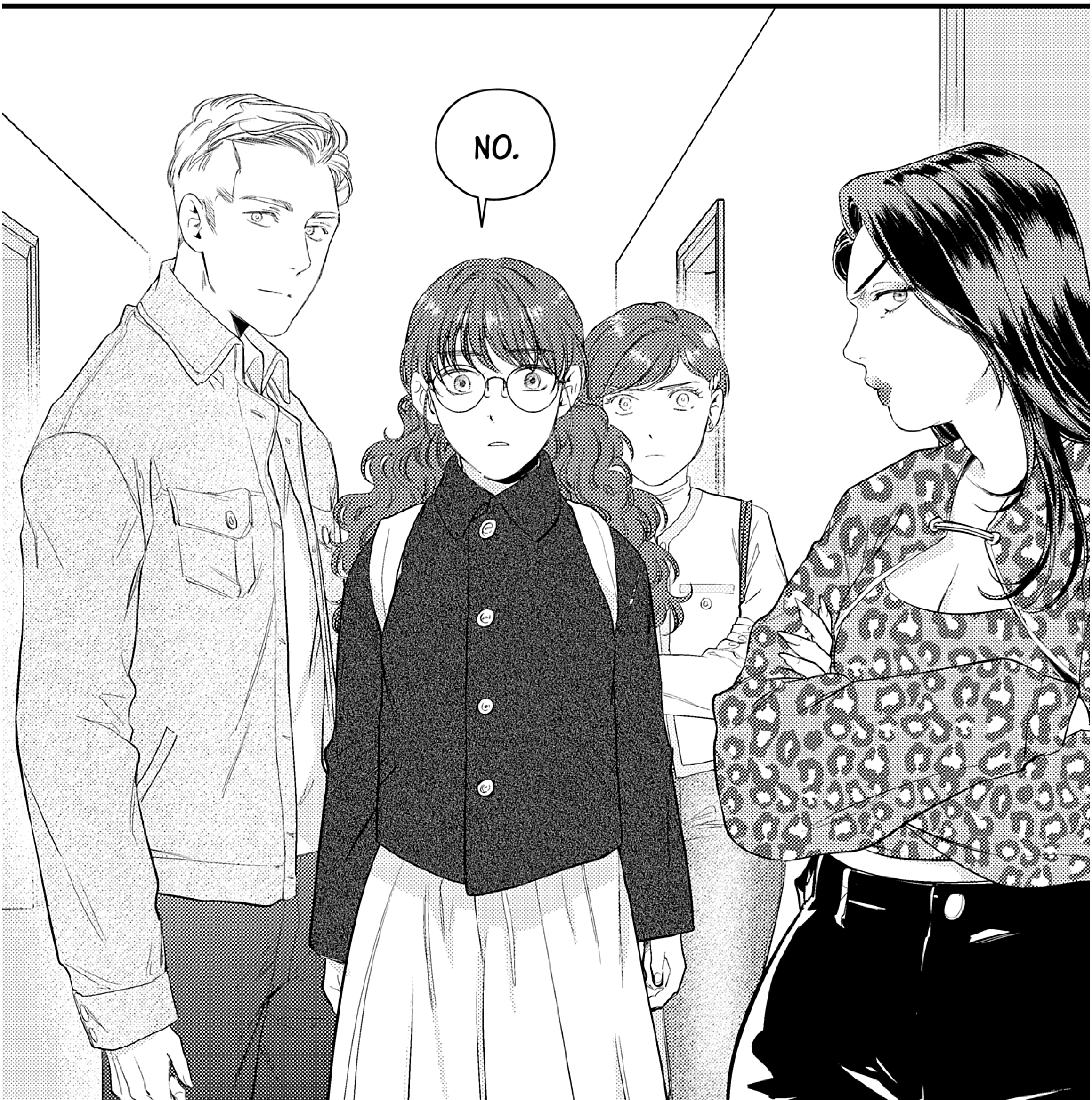

LOOK, CATH, I JUST NEED TO TALK TO YOU.
IT WON'T TAKE LONG.
SO TALK.
YEAH. TALK.
GO AHEAD.
I'M LISTENING.
OKAY... UM...
I CAME TO TELL YOU—TO TELL CATH—THAT MY STORY WAS SELECTED FOR *PRAIRIE SCHOONER.*
THAT'S THE UNIVERSITY'S LITERARY JOURNAL.
IT'S AN INCREDIBLE HONOR FOR AN UNDERGRADUATE.
CONGRATULATIONS.

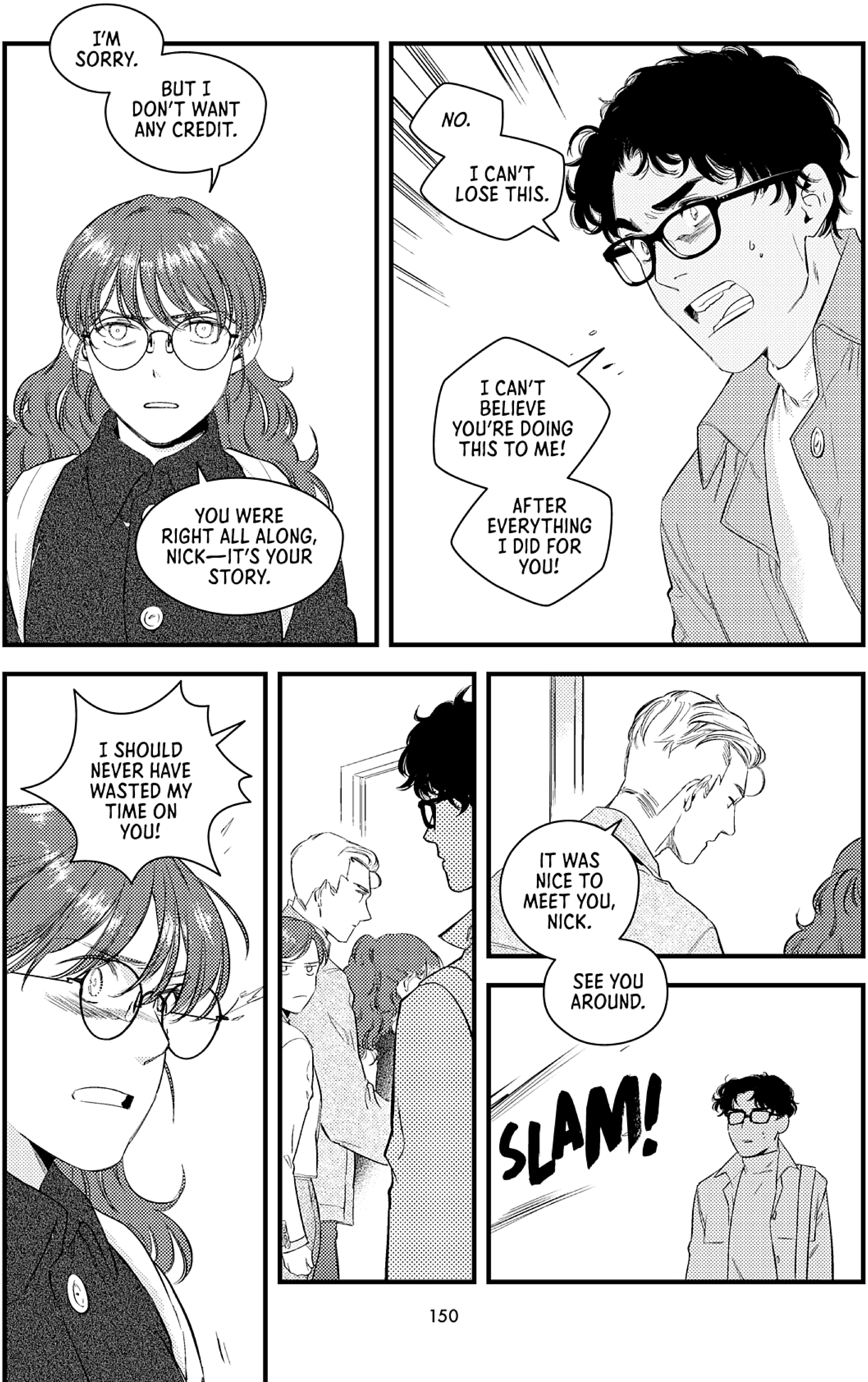

YEAH.
WELL... THE FACULTY ADVISER, YOU KNOW, PROFESSOR PIPER, SHE, UM...
SHE KNOWS THAT YOU HELPED ME OUT ON MY STORY...
...AND SHE THOUGHT IT WOULD BE NICE IF WE SHARED THE CREDIT.
I COULD HEAR YOU, CATH— IN SOME OF THE BEST PARTS.
I HOPE I'LL SEE A STORY FROM YOU SOON...
IT'S A PRESTIGIOUS JOURNAL!
AND IT WILL BE A FULL CO-AUTHOR CREDIT— WE CAN EVEN DO IT ALPHABETICALLY. YOUR NAME WILL COME FIRST!
...
HEY...

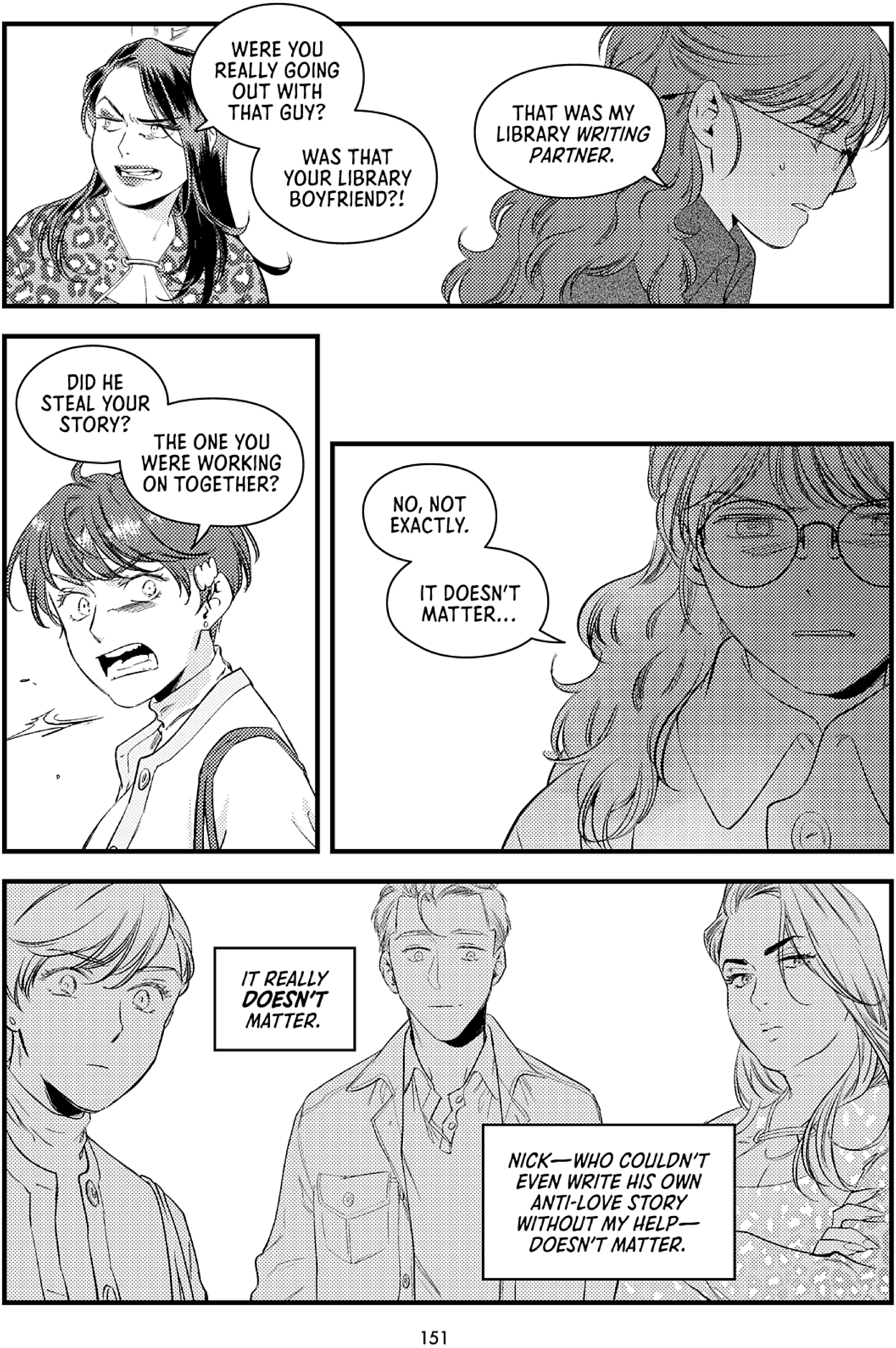

I GOT OFF EARLY.
SMCH
HI. I'M LEVI.
NICK.
NICK FROM THE LIBRARY...
SO WHAT DO YOU THINK, CATH?
IS THAT COOL?

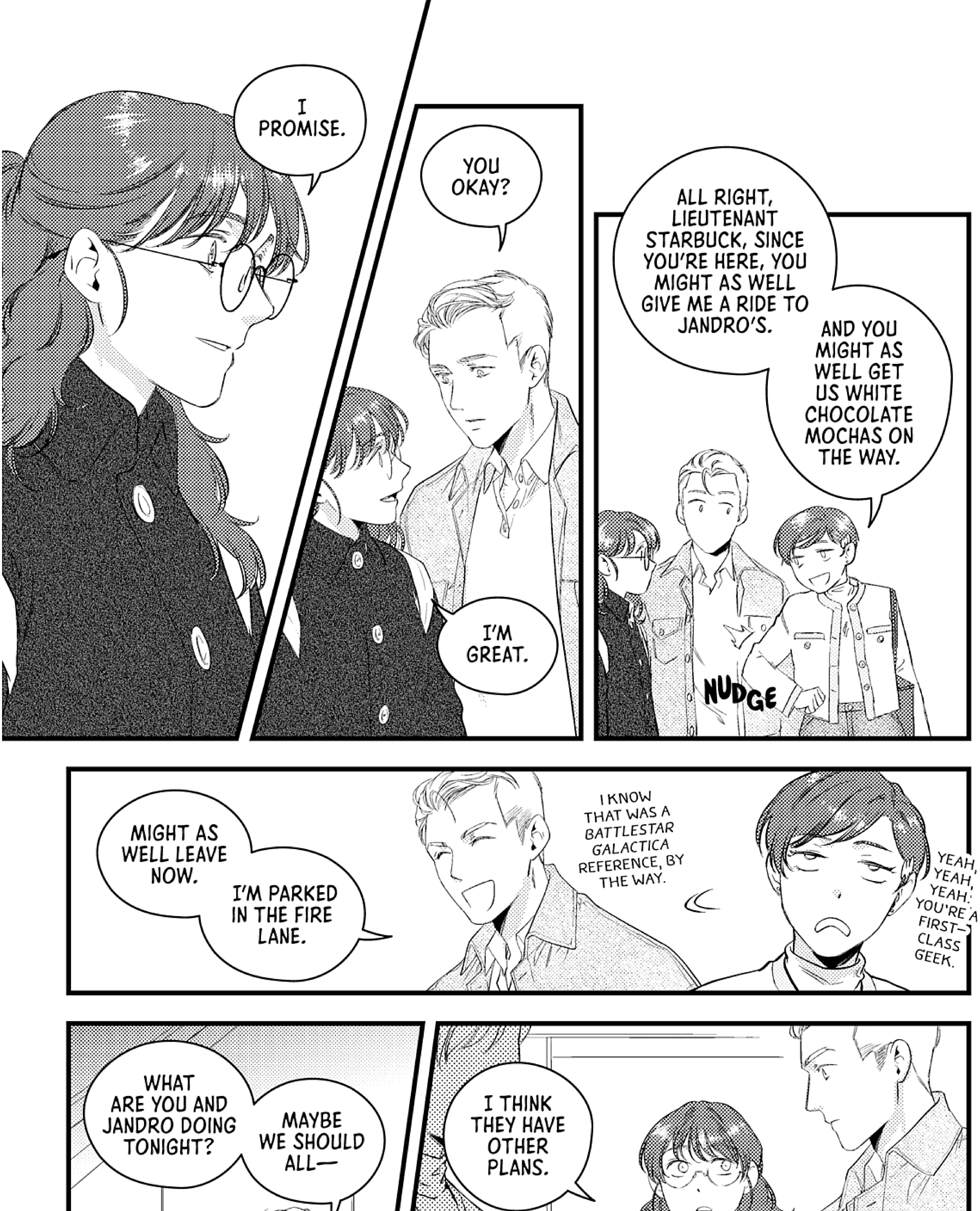

WILL YOU TELL PROFESSOR PIPER THAT IT'S COOL?
I DON'T KNOW.
IT'S JUST...
JUST.
JUST.
JUST.
...AFTER EVERYTHING...
...I'M NOT SURE THAT I'M COMFORTABLE...
YOU'VE GOT TO SAY YES, CATH.
THIS IS SUCH A HUGE OPPORTUNITY FOR ME.
YOU KNOW HOW BADLY I WANT THIS.
THEN TAKE IT.
YOU CAN HAVE IT, NICK.
YOU DON'T HAVE TO SHARE IT WITH ME.

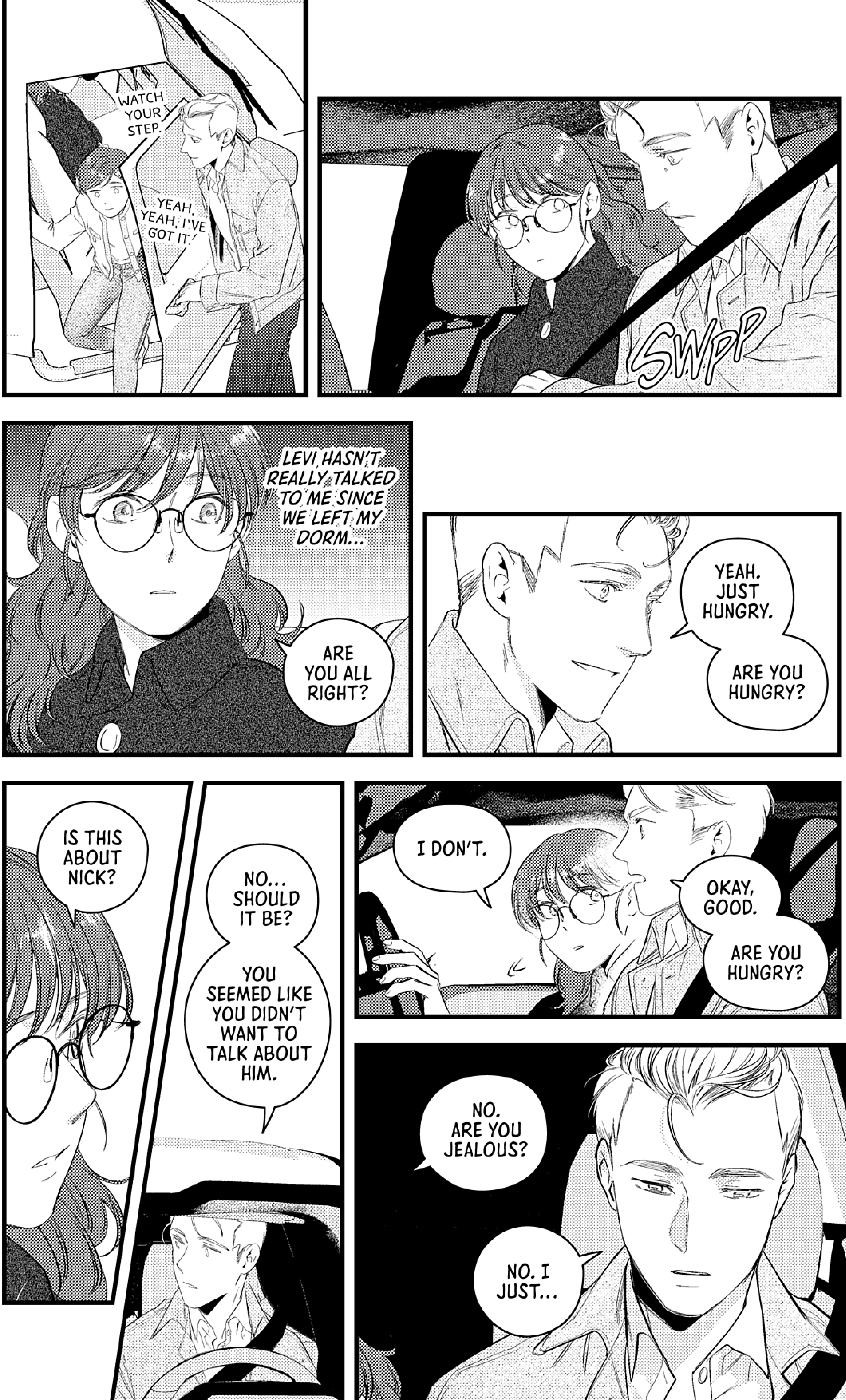

I CAN'T.
SHE—PROFESSOR PIPER—SAYS IT RUNS WITH BOTH OUR NAMES OR NOT AT ALL.
CATH. *PLEASE.*

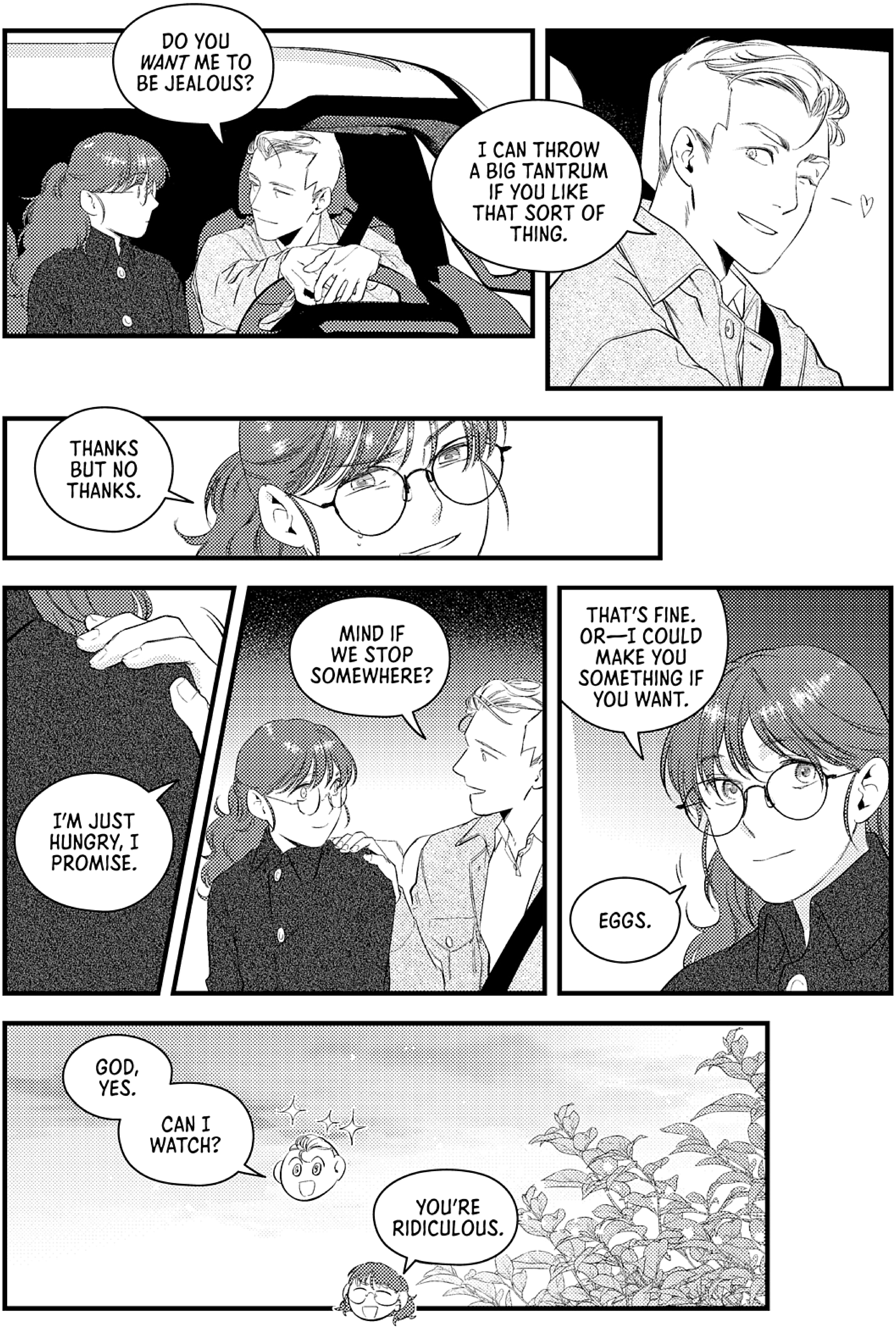

NO.

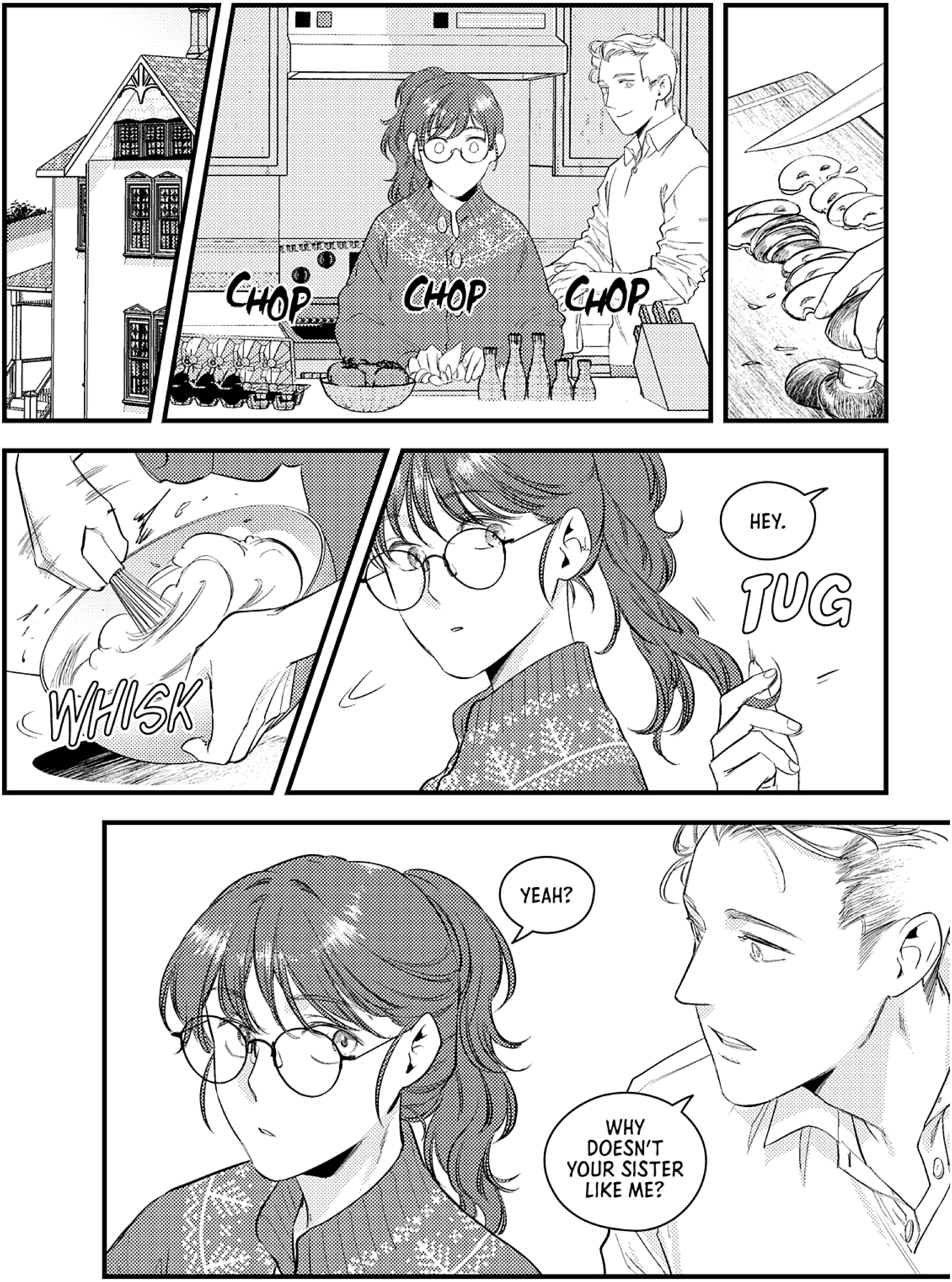

I'M SORRY.
BUT I DON'T WANT ANY CREDIT.
YOU WERE RIGHT ALL ALONG, NICK—IT'S YOUR STORY.
NO.
I CAN'T LOSE THIS.
I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU'RE DOING THIS TO ME!
AFTER EVERYTHING I DID FOR YOU!
I SHOULD NEVER HAVE WASTED MY TIME ON YOU!
IT WAS NICE TO MEET YOU, NICK.
SEE YOU AROUND.
SLAM!

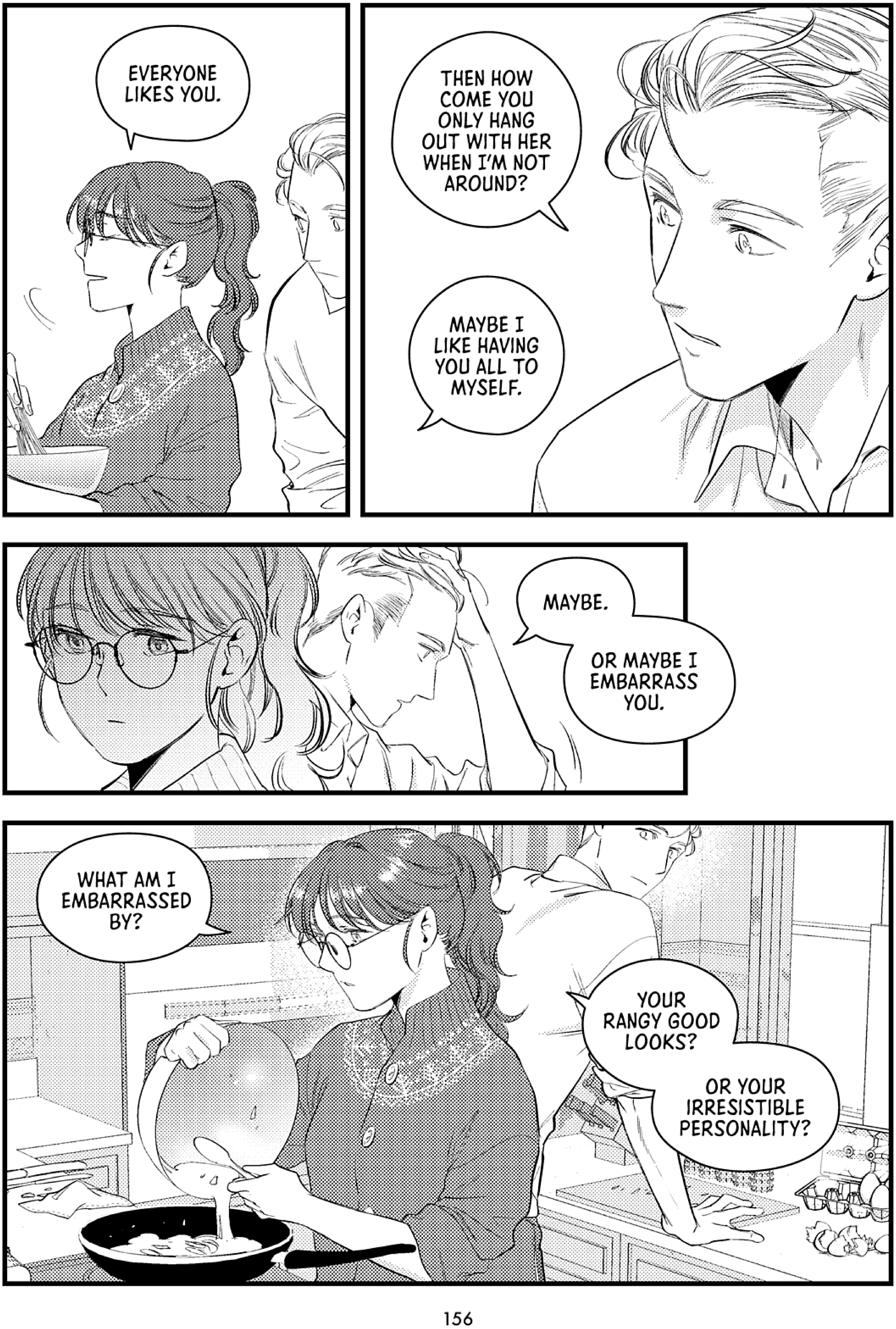

WERE YOU REALLY GOING OUT WITH THAT GUY?
WAS THAT YOUR LIBRARY BOYFRIEND?!
THAT WAS MY LIBRARY *WRITING PARTNER.*
DID HE STEAL YOUR STORY?
THE ONE YOU WERE WORKING ON TOGETHER?
NO, NOT EXACTLY.
IT DOESN'T MATTER...
IT REALLY ***DOESN'T*** *MATTER.*
NICK—WHO COULDN'T EVEN WRITE HIS OWN ANTI-LOVE STORY WITHOUT MY HELP—DOESN'T MATTER.

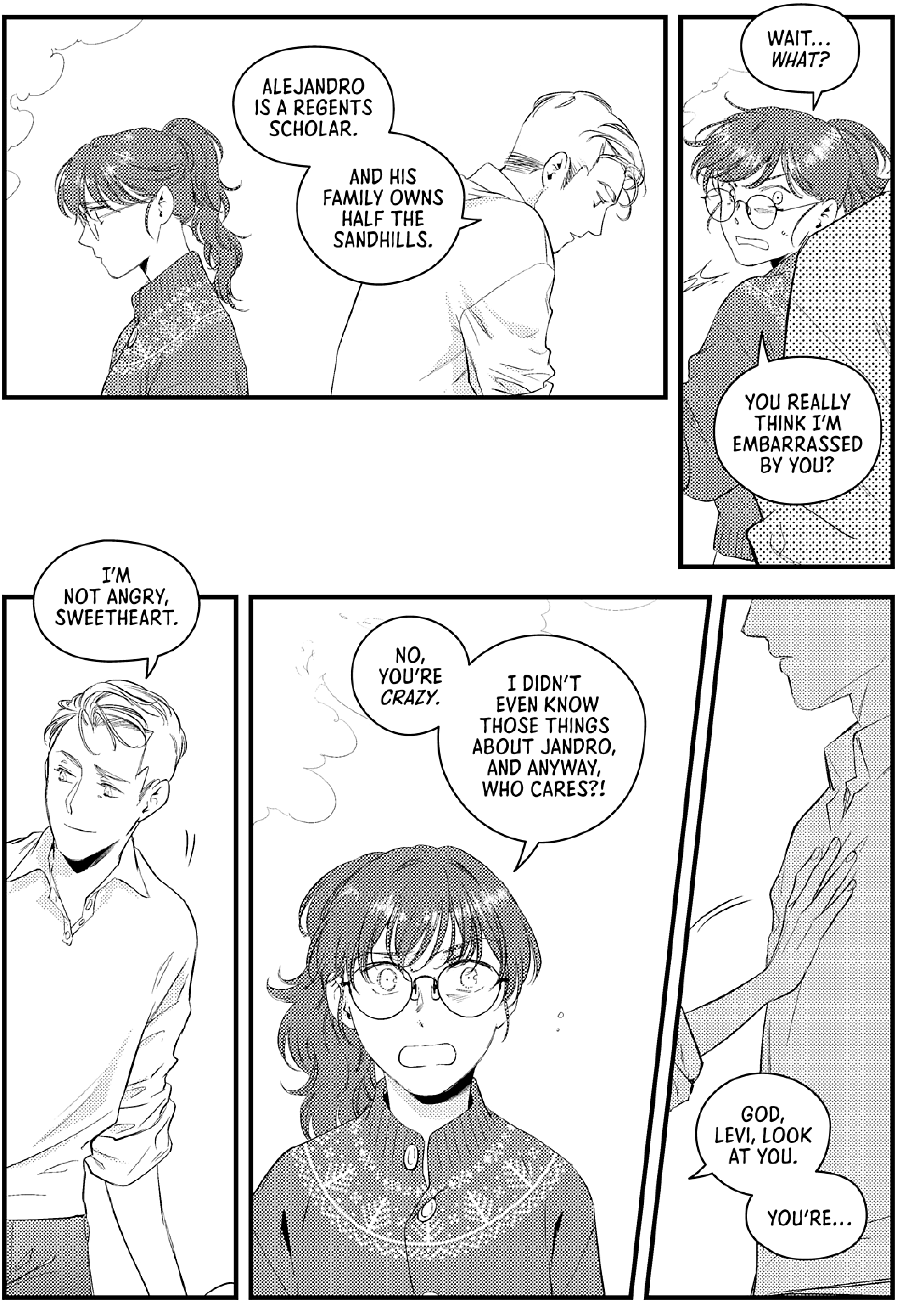

I PROMISE.
YOU OKAY?
I'M GREAT.
ALL RIGHT, LIEUTENANT STARBUCK, SINCE YOU'RE HERE, YOU MIGHT AS WELL GIVE ME A RIDE TO JANDRO'S.
AND YOU MIGHT AS WELL GET US WHITE CHOCOLATE MOCHAS ON THE WAY.
NUDGE
MIGHT AS WELL LEAVE NOW.
I'M PARKED IN THE FIRE LANE.
I KNOW THAT WAS A *BATTLESTAR GALACTICA* REFERENCE, BY THE WAY.
YEAH, YEAH, YEAH. YOU'RE A FIRST-CLASS GEEK.
WHAT ARE YOU AND JANDRO DOING TONIGHT?
MAYBE WE SHOULD ALL—
I THINK THEY HAVE OTHER PLANS.

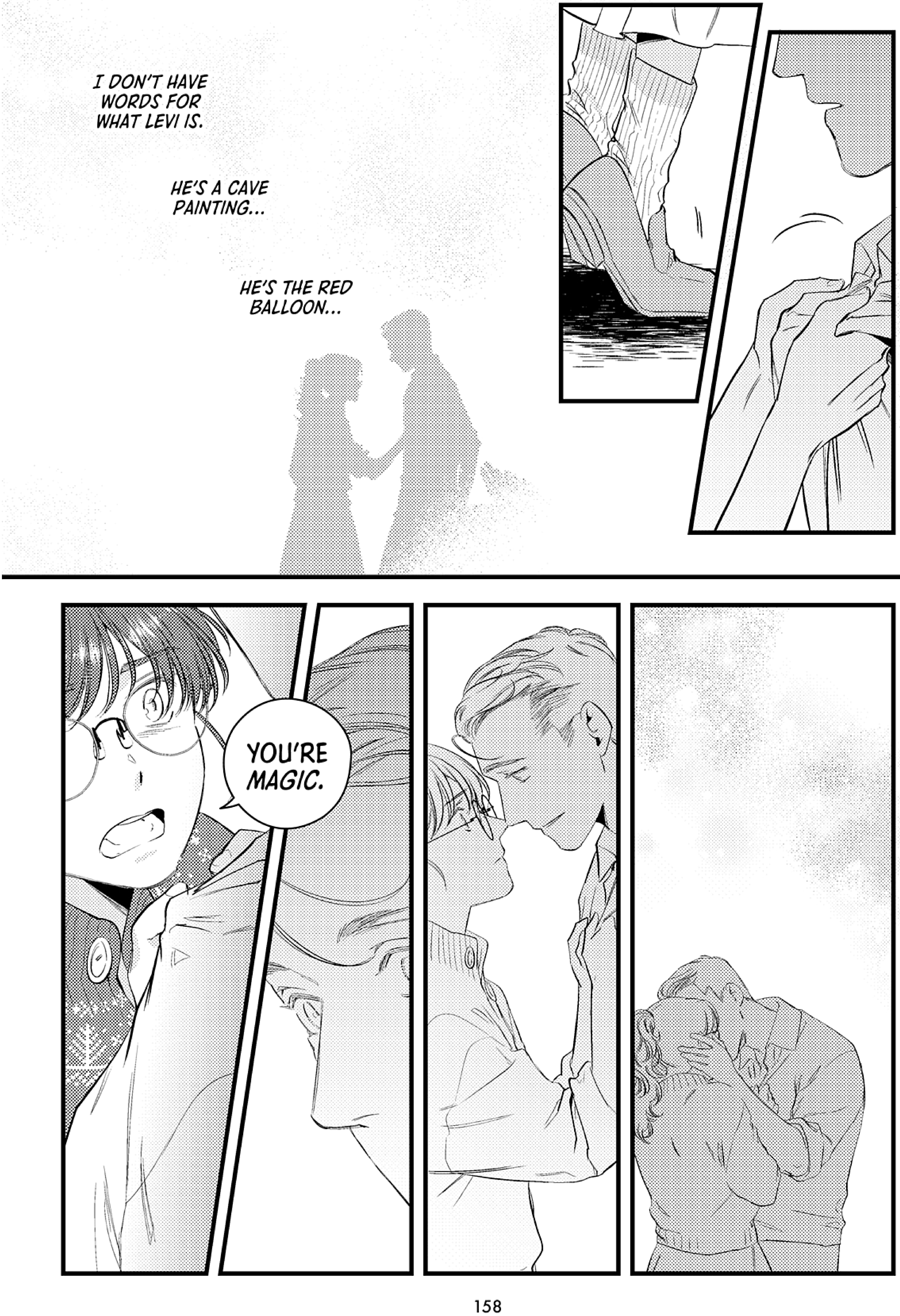

WATCH YOUR STEP.
YEAH, YEAH, I'VE GOT IT.
SWPP
LEVI HASN'T REALLY TALKED TO ME SINCE WE LEFT MY DORM...
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
YEAH. JUST HUNGRY.
ARE YOU HUNGRY?
IS THIS ABOUT NICK?
NO... SHOULD IT BE?
YOU SEEMED LIKE YOU DIDN'T WANT TO TALK ABOUT HIM.
I DON'T.
OKAY, GOOD.
ARE YOU HUNGRY?
NO. ARE YOU JEALOUS?
NO. I JUST...

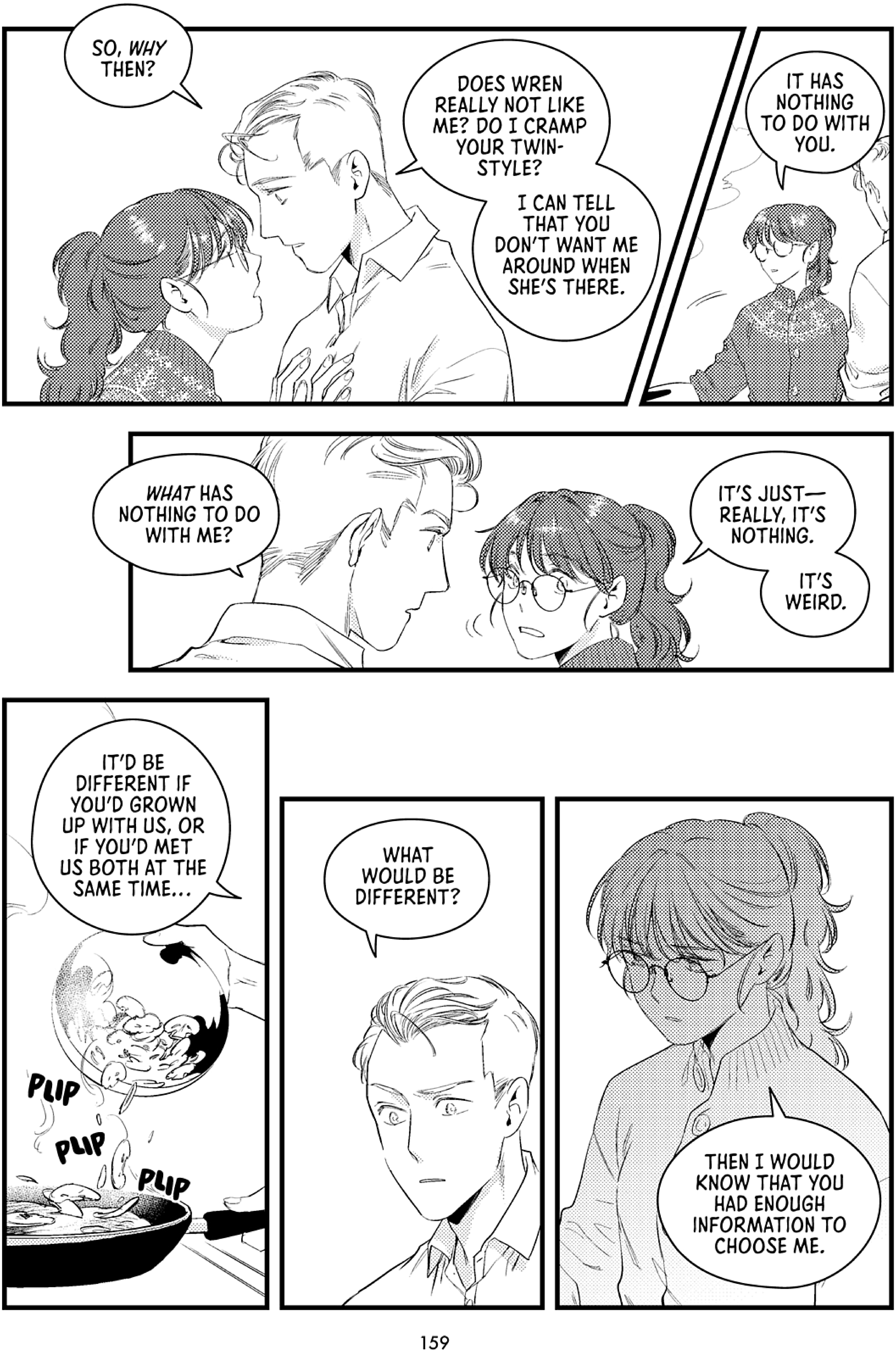

DO YOU *WANT* ME TO BE JEALOUS?
I CAN THROW A BIG TANTRUM IF YOU LIKE THAT SORT OF THING.
THANKS BUT NO THANKS.
I'M JUST HUNGRY, I PROMISE.
MIND IF WE STOP SOMEWHERE?
THAT'S FINE. OR—I COULD MAKE YOU SOMETHING IF YOU WANT.
EGGS.
GOD, YES.
CAN I WATCH?
YOU'RE RIDICULOUS.

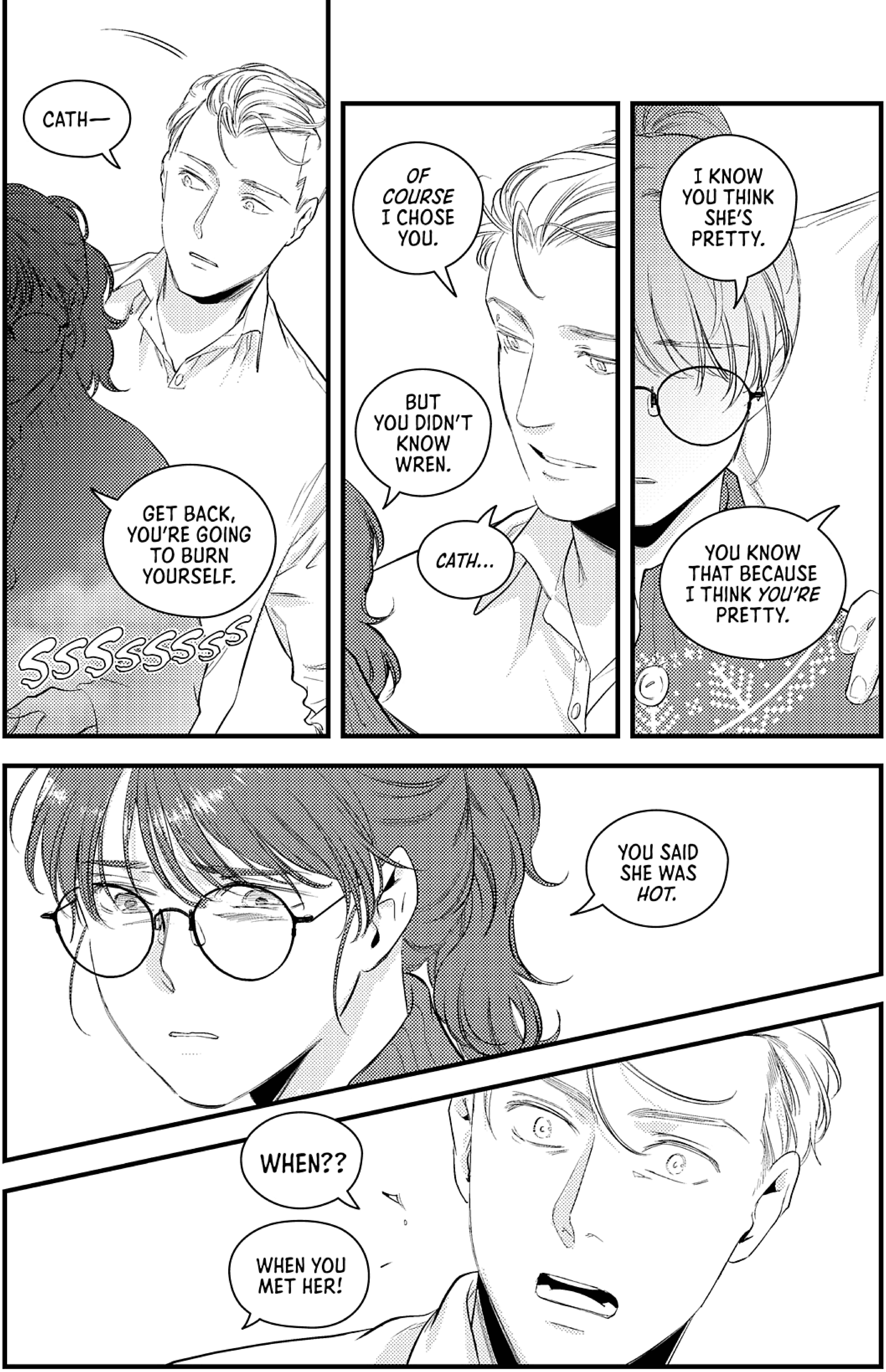

CHOP
CHOP
CHOP
WHISK
HEY.
TUG
YEAH?
WHY DOESN'T YOUR SISTER LIKE ME?

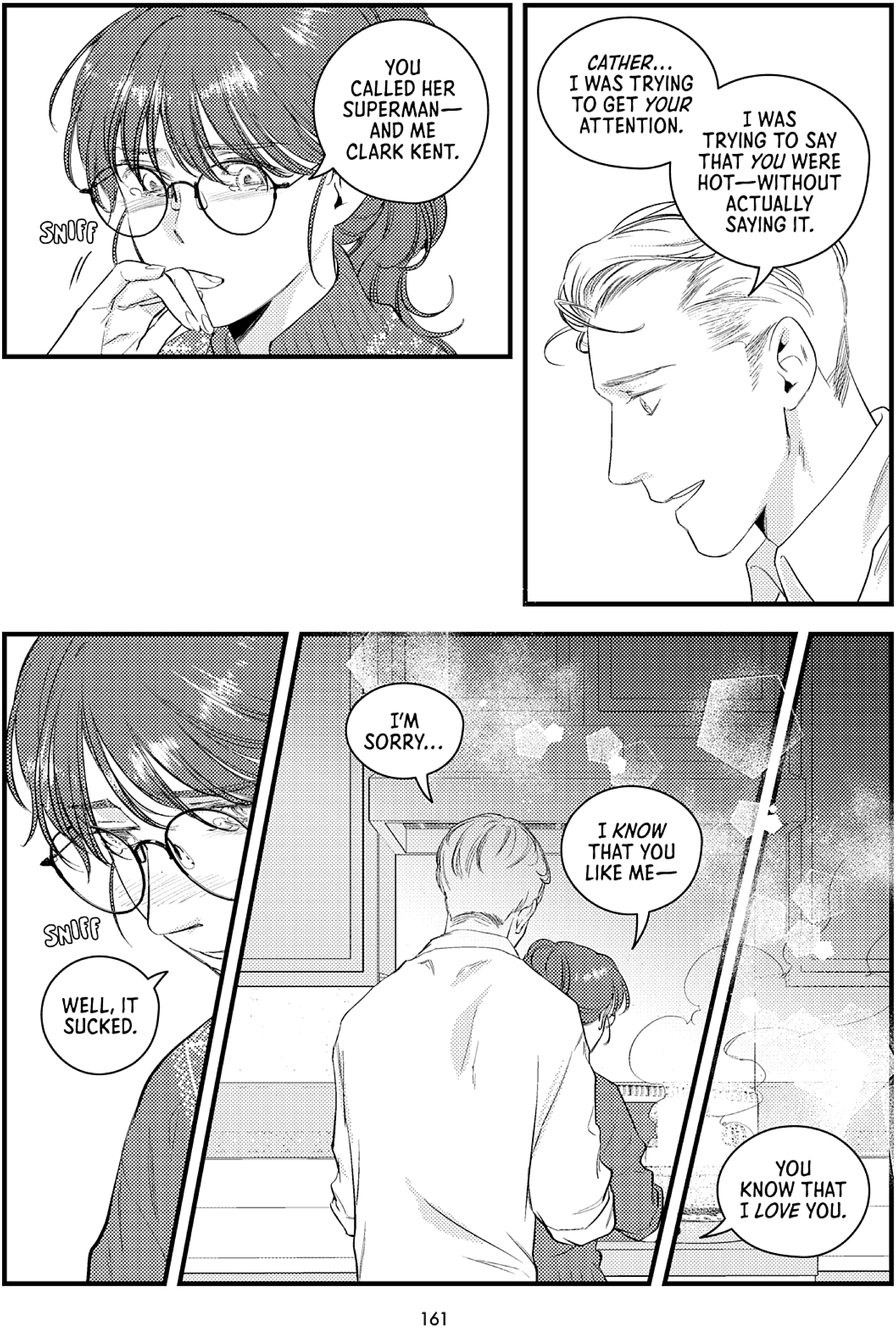

EVERYONE LIKES YOU.
THEN HOW COME YOU ONLY HANG OUT WITH HER WHEN I'M NOT AROUND?
MAYBE I LIKE HAVING YOU ALL TO MYSELF.
MAYBE.
OR MAYBE I EMBARRASS YOU.
WHAT AM I EMBARRASSED BY?
YOUR RANGY GOOD LOOKS?
OR YOUR IRRESISTIBLE PERSONALITY?

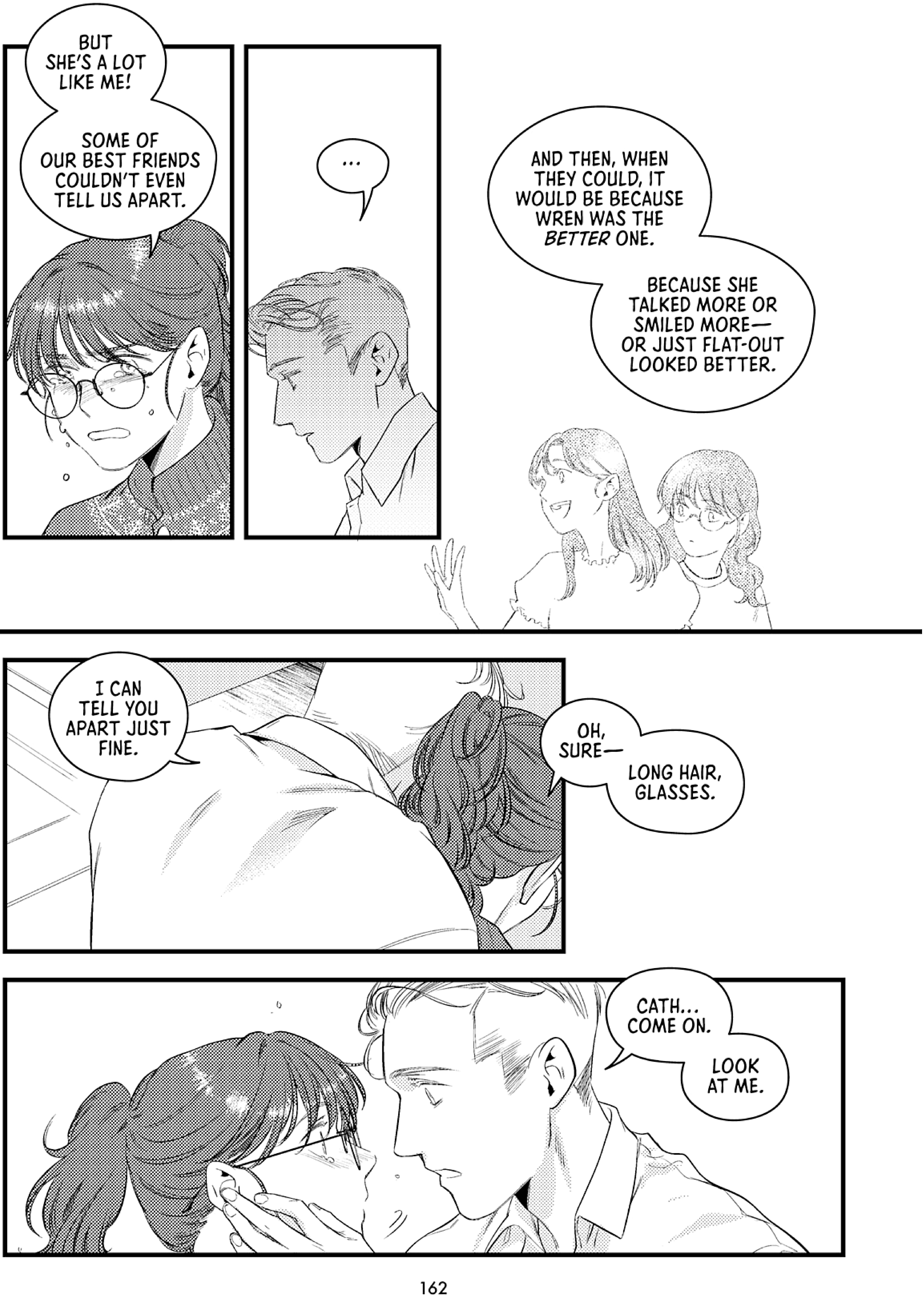

ALEJANDRO IS A REGENTS SCHOLAR.
AND HIS FAMILY OWNS HALF THE SANDHILLS.
WAIT… *WHAT?*
YOU REALLY THINK I'M EMBARRASSED BY YOU?
I'M NOT ANGRY, SWEETHEART.
NO, YOU'RE *CRAZY.*
I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW THOSE THINGS ABOUT JANDRO, AND ANYWAY, WHO CARES?!
GOD, LEVI, LOOK AT YOU.
YOU'RE…

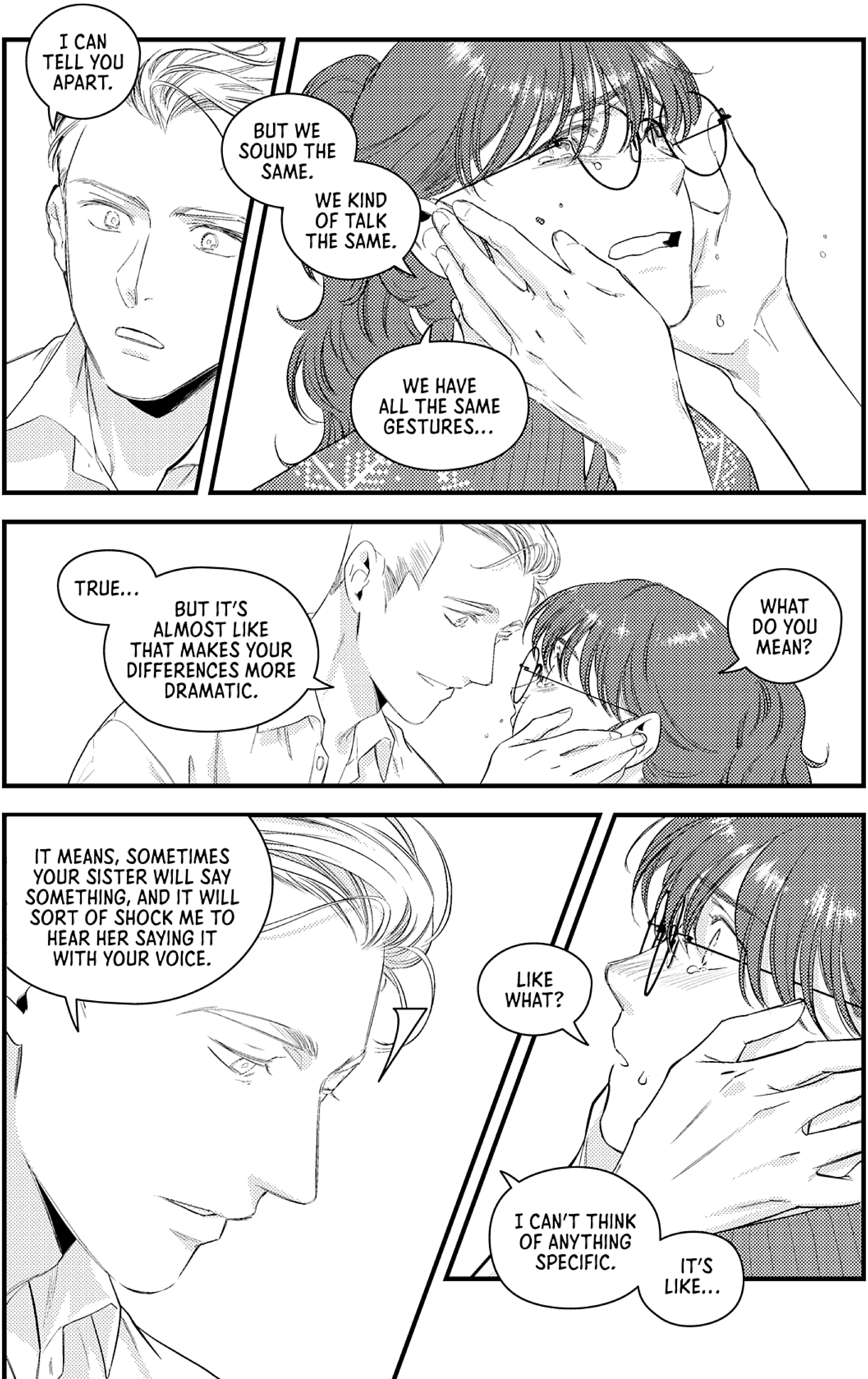

I DON'T HAVE WORDS FOR WHAT LEVI IS.
HE'S A CAVE PAINTING...
HE'S THE RED BALLOON...
YOU'RE MAGIC.

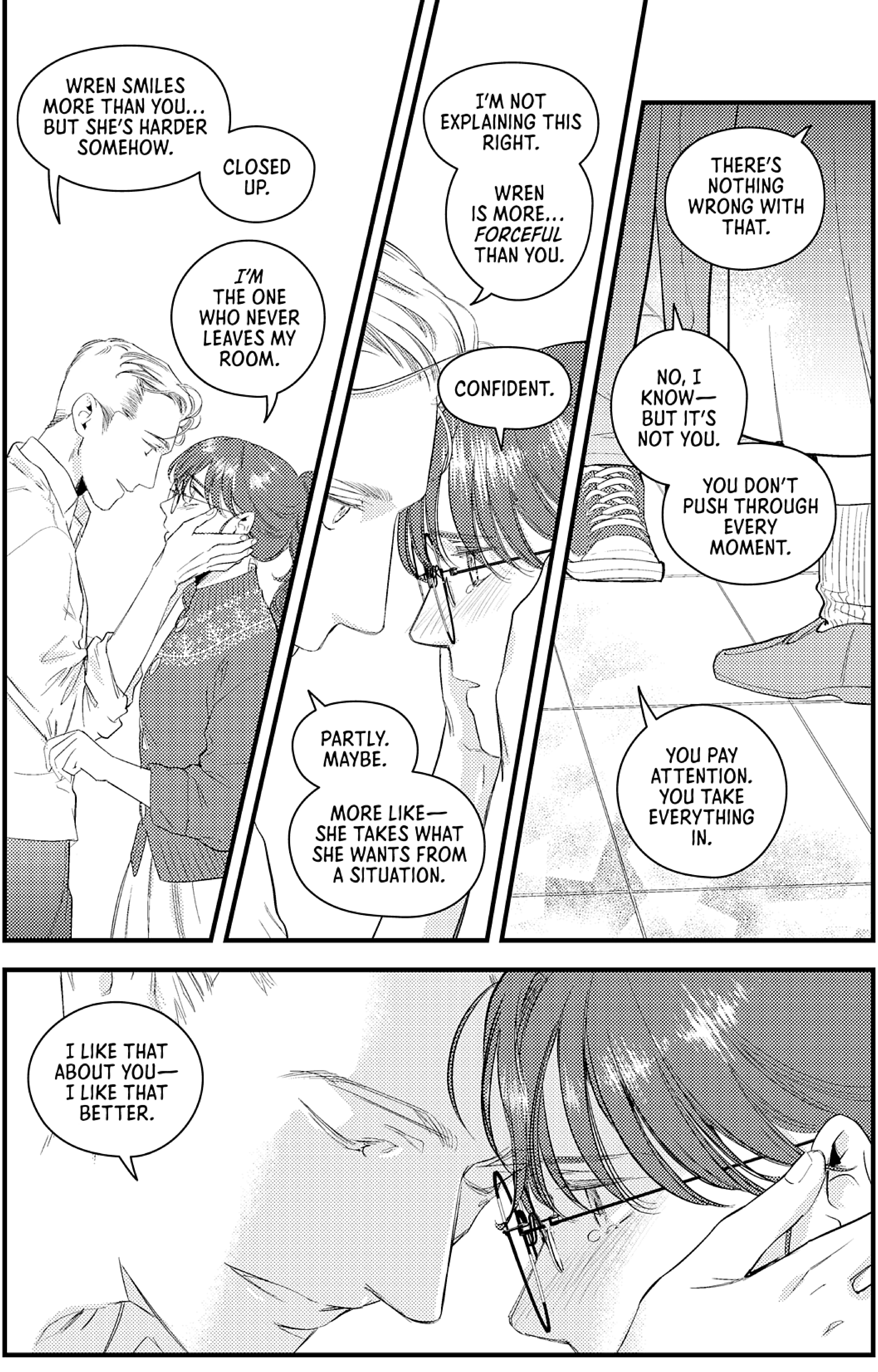

SO, *WHY* THEN?
DOES WREN REALLY NOT LIKE ME? DO I CRAMP YOUR TWIN-STYLE?
I CAN TELL THAT YOU DON'T WANT ME AROUND WHEN SHE'S THERE.
IT HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH YOU.
WHAT HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH ME?
IT'S JUST— REALLY, IT'S NOTHING.
IT'S WEIRD.
IT'D BE DIFFERENT IF YOU'D GROWN UP WITH US, OR IF YOU'D MET US BOTH AT THE SAME TIME...
PLIP
PLIP
PLIP
WHAT WOULD BE DIFFERENT?
THEN I WOULD KNOW THAT YOU HAD ENOUGH INFORMATION TO CHOOSE ME.

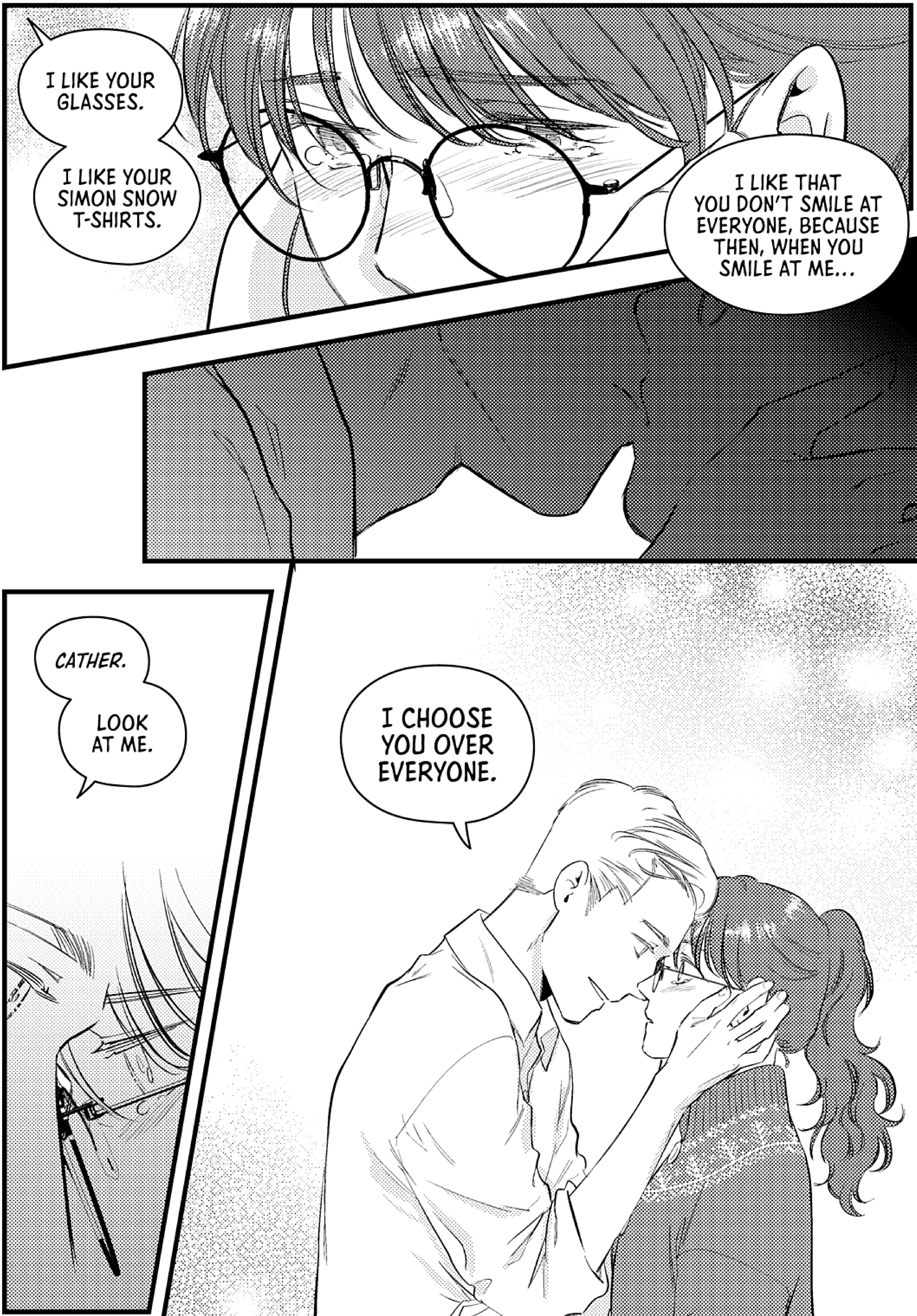

CATH—
GET BACK, YOU'RE GOING TO BURN YOURSELF.
SSSSSSSSS
OF COURSE I CHOSE YOU.
BUT YOU DIDN'T KNOW WREN.
CATH...
I KNOW YOU THINK SHE'S PRETTY.
YOU KNOW THAT BECAUSE I THINK *YOU'RE* PRETTY.
YOU SAID SHE WAS *HOT.*
WHEN??
WHEN YOU MET HER!

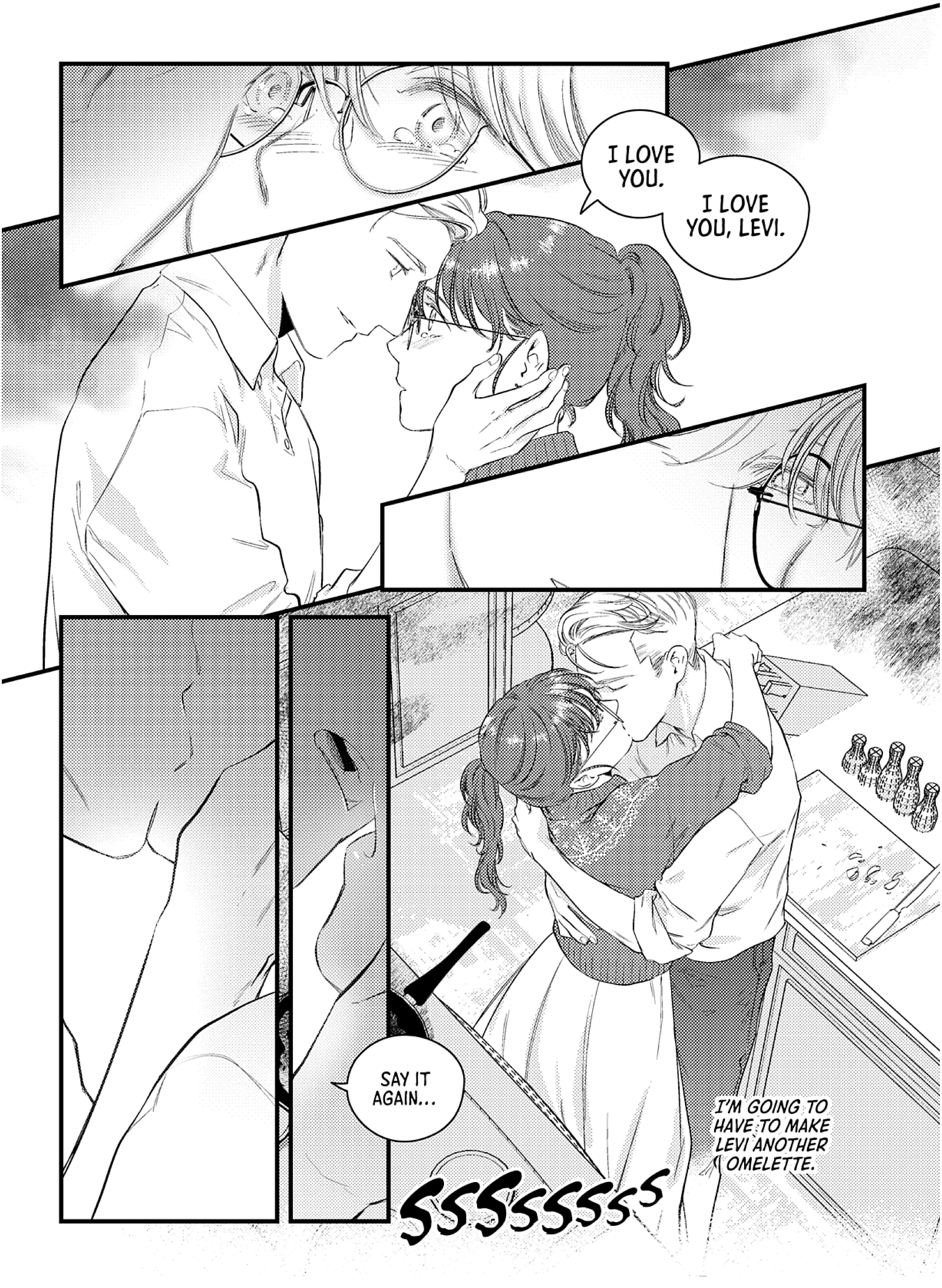

YOU CALLED HER SUPERMAN— AND ME CLARK KENT.
SNIFF
CATHER… I WAS TRYING TO GET *YOUR* ATTENTION.
I WAS TRYING TO SAY THAT *YOU* WERE HOT—WITHOUT ACTUALLY SAYING IT.
SNIFF
WELL, IT SUCKED.
I'M SORRY…
I *KNOW* THAT YOU LIKE ME—
YOU KNOW THAT I *LOVE* YOU.


BUT SHE'S A LOT LIKE ME!
SOME OF OUR BEST FRIENDS COULDN'T EVEN TELL US APART.
...
AND THEN, WHEN THEY COULD, IT WOULD BE BECAUSE WREN WAS THE *BETTER* ONE.
BECAUSE SHE TALKED MORE OR SMILED MORE— OR JUST FLAT-OUT LOOKED BETTER.
I CAN TELL YOU APART JUST FINE.
OH, SURE—
LONG HAIR, GLASSES.
CATH... COME ON.
LOOK AT ME.


I CAN TELL YOU APART.
BUT WE SOUND THE SAME.
WE KIND OF TALK THE SAME.
WE HAVE ALL THE SAME GESTURES...
TRUE... BUT IT'S ALMOST LIKE THAT MAKES YOUR DIFFERENCES MORE DRAMATIC.
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
IT MEANS, SOMETIMES YOUR SISTER WILL SAY SOMETHING, AND IT WILL SORT OF SHOCK ME TO HEAR HER SAYING IT WITH YOUR VOICE.
LIKE WHAT?
I CAN'T THINK OF ANYTHING SPECIFIC.
IT'S LIKE...


WREN SMILES MORE THAN YOU... BUT SHE'S HARDER SOMEHOW.
CLOSED UP.
I'M THE ONE WHO NEVER LEAVES MY ROOM.
I'M NOT EXPLAINING THIS RIGHT.
WREN IS MORE... *FORCEFUL* THAN YOU.
CONFIDENT.
PARTLY. MAYBE.
MORE LIKE— SHE TAKES WHAT SHE WANTS FROM A SITUATION.
THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH THAT.
NO, I KNOW— BUT IT'S NOT YOU.
YOU DON'T PUSH THROUGH EVERY MOMENT.
YOU PAY ATTENTION. YOU TAKE EVERYTHING IN.
I LIKE THAT ABOUT YOU— I LIKE THAT BETTER.

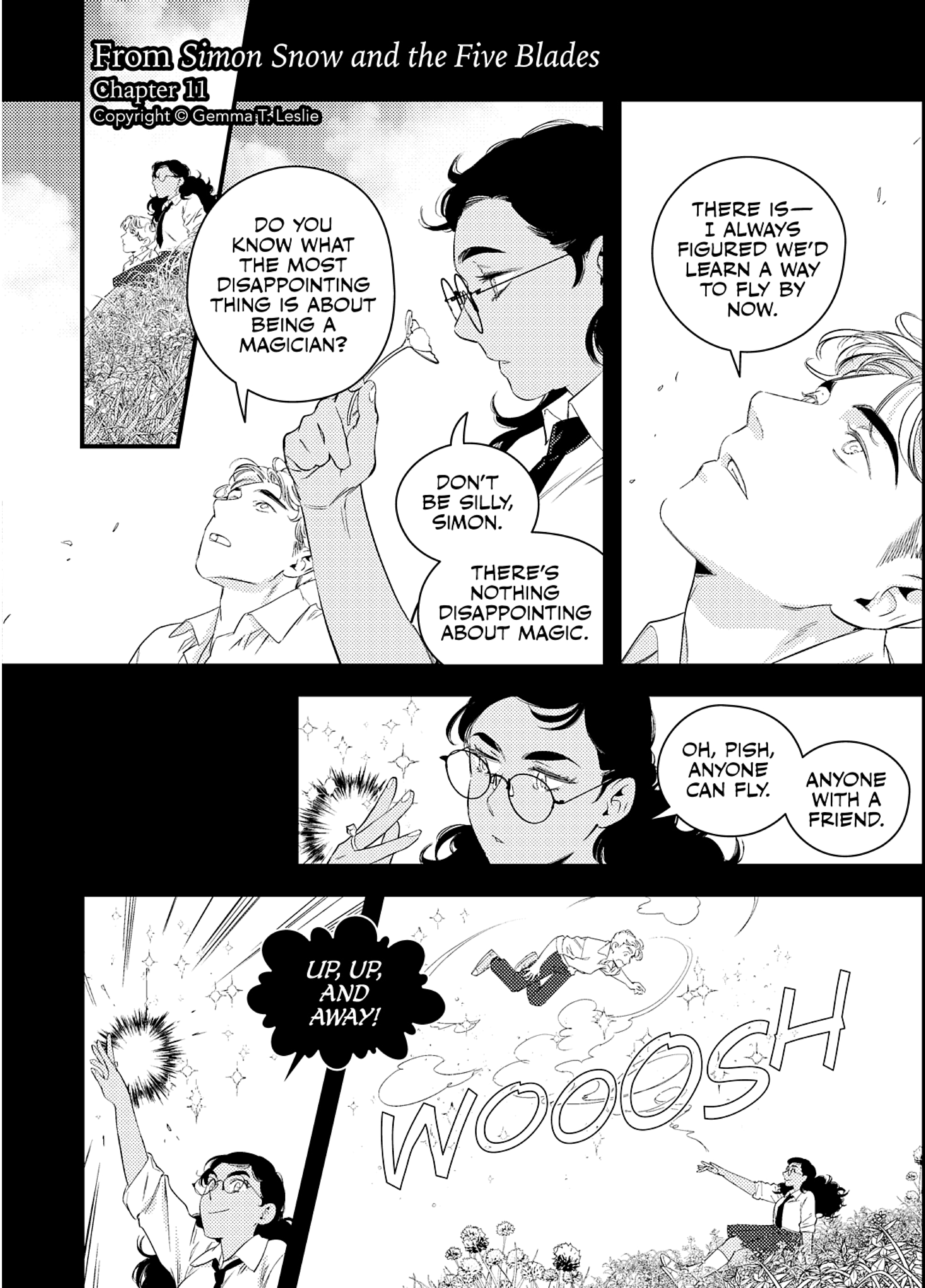

I LIKE YOUR GLASSES.
I LIKE YOUR SIMON SNOW T-SHIRTS.
I LIKE THAT YOU DON'T SMILE AT EVERYONE, BECAUSE THEN, WHEN YOU SMILE AT ME...
CATHER.
LOOK AT ME.
I CHOOSE YOU OVER EVERYONE.

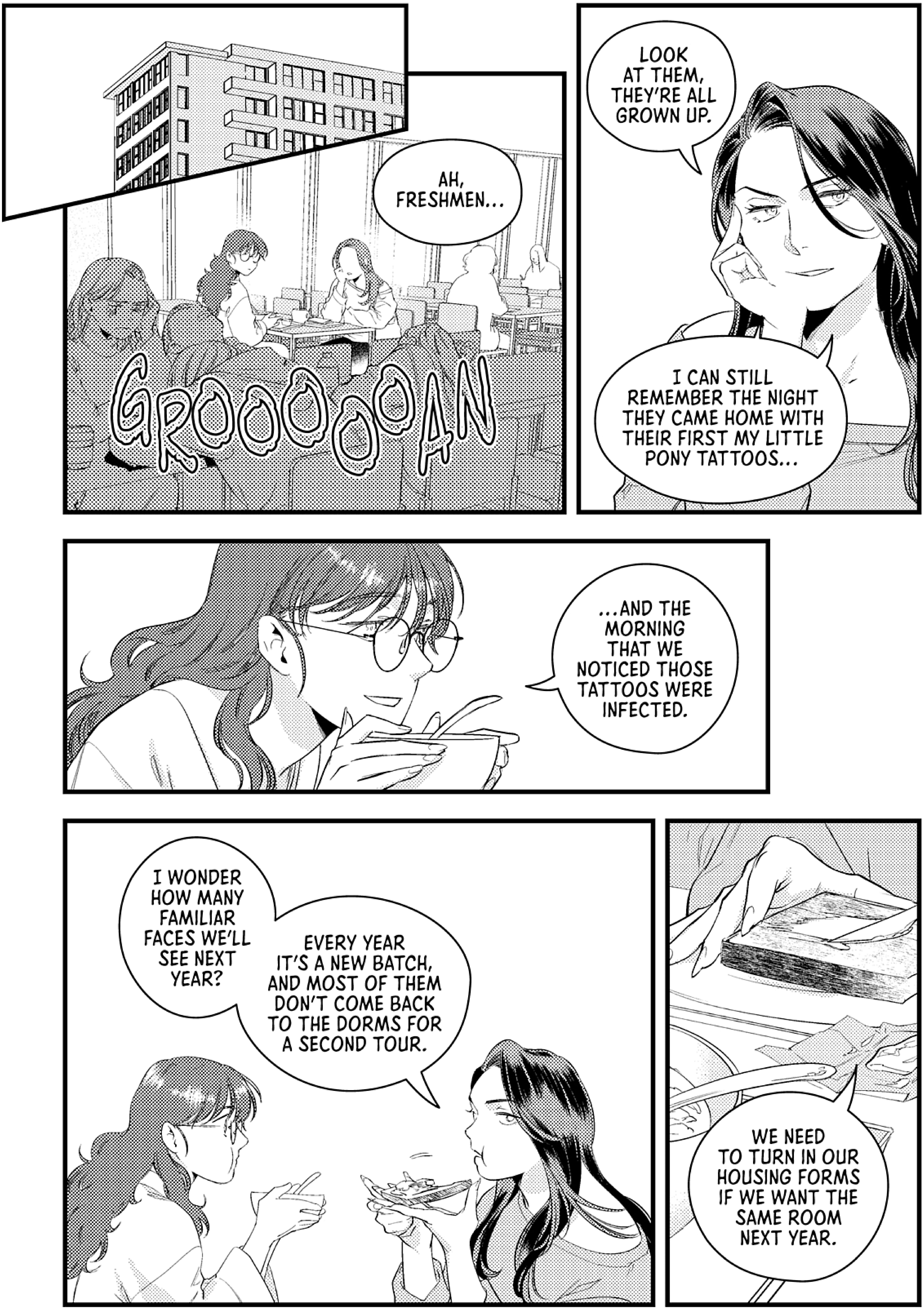

I LOVE YOU.
I LOVE YOU, LEVI.
SAY IT AGAIN...
I'M GOING TO HAVE TO MAKE LEVI ANOTHER OMELETTE.
SSSSSSSSS

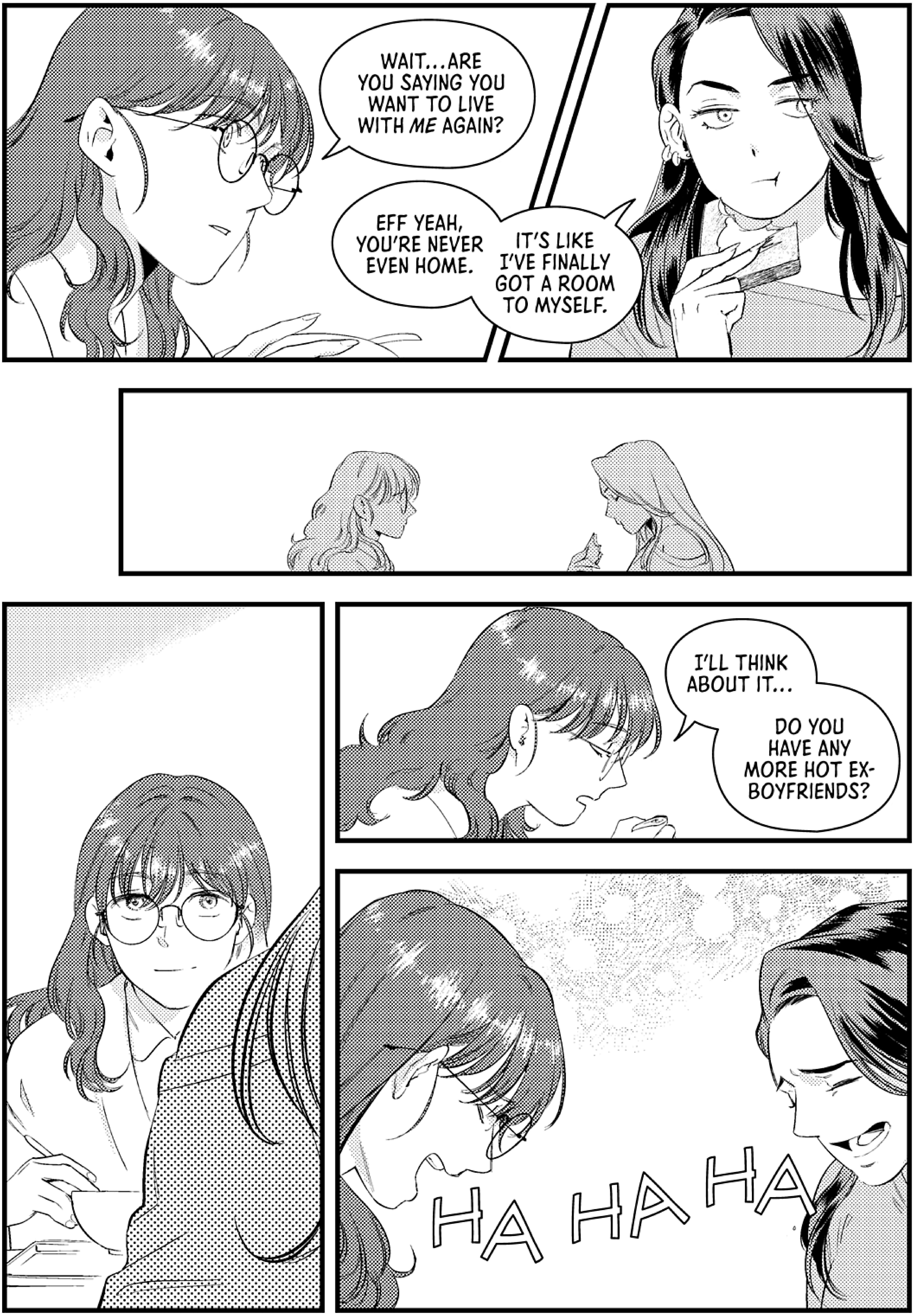
From *Simon Snow and the Five Blades*

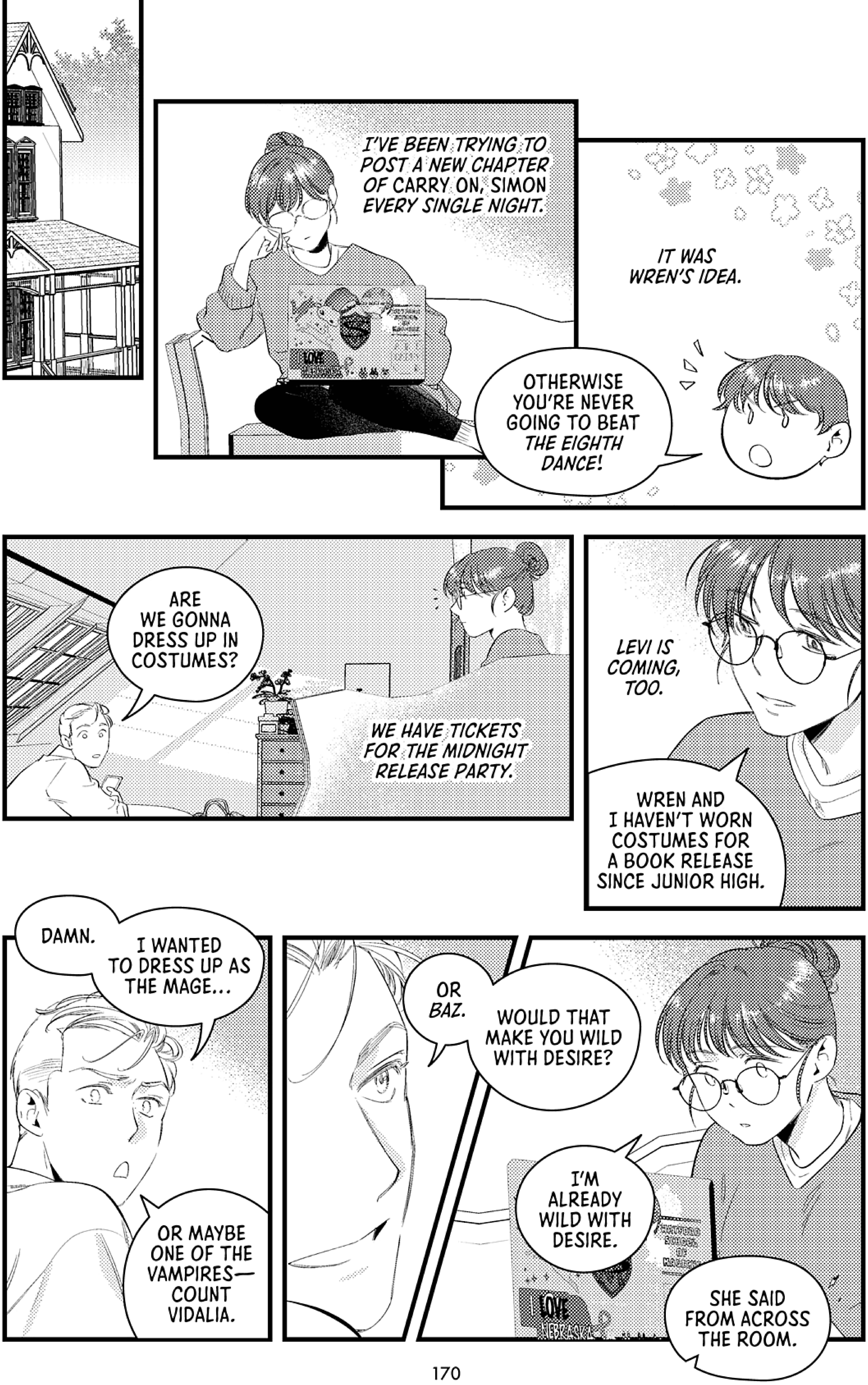
Chapter 11

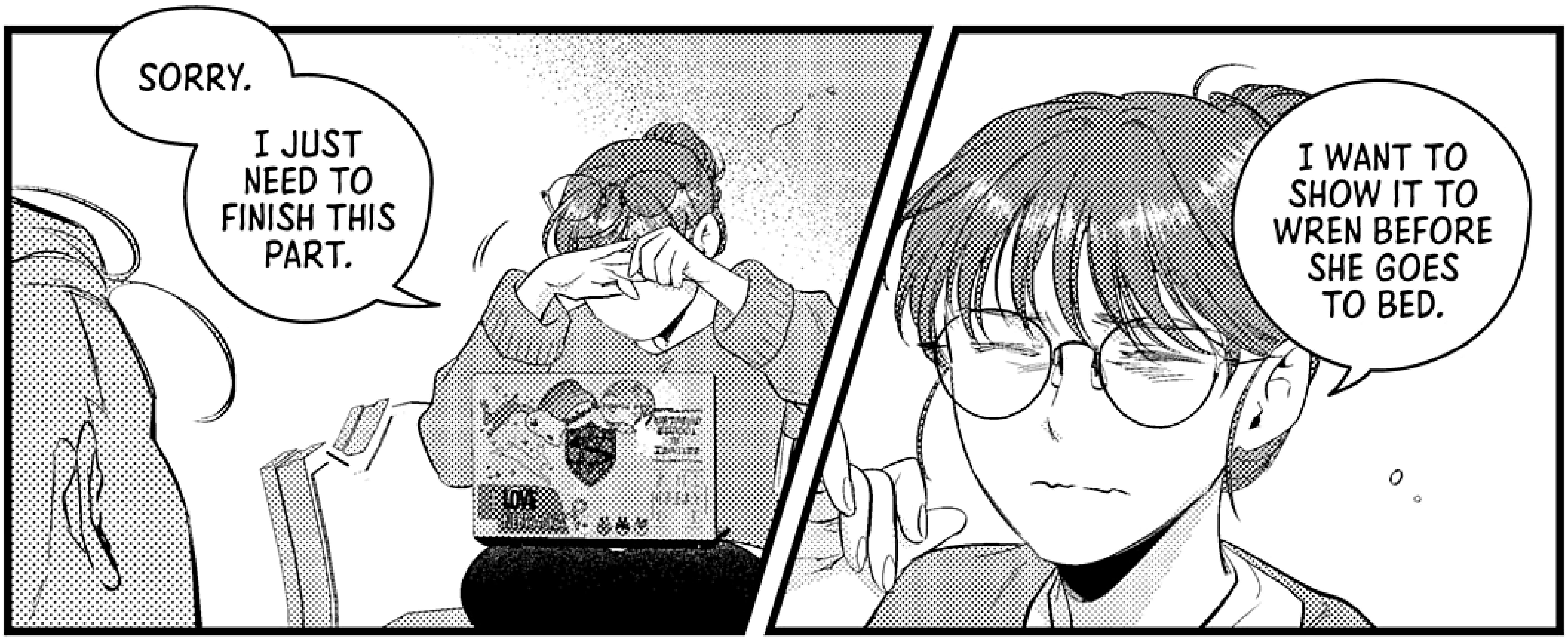
Copyright © Gemma T. Leslie

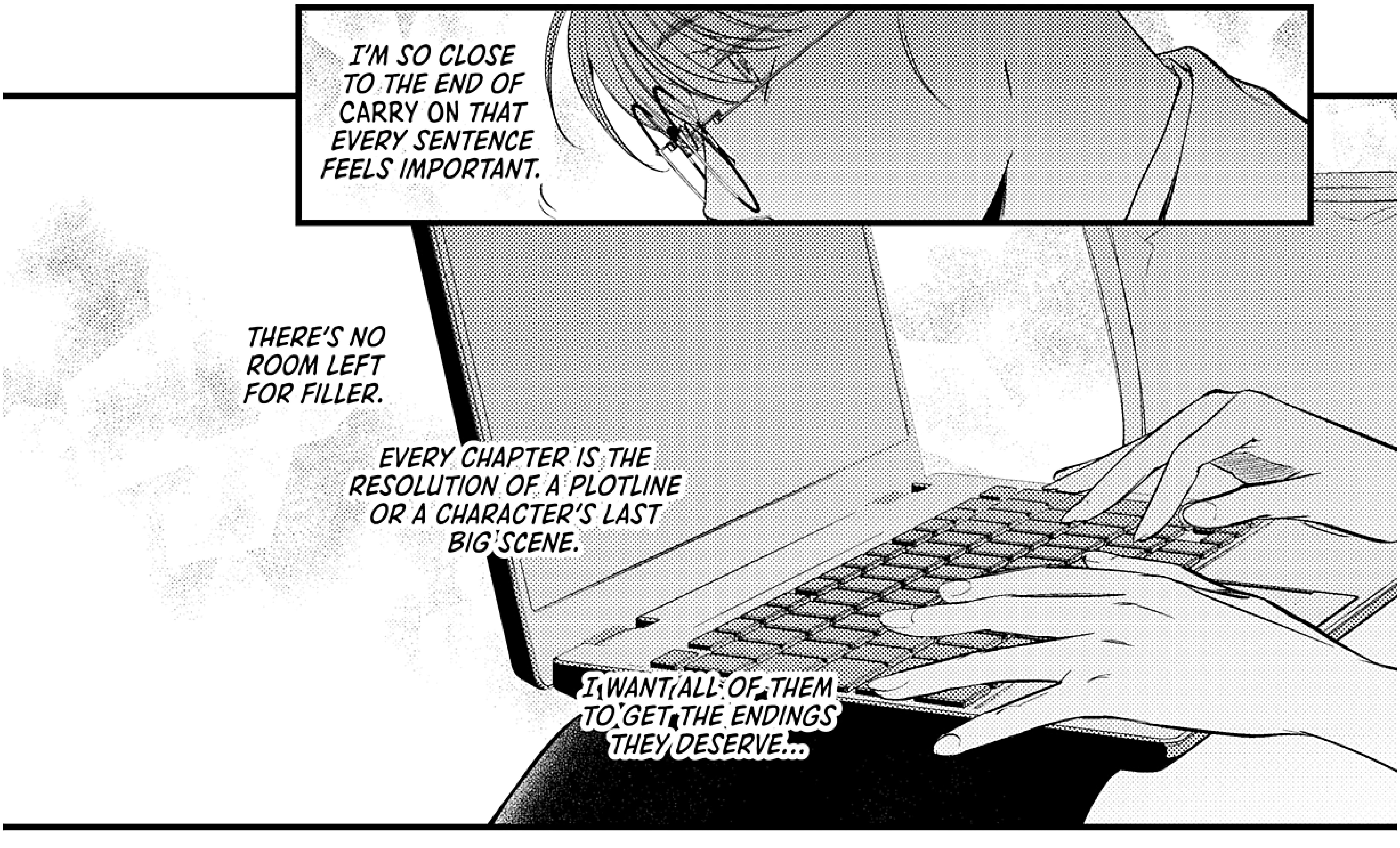

DO YOU KNOW WHAT THE MOST DISAPPOINTING THING IS ABOUT BEING A MAGICIAN?
DON'T BE SILLY, SIMON.
THERE'S NOTHING DISAPPOINTING ABOUT MAGIC.
THERE IS— I ALWAYS FIGURED WE'D LEARN A WAY TO FLY BY NOW.
OH, PISH, ANYONE CAN FLY.
ANYONE WITH A FRIEND.
UP, UP, AND AWAY!
WOOOSH

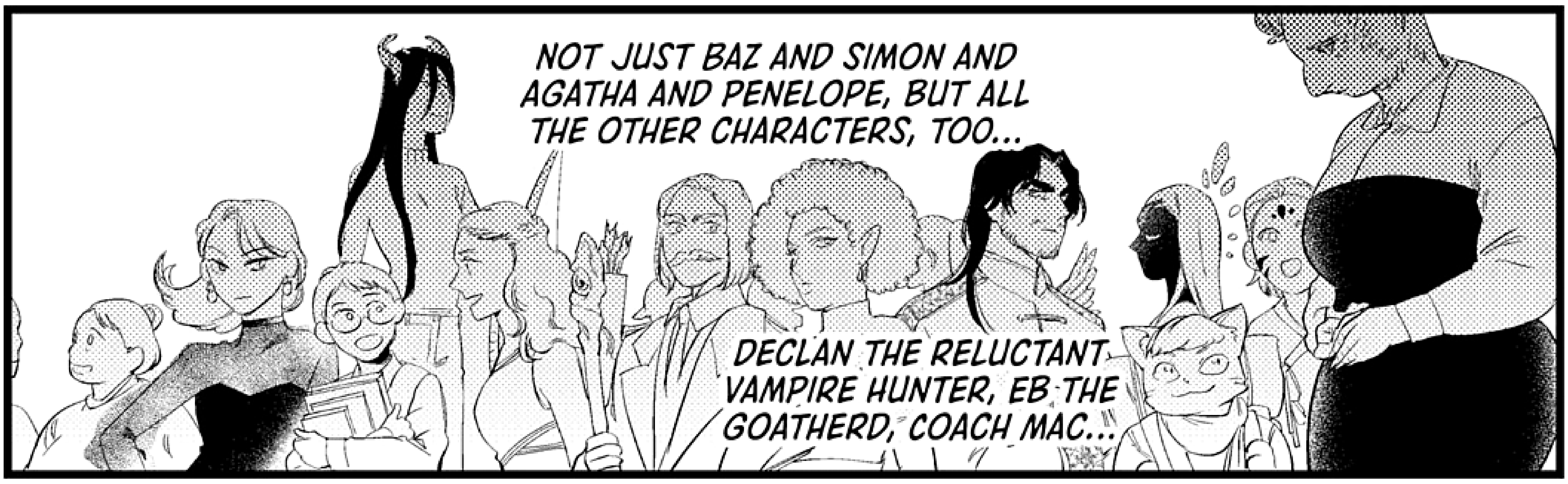

AH, FRESHMEN...
GROOOOOAN
LOOK AT THEM, THEY'RE ALL GROWN UP.
I CAN STILL REMEMBER THE NIGHT THEY CAME HOME WITH THEIR FIRST MY LITTLE PONY TATTOOS...
...AND THE MORNING THAT WE NOTICED THOSE TATTOOS WERE INFECTED.
I WONDER HOW MANY FAMILIAR FACES WE'LL SEE NEXT YEAR?
EVERY YEAR IT'S A NEW BATCH, AND MOST OF THEM DON'T COME BACK TO THE DORMS FOR A SECOND TOUR.
WE NEED TO TURN IN OUR HOUSING FORMS IF WE WANT THE SAME ROOM NEXT YEAR.

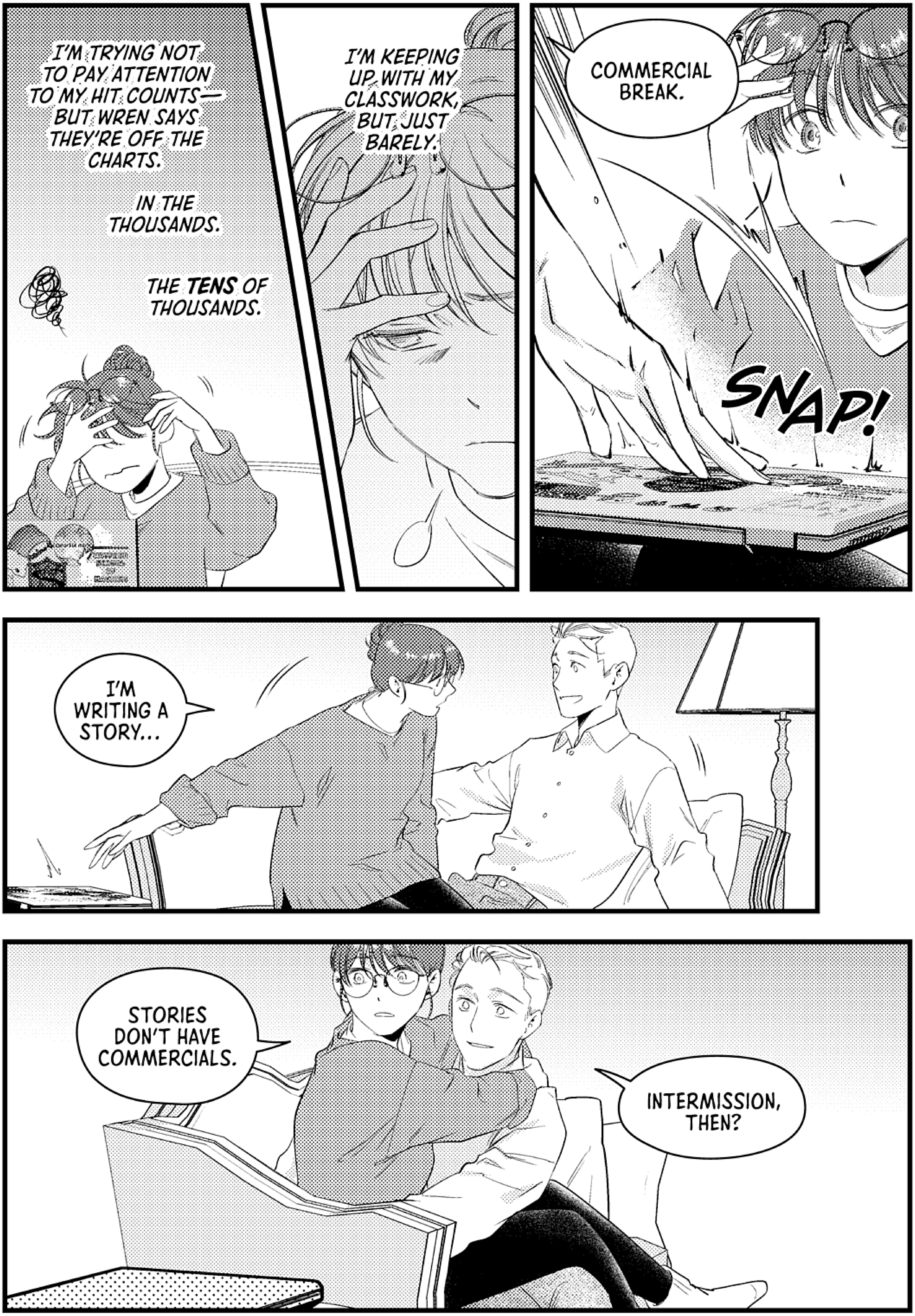

WAIT...ARE YOU SAYING YOU WANT TO LIVE WITH *ME* AGAIN?
EFF YEAH, YOU'RE NEVER EVEN HOME.
IT'S LIKE I'VE FINALLY GOT A ROOM TO MYSELF.
I'LL THINK ABOUT IT...
DO YOU HAVE ANY MORE HOT EX-BOYFRIENDS?
HA HA HA HA

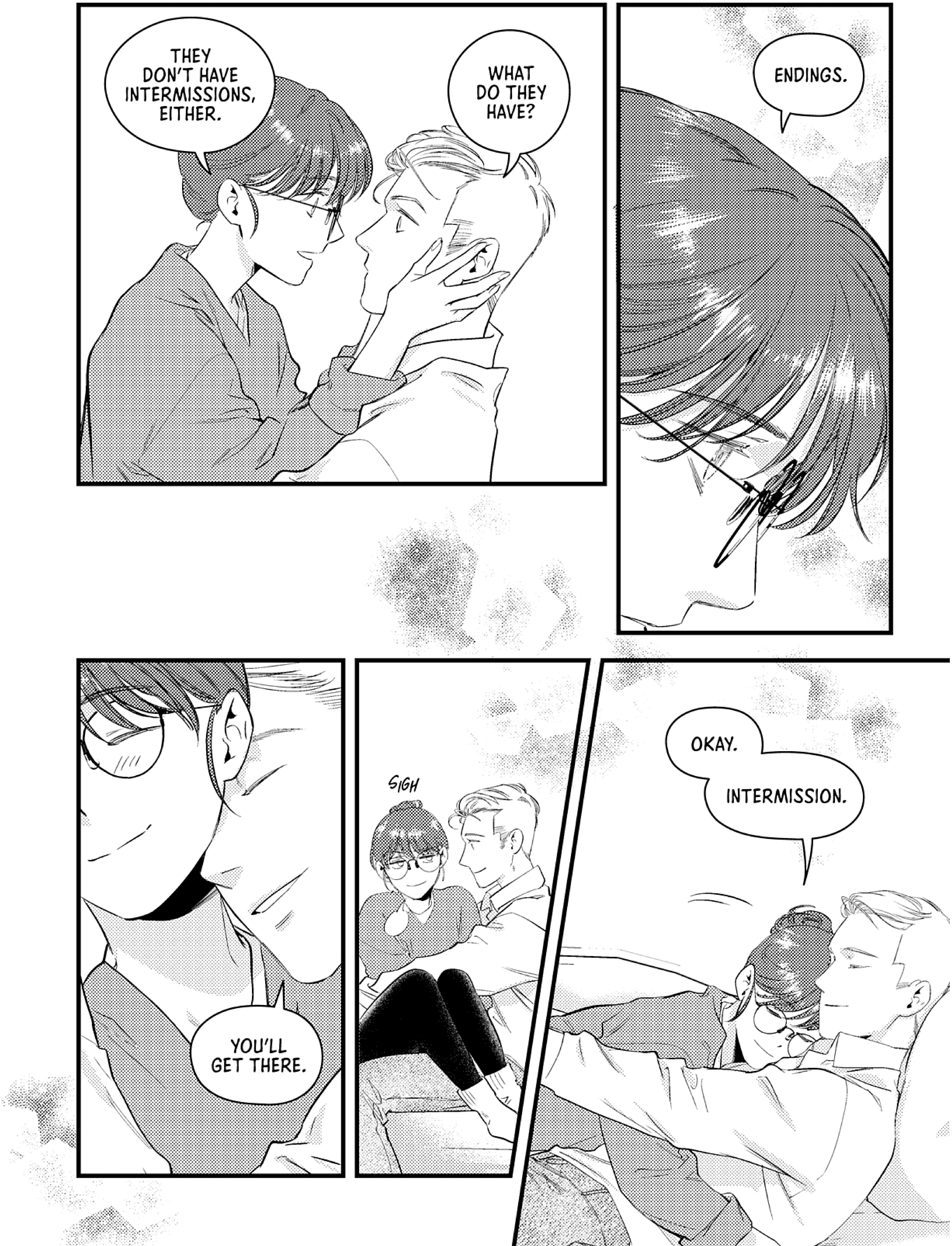

I'VE BEEN TRYING TO POST A NEW CHAPTER OF *CARRY ON, SIMON* EVERY SINGLE NIGHT.
IT WAS WREN'S IDEA.
OTHERWISE YOU'RE NEVER GOING TO BEAT *THE EIGHTH DANCE*!
WE HAVE TICKETS FOR THE MIDNIGHT RELEASE PARTY.
ARE WE GONNA DRESS UP IN COSTUMES?
LEVI IS COMING, TOO.
WREN AND I HAVEN'T WORN COSTUMES FOR A BOOK RELEASE SINCE JUNIOR HIGH.
DAMN.
I WANTED TO DRESS UP AS THE MAGE...
OR MAYBE ONE OF THE VAMPIRES—COUNT VIDALIA.
OR BAZ.
WOULD THAT MAKE YOU WILD WITH DESIRE?
I'M ALREADY WILD WITH DESIRE.
WATFORD SCHOOL OF MAGICK
I LOVE NEBRASKA
SHE SAID FROM ACROSS THE ROOM.

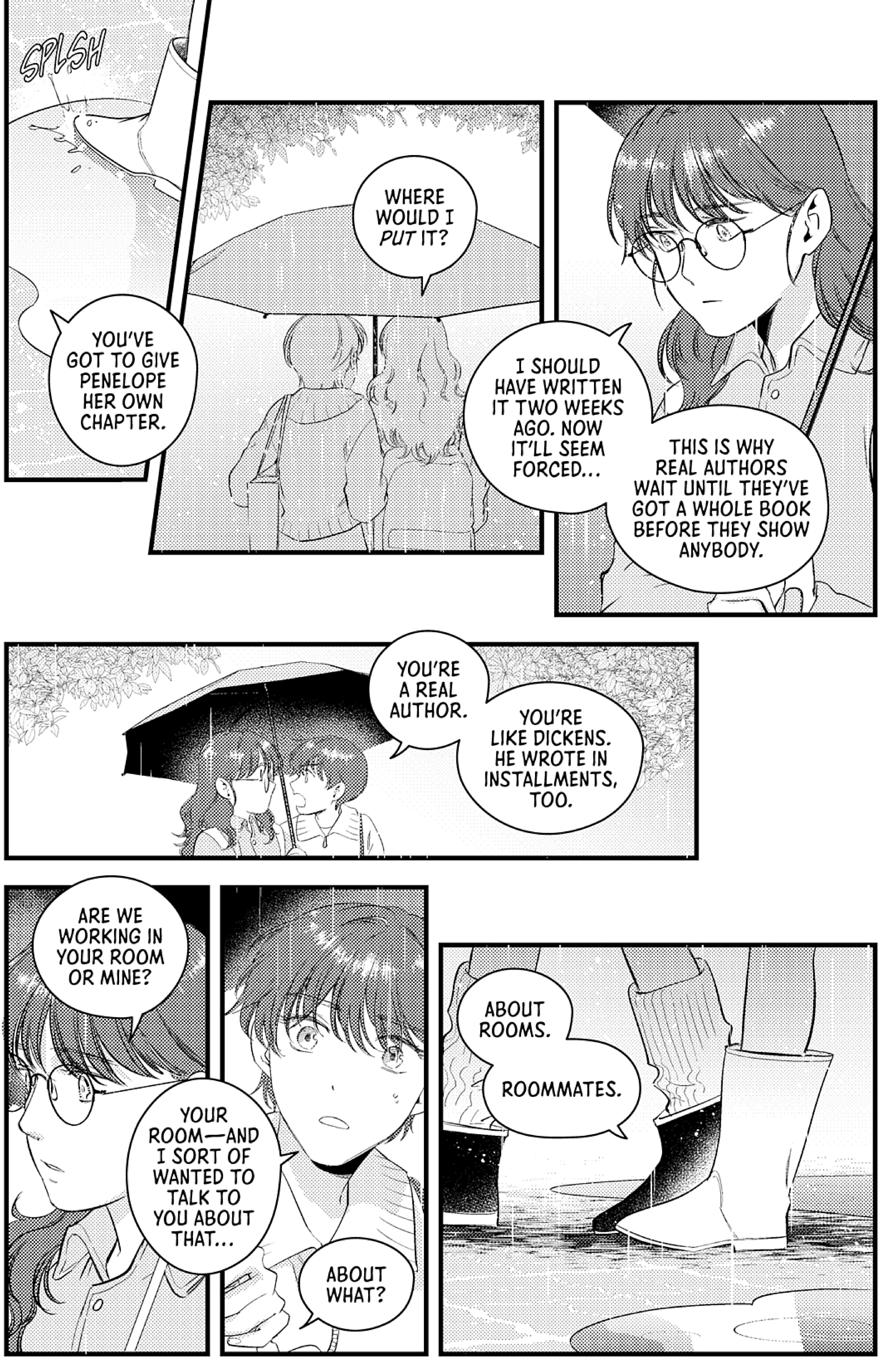

SORRY.
I JUST NEED TO FINISH THIS PART.
I WANT TO SHOW IT TO WREN BEFORE SHE GOES TO BED.

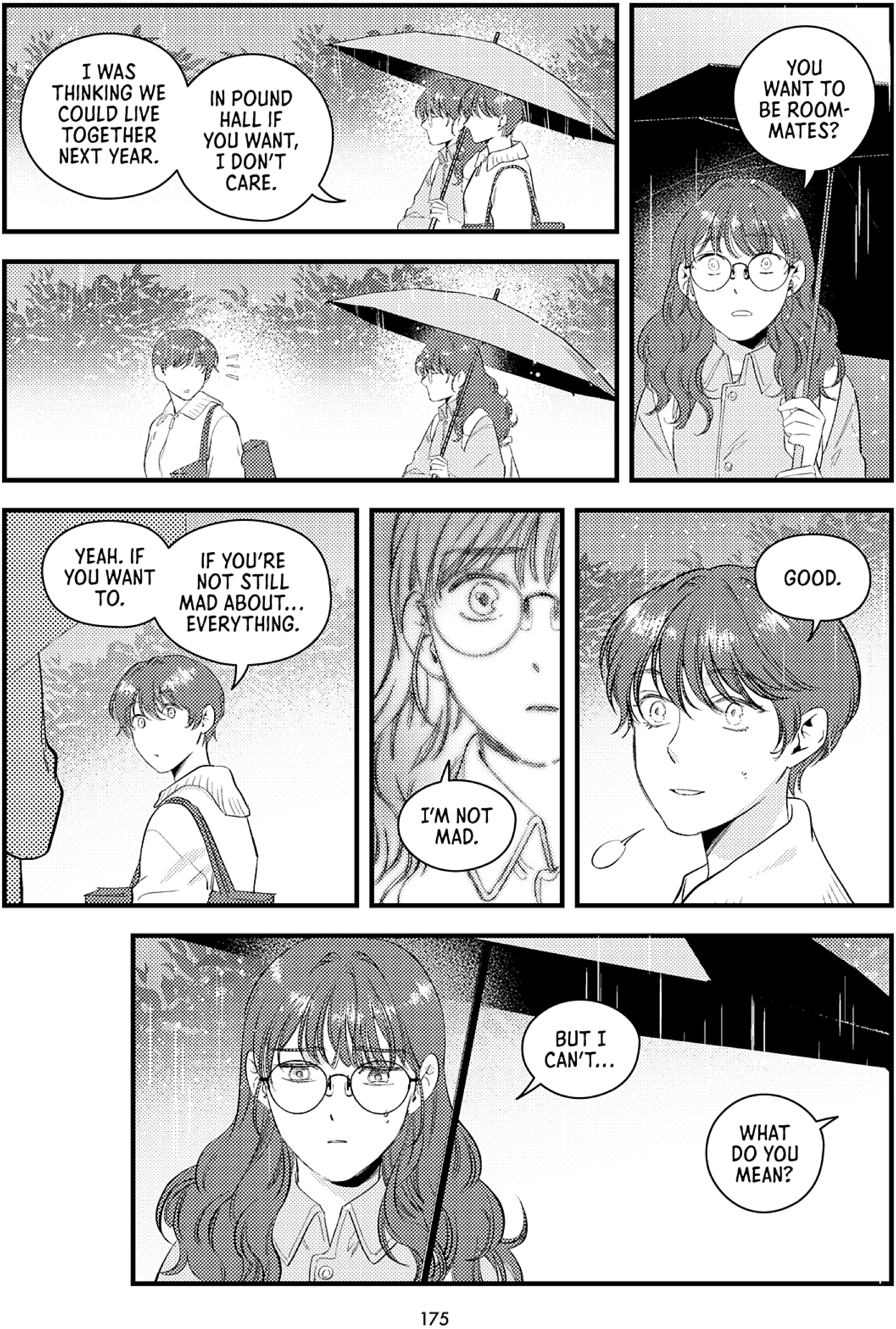

I'M SO CLOSE TO THE END OF *CARRY ON* THAT EVERY SENTENCE FEELS IMPORTANT.
THERE'S NO ROOM LEFT FOR FILLER.
EVERY CHAPTER IS THE RESOLUTION OF A PLOTLINE OR A CHARACTER'S LAST BIG SCENE.
I WANT ALL OF THEM TO GET THE ENDINGS THEY DESERVE...

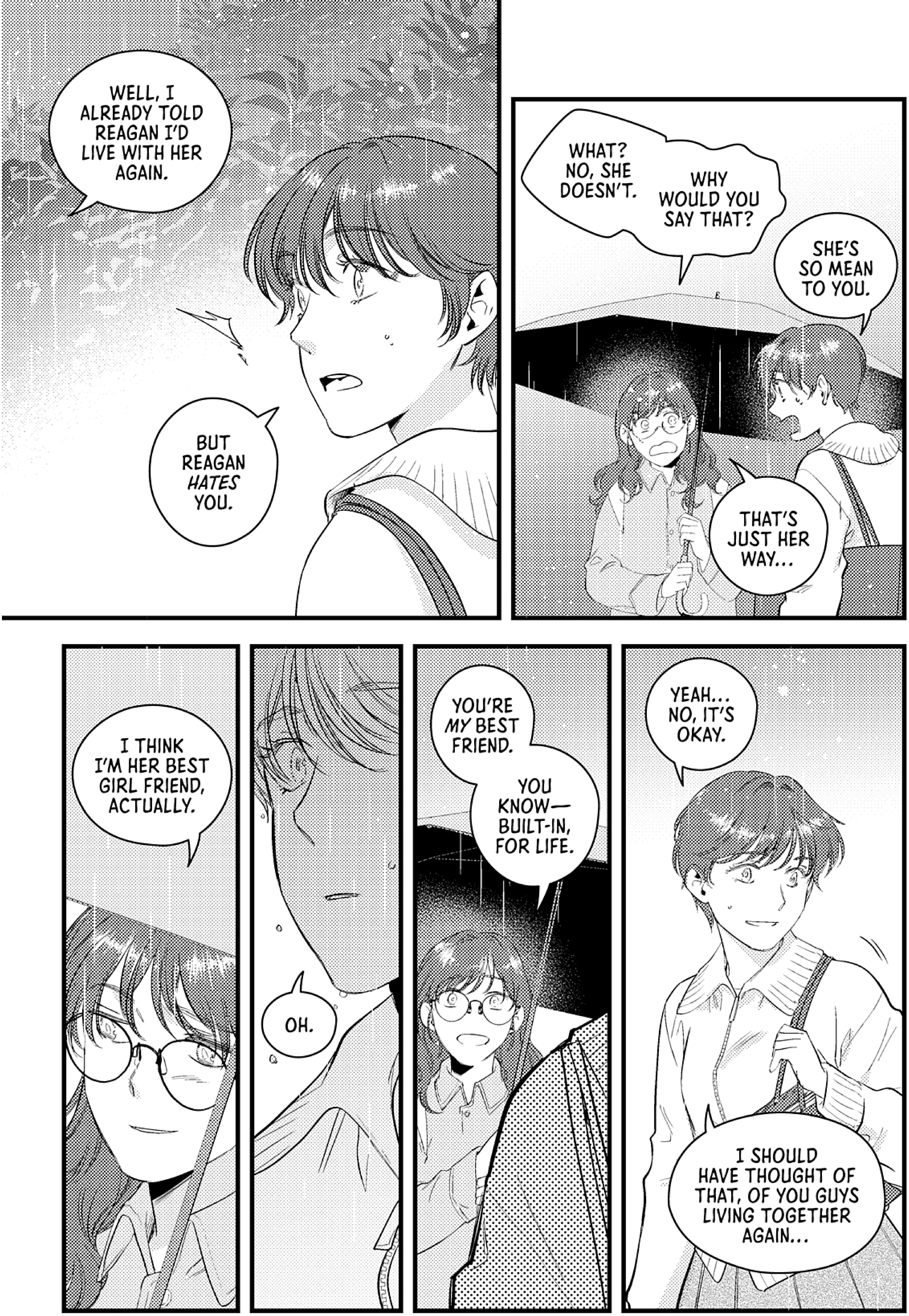

NOT JUST BAZ AND SIMON AND AGATHA AND PENELOPE, BUT ALL THE OTHER CHARACTERS, TOO...
DECLAN THE RELUCTANT VAMPIRE HUNTER, EB THE GOATHERD, COACH MAC...

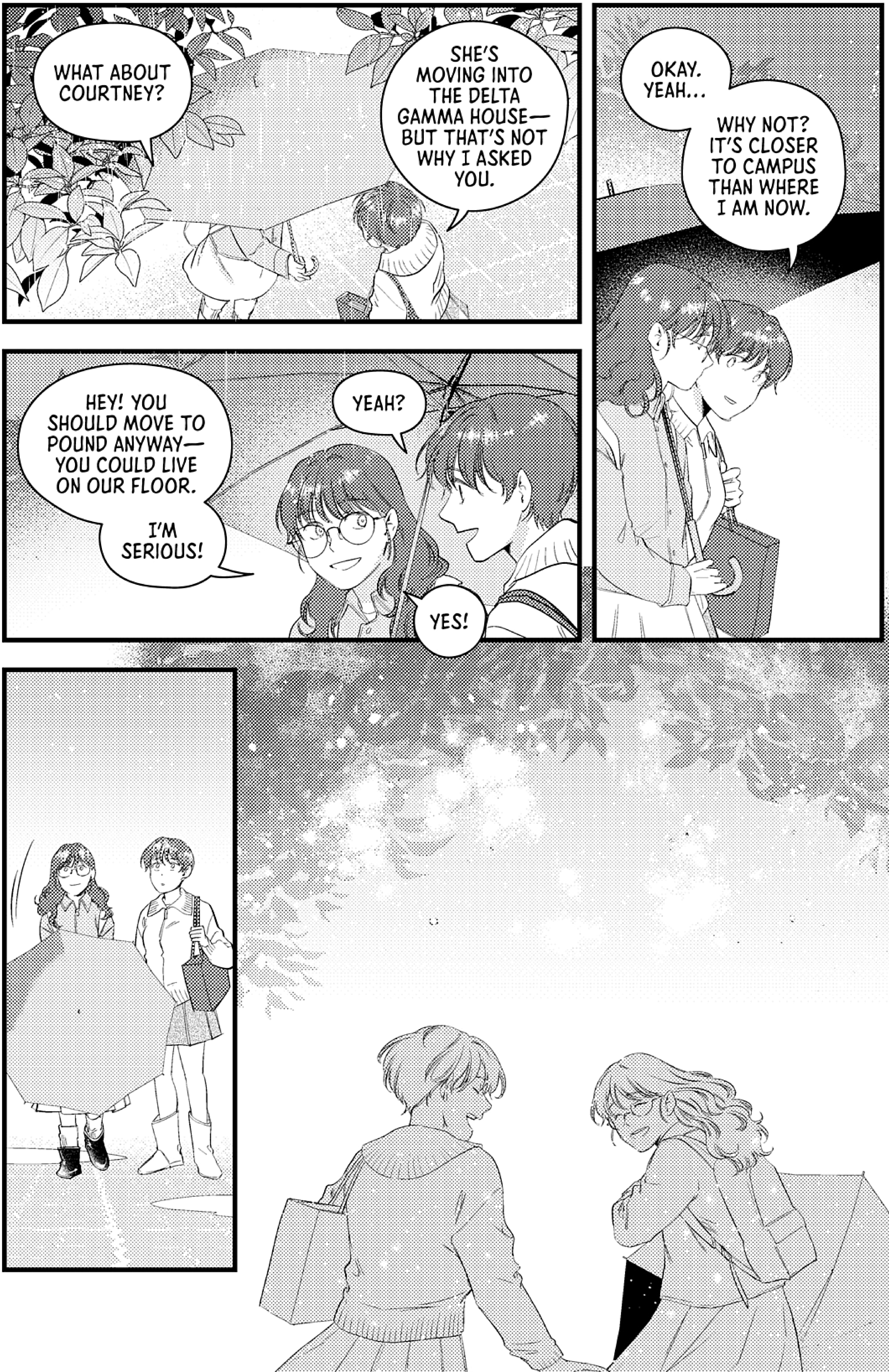

I'M TRYING NOT TO PAY ATTENTION TO MY HIT COUNTS— BUT WREN SAYS THEY'RE OFF THE CHARTS.
IN THE THOUSANDS.
THE **TENS** OF THOUSANDS.
I'M KEEPING UP WITH MY CLASSWORK, BUT JUST BARELY.
COMMERCIAL BREAK.
SNAP!
I'M WRITING A STORY...
STORIES DON'T HAVE COMMERCIALS.
INTERMISSION, THEN?


THEY DON'T HAVE INTERMISSIONS, EITHER.
WHAT DO THEY HAVE?
ENDINGS.
YOU'LL GET THERE.
SIGH
OKAY.
INTERMISSION.


SPLSH
YOU'VE GOT TO GIVE PENELOPE HER OWN CHAPTER.
WHERE WOULD I *PUT* IT?
I SHOULD HAVE WRITTEN IT TWO WEEKS AGO. NOW IT'LL SEEM FORCED...
THIS IS WHY REAL AUTHORS WAIT UNTIL THEY'VE GOT A WHOLE BOOK BEFORE THEY SHOW ANYBODY.
YOU'RE A REAL AUTHOR.
YOU'RE LIKE DICKENS. HE WROTE IN INSTALLMENTS, TOO.
ARE WE WORKING IN YOUR ROOM OR MINE?
YOUR ROOM—AND I SORT OF WANTED TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT THAT...
ABOUT WHAT?
ABOUT ROOMS.
ROOMMATES.


I WAS THINKING WE COULD LIVE TOGETHER NEXT YEAR.
IN POUND HALL IF YOU WANT, I DON'T CARE.
YOU WANT TO BE ROOM-MATES?
YEAH. IF YOU WANT TO.
IF YOU'RE NOT STILL MAD ABOUT… EVERYTHING.
I'M NOT MAD.
GOOD.
BUT I CAN'T…
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

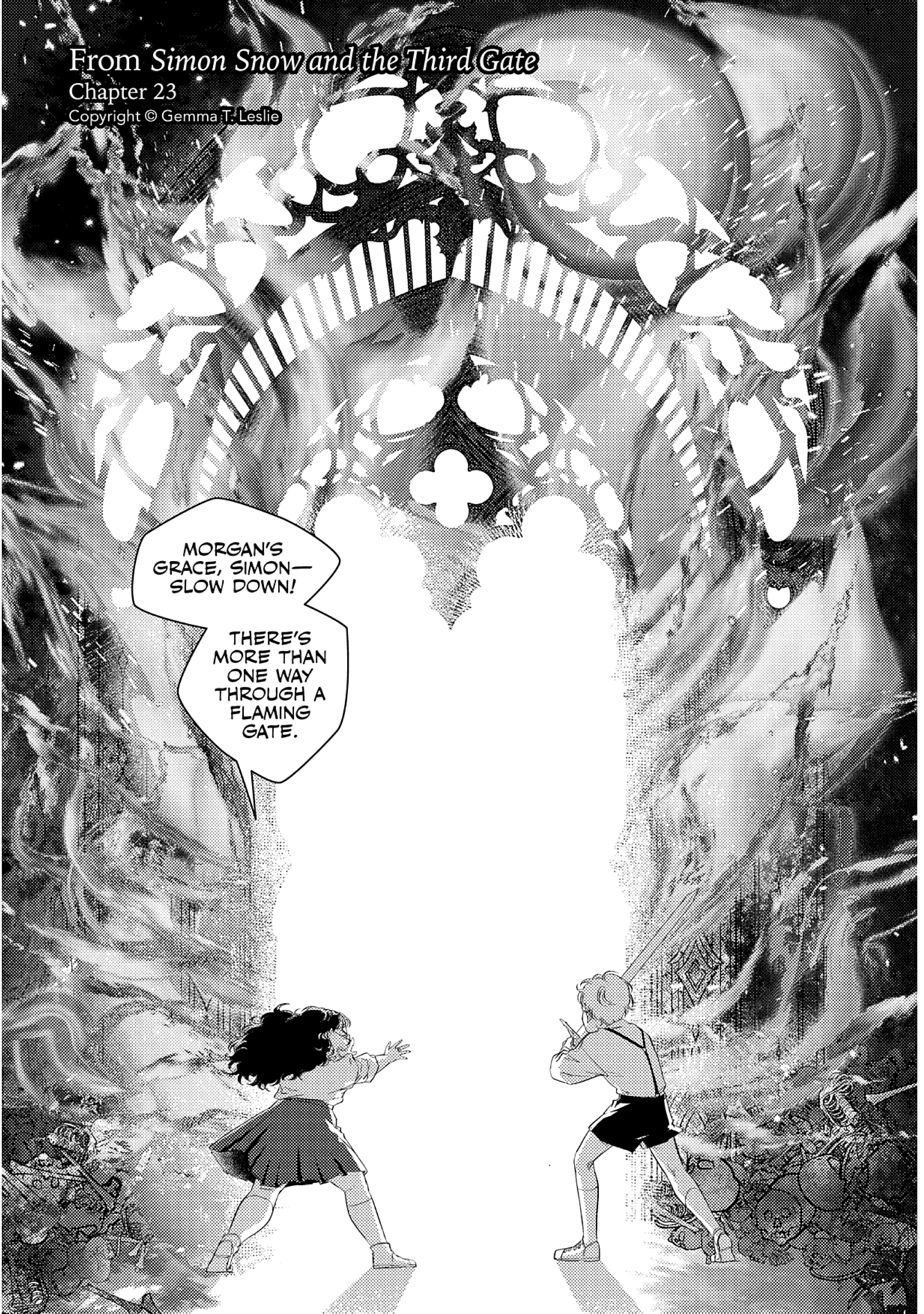

WELL, I ALREADY TOLD REAGAN I'D LIVE WITH HER AGAIN.
BUT REAGAN *HATES* YOU.
WHAT? NO, SHE DOESN'T.
WHY WOULD YOU SAY THAT?
SHE'S SO MEAN TO YOU.
THAT'S JUST HER WAY...
I THINK I'M HER BEST GIRL FRIEND, ACTUALLY.
OH.
YOU'RE *MY* BEST FRIEND.
YOU KNOW— BUILT-IN, FOR LIFE.
YEAH... NO, IT'S OKAY.
I SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT OF THAT, OF YOU GUYS LIVING TOGETHER AGAIN...

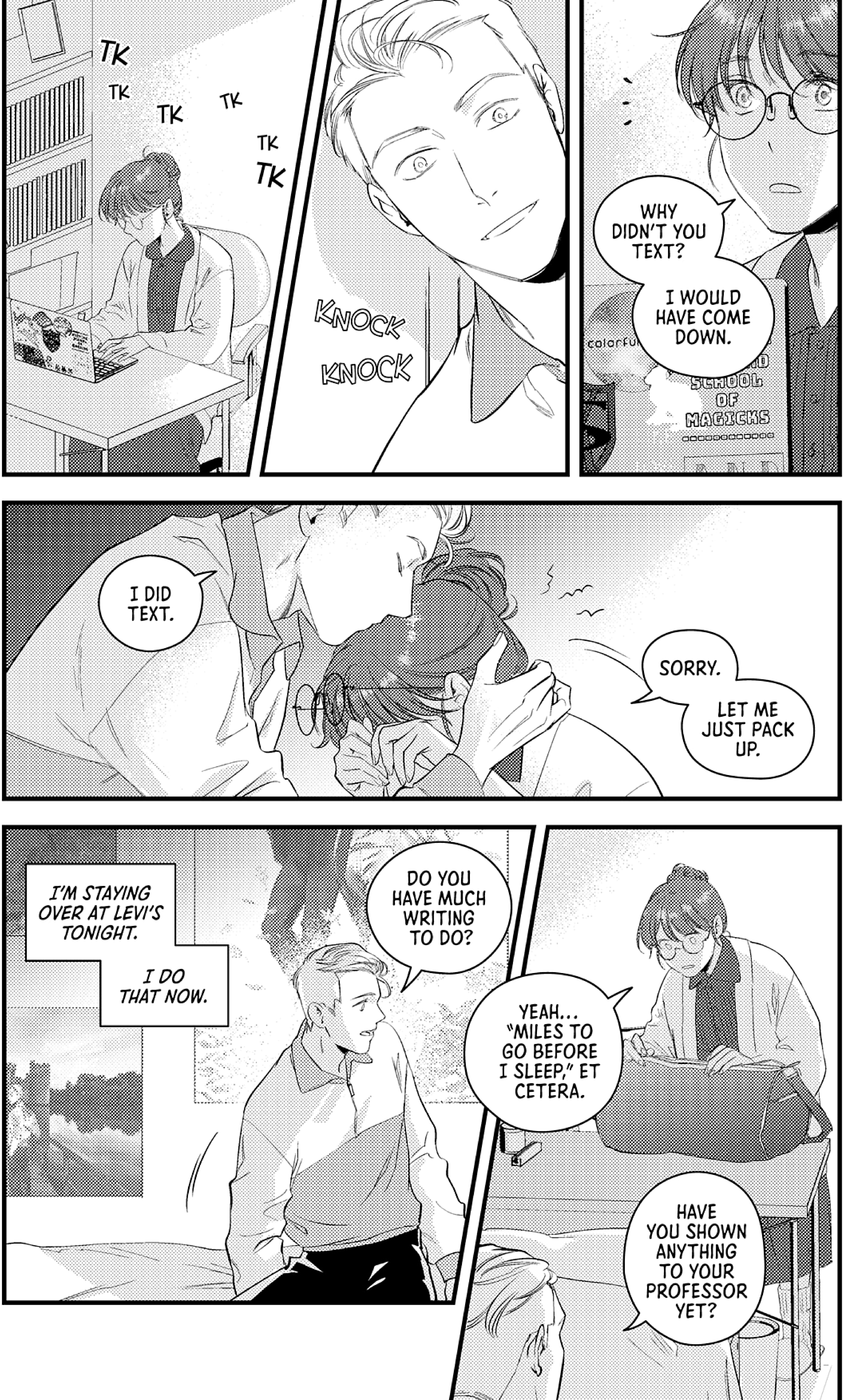

WHAT ABOUT COURTNEY?
SHE'S MOVING INTO THE DELTA GAMMA HOUSE— BUT THAT'S NOT WHY I ASKED YOU.
HEY! YOU SHOULD MOVE TO POUND ANYWAY— YOU COULD LIVE ON OUR FLOOR.
I'M SERIOUS!
YEAH?
YES!
OKAY. YEAH...
WHY NOT? IT'S CLOSER TO CAMPUS THAN WHERE I AM NOW.

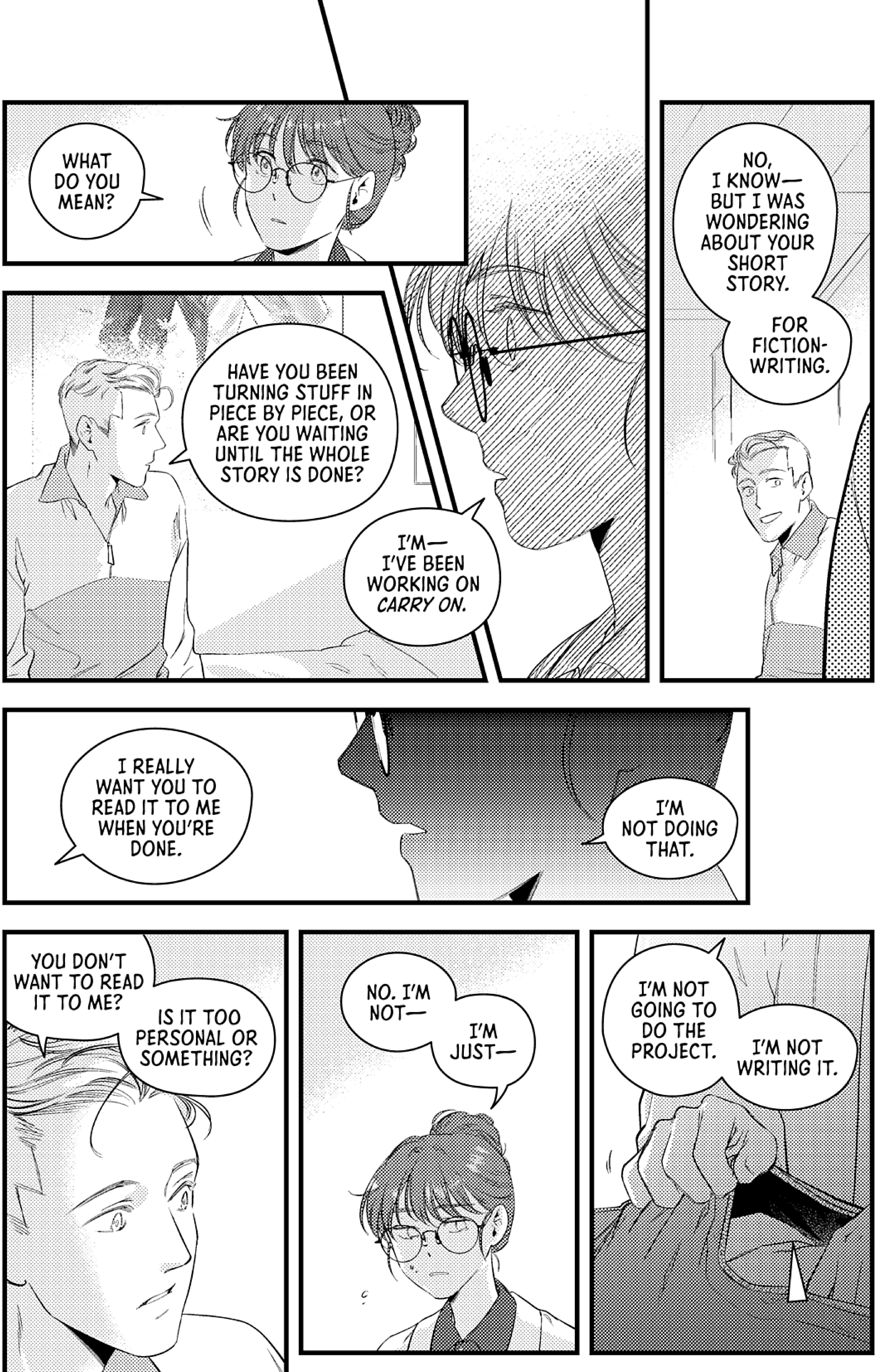
From *Simon Snow and the Third Gate*

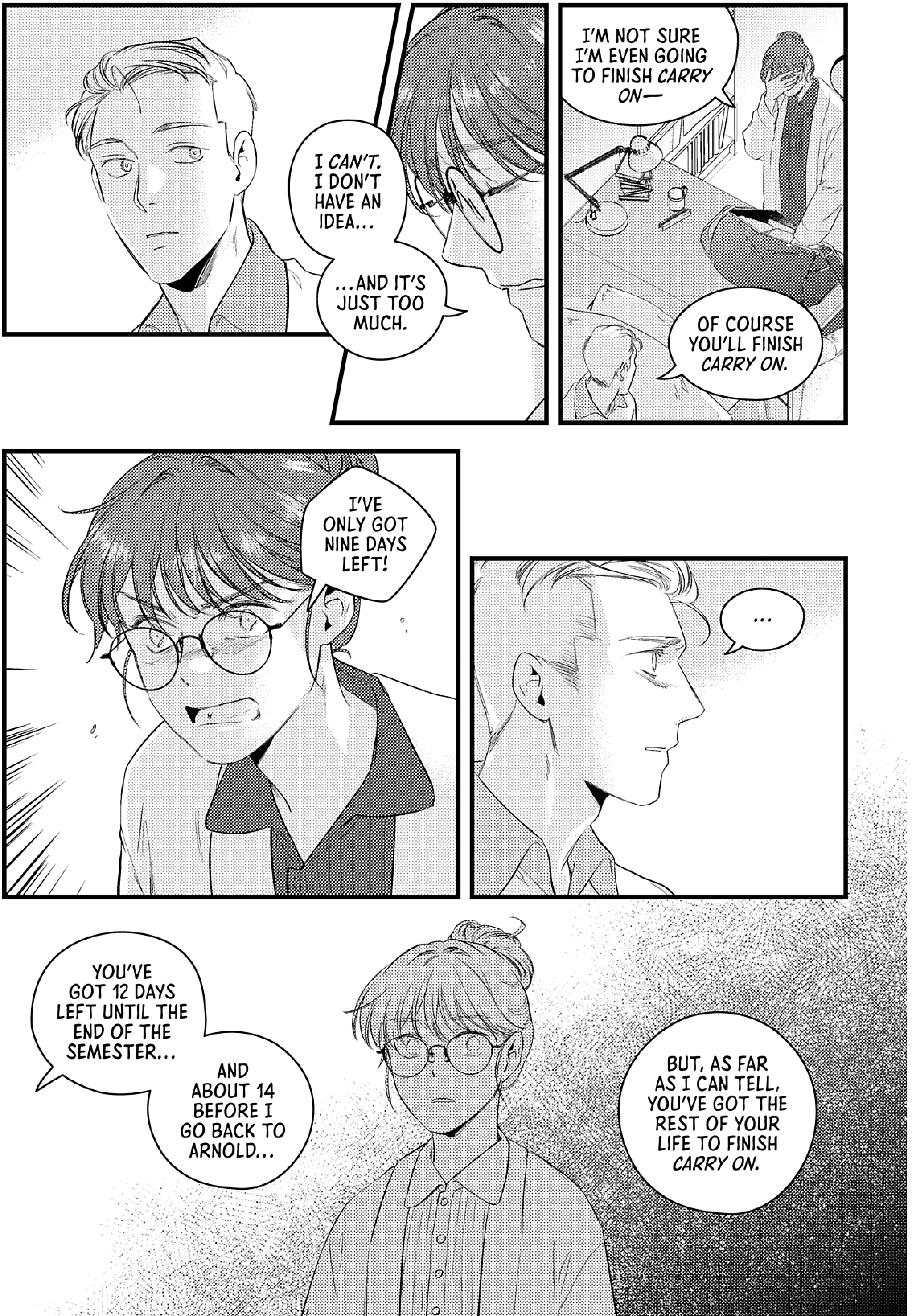
Chapter 23

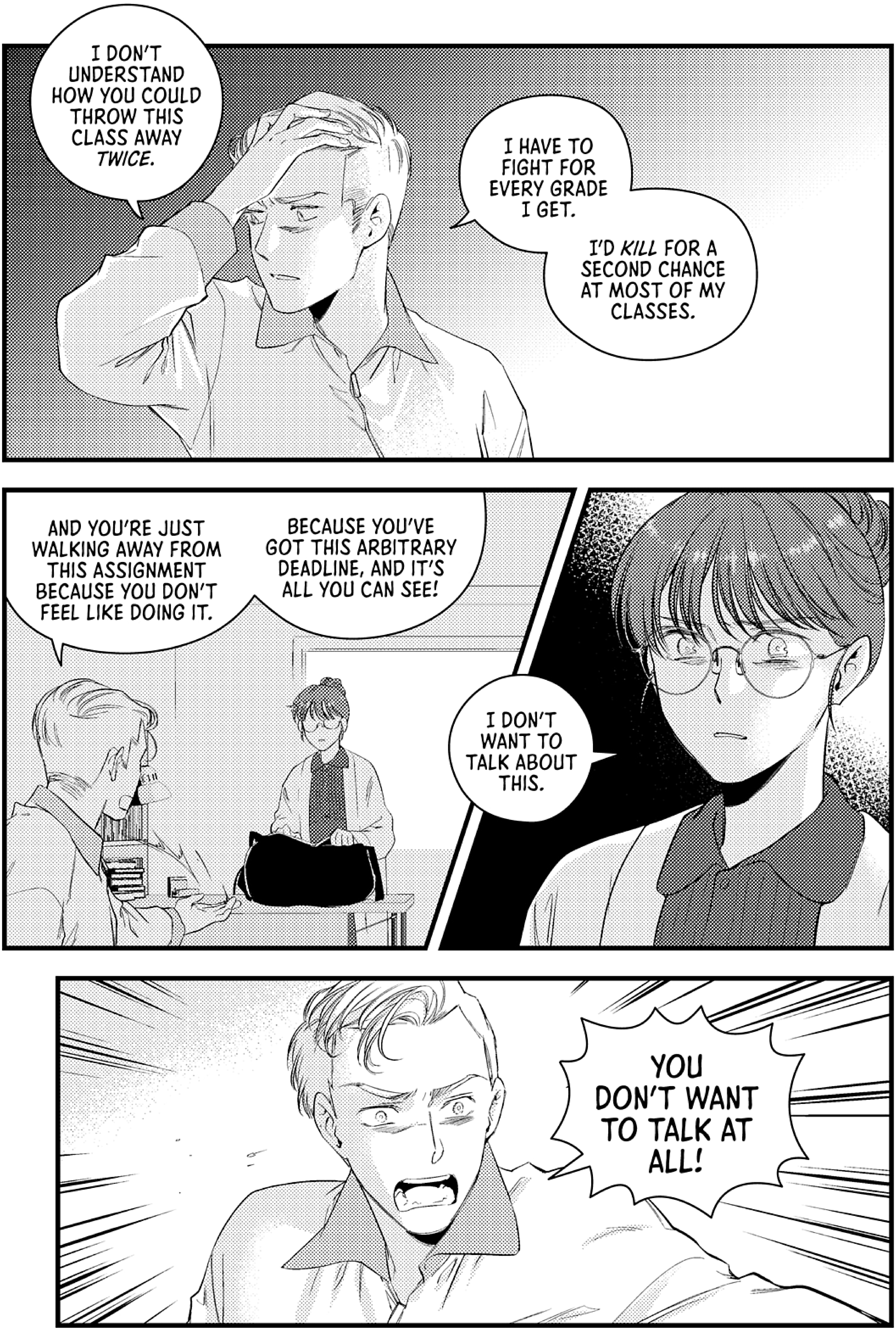
Copyright © Gemma T. Leslie

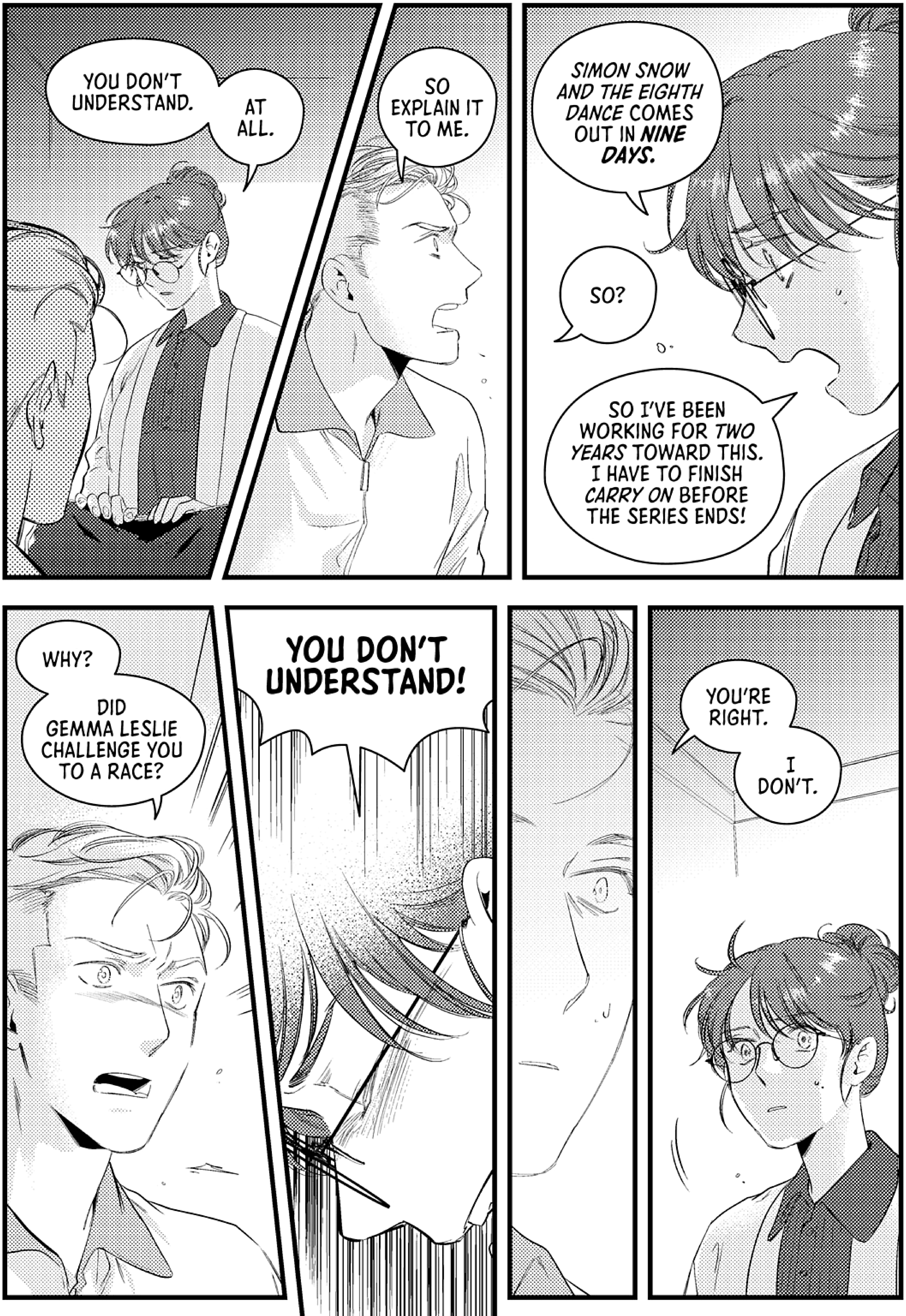

MORGAN'S GRACE, SIMON—SLOW DOWN!
THERE'S MORE THAN ONE WAY THROUGH A FLAMING GATE.

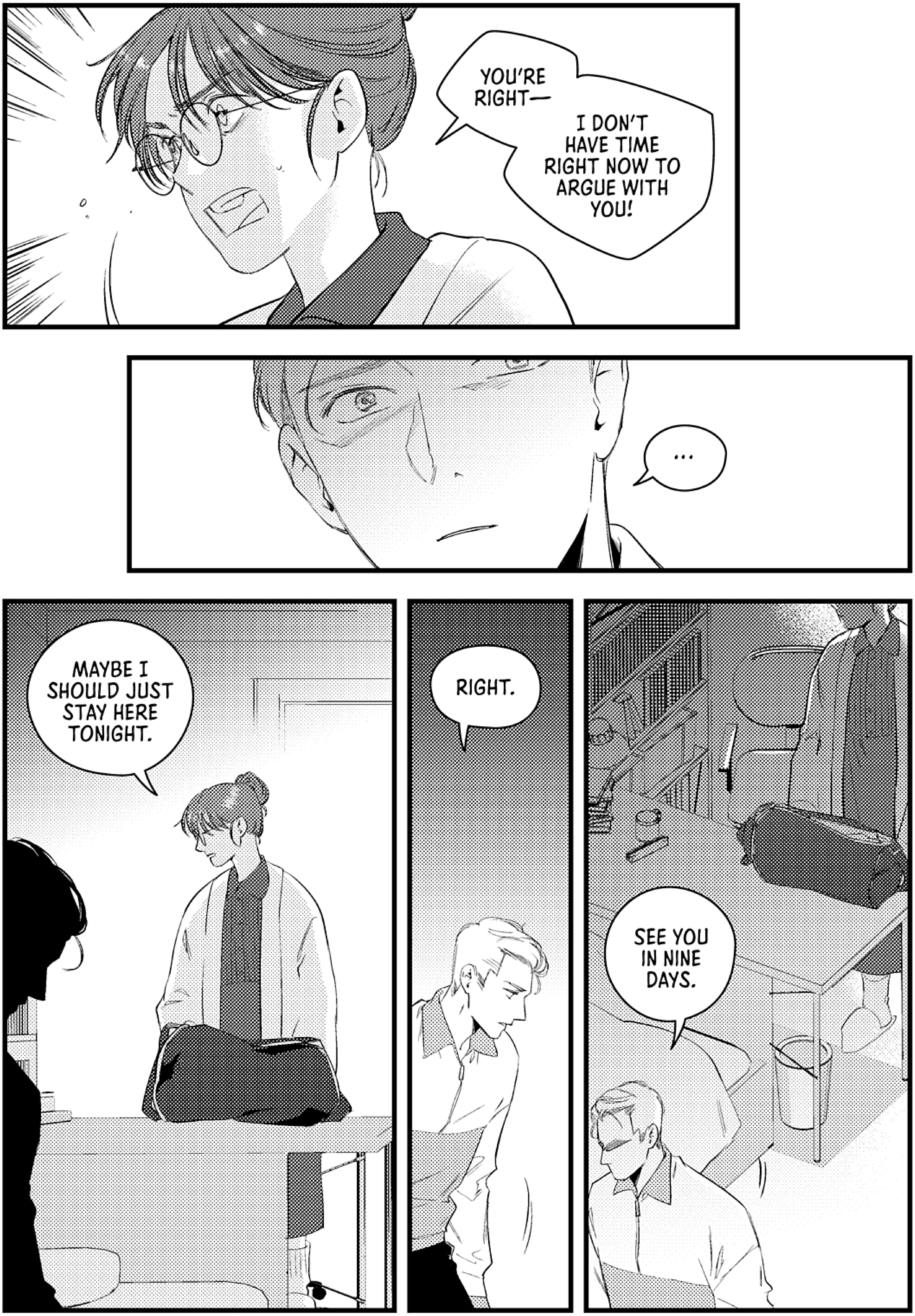

TK
TK
TK
TK
TK
TK
KNOCK
KNOCK
WHY DIDN'T YOU TEXT?
I WOULD HAVE COME DOWN.
SCHOOL OF MAGICKS
I DID TEXT.
SORRY.
LET ME JUST PACK UP.
I'M STAYING OVER AT LEVI'S TONIGHT.
I DO THAT NOW.
DO YOU HAVE MUCH WRITING TO DO?
YEAH... "MILES TO GO BEFORE I SLEEP," ET CETERA.
HAVE YOU SHOWN ANYTHING TO YOUR PROFESSOR YET?

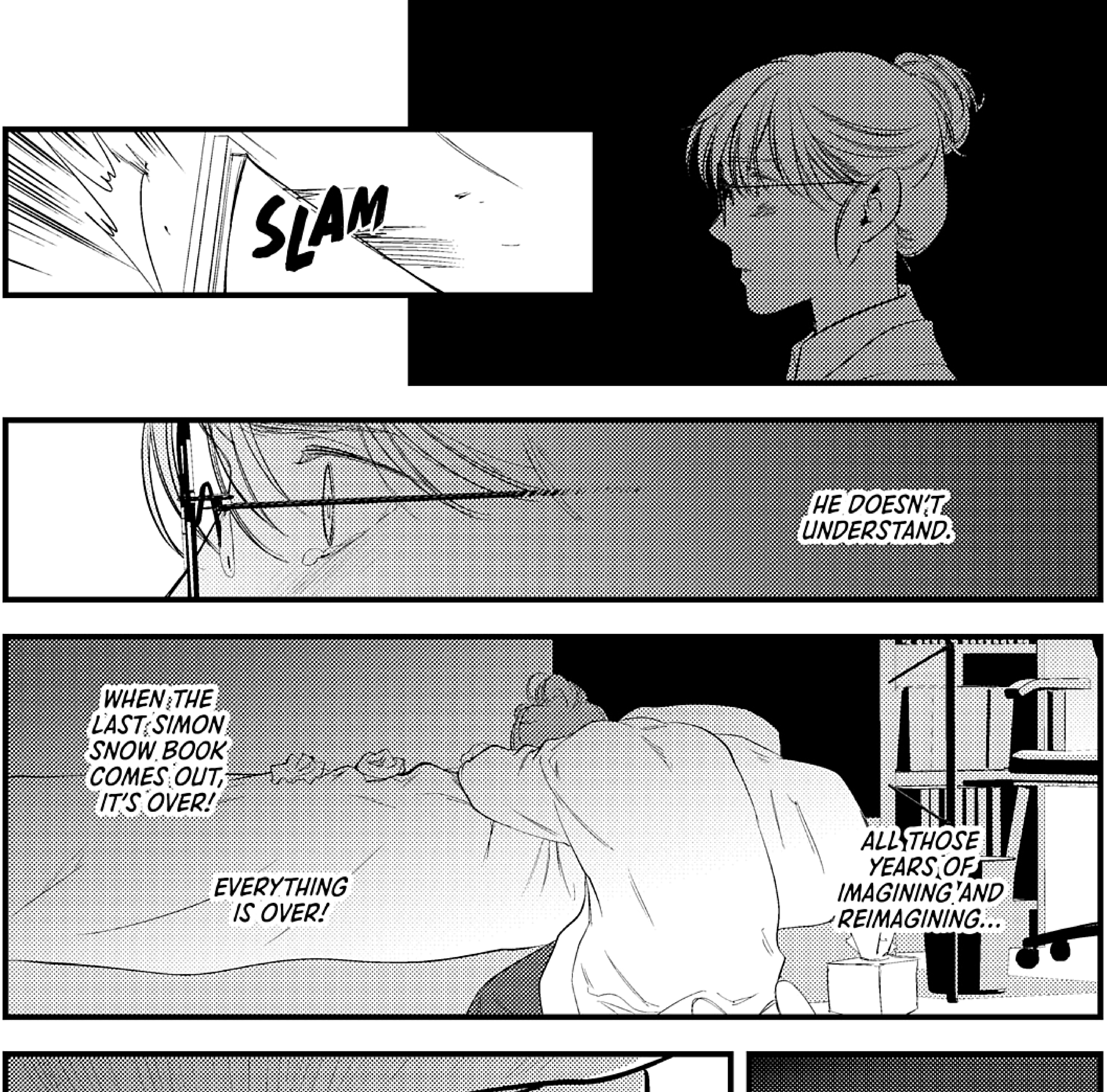

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
HAVE YOU BEEN TURNING STUFF IN PIECE BY PIECE, OR ARE YOU WAITING UNTIL THE WHOLE STORY IS DONE?
I'M— I'VE BEEN WORKING ON *CARRY ON.*
NO, I KNOW— BUT I WAS WONDERING ABOUT YOUR SHORT STORY.
FOR FICTION-WRITING.
I REALLY WANT YOU TO READ IT TO ME WHEN YOU'RE DONE.
I'M NOT DOING THAT.
YOU DON'T WANT TO READ IT TO ME?
IS IT TOO PERSONAL OR SOMETHING?
NO. I'M NOT—
I'M JUST—
I'M NOT GOING TO DO THE PROJECT.
I'M NOT WRITING IT.

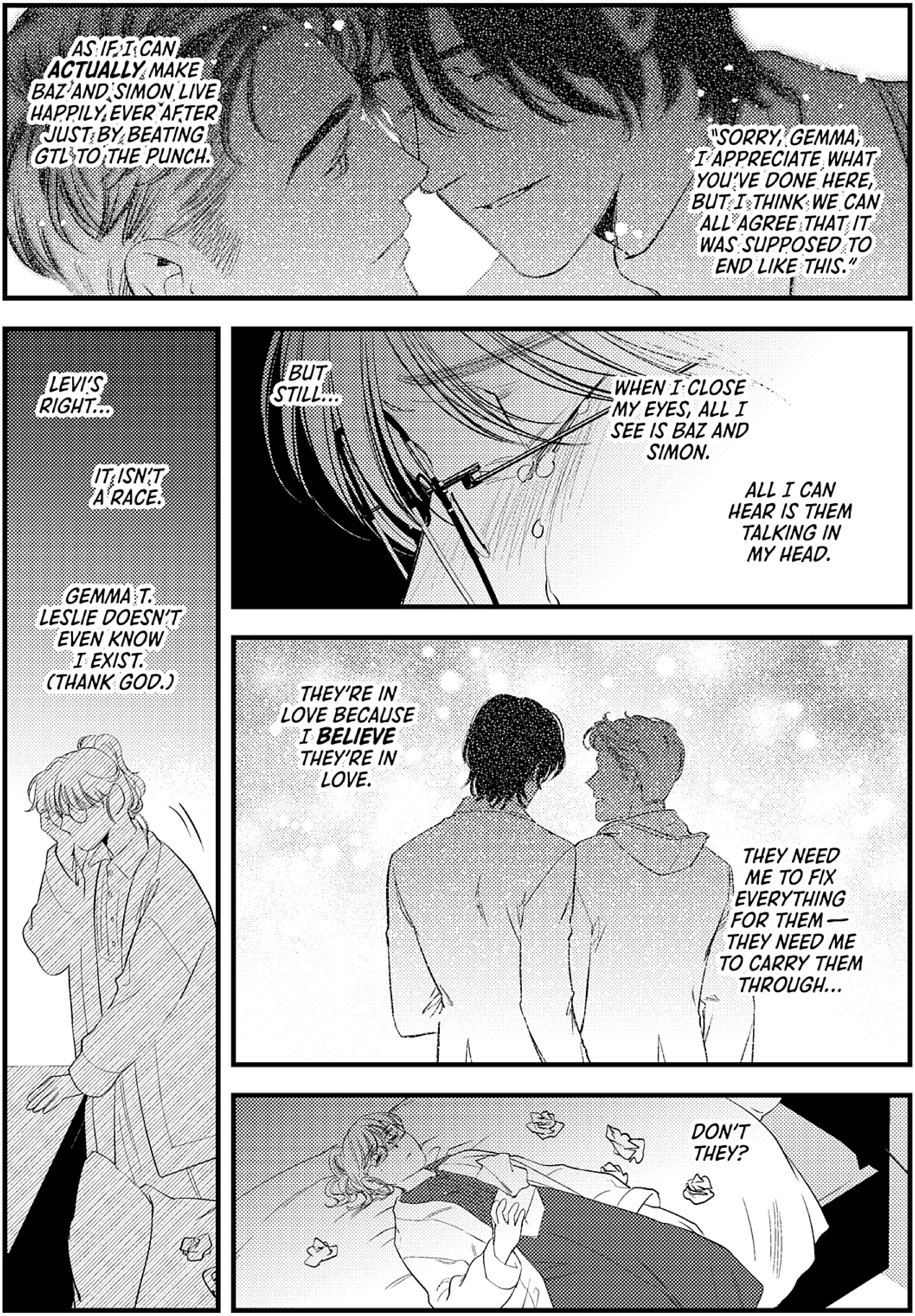

I *CAN'T.* I DON'T HAVE AN IDEA...
...AND IT'S JUST TOO MUCH.
I'M NOT SURE I'M EVEN GOING TO FINISH *CARRY ON*—
OF COURSE YOU'LL FINISH *CARRY ON.*
I'VE ONLY GOT NINE DAYS LEFT!
...
YOU'VE GOT 12 DAYS LEFT UNTIL THE END OF THE SEMESTER...
AND ABOUT 14 BEFORE I GO BACK TO ARNOLD...
BUT, AS FAR AS I CAN TELL, YOU'VE GOT THE REST OF YOUR LIFE TO FINISH *CARRY ON.*

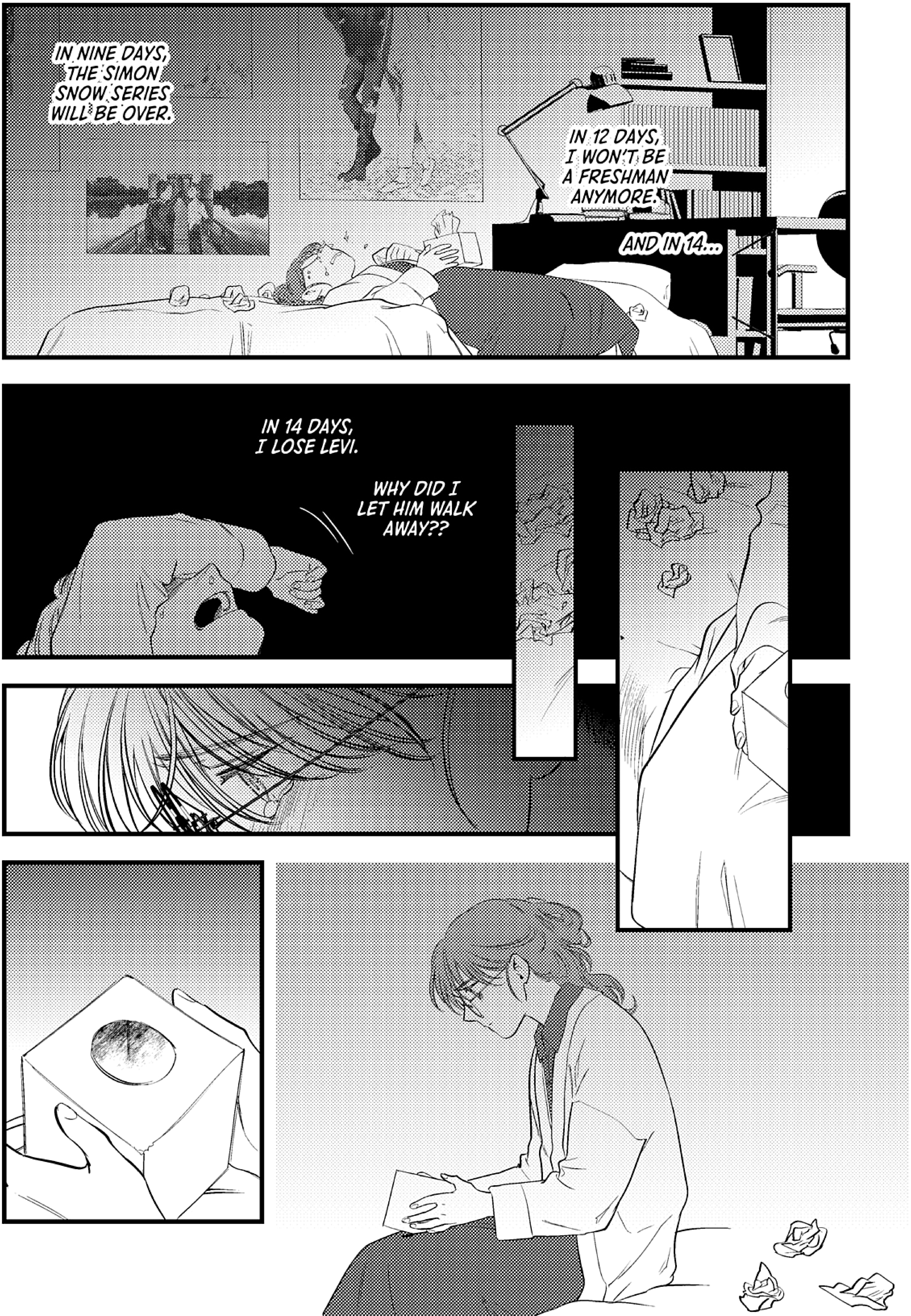

I DON'T UNDERSTAND HOW YOU COULD THROW THIS CLASS AWAY *TWICE.*
I HAVE TO FIGHT FOR EVERY GRADE I GET.
I'D *KILL* FOR A SECOND CHANCE AT MOST OF MY CLASSES.
AND YOU'RE JUST WALKING AWAY FROM THIS ASSIGNMENT BECAUSE YOU DON'T FEEL LIKE DOING IT.
BECAUSE YOU'VE GOT THIS ARBITRARY DEADLINE, AND IT'S ALL YOU CAN SEE!
I DON'T WANT TO TALK ABOUT THIS.
YOU DON'T WANT TO TALK AT ALL!

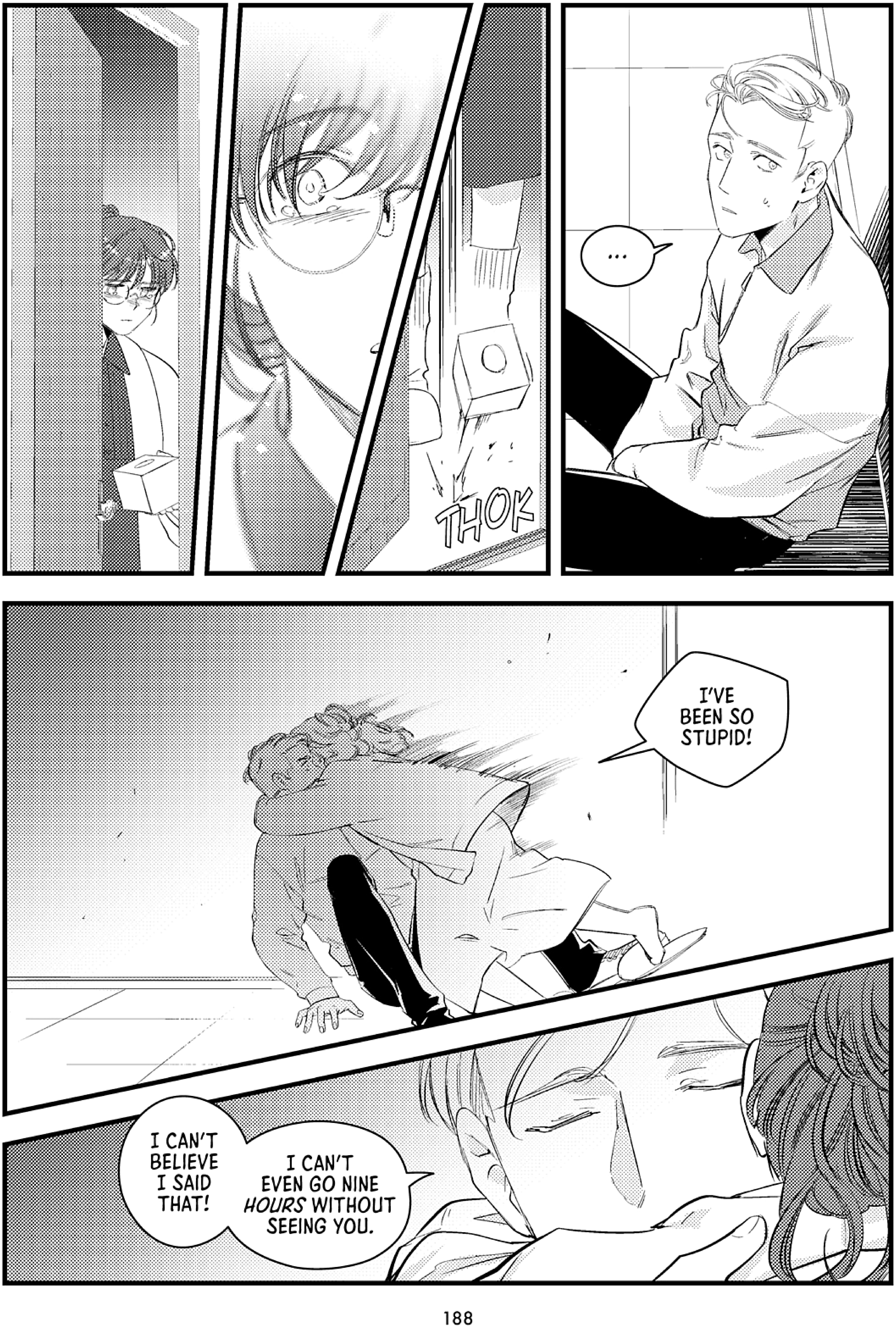

YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND.
AT ALL.
SO EXPLAIN IT TO ME.
SIMON SNOW AND THE EIGHTH DANCE COMES OUT IN ***NINE DAYS.***
SO?
SO I'VE BEEN WORKING FOR *TWO YEARS* TOWARD THIS. I HAVE TO FINISH *CARRY ON* BEFORE THE SERIES ENDS!
WHY?
DID GEMMA LESLIE CHALLENGE YOU TO A RACE?
YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND!
YOU'RE RIGHT.
I DON'T.

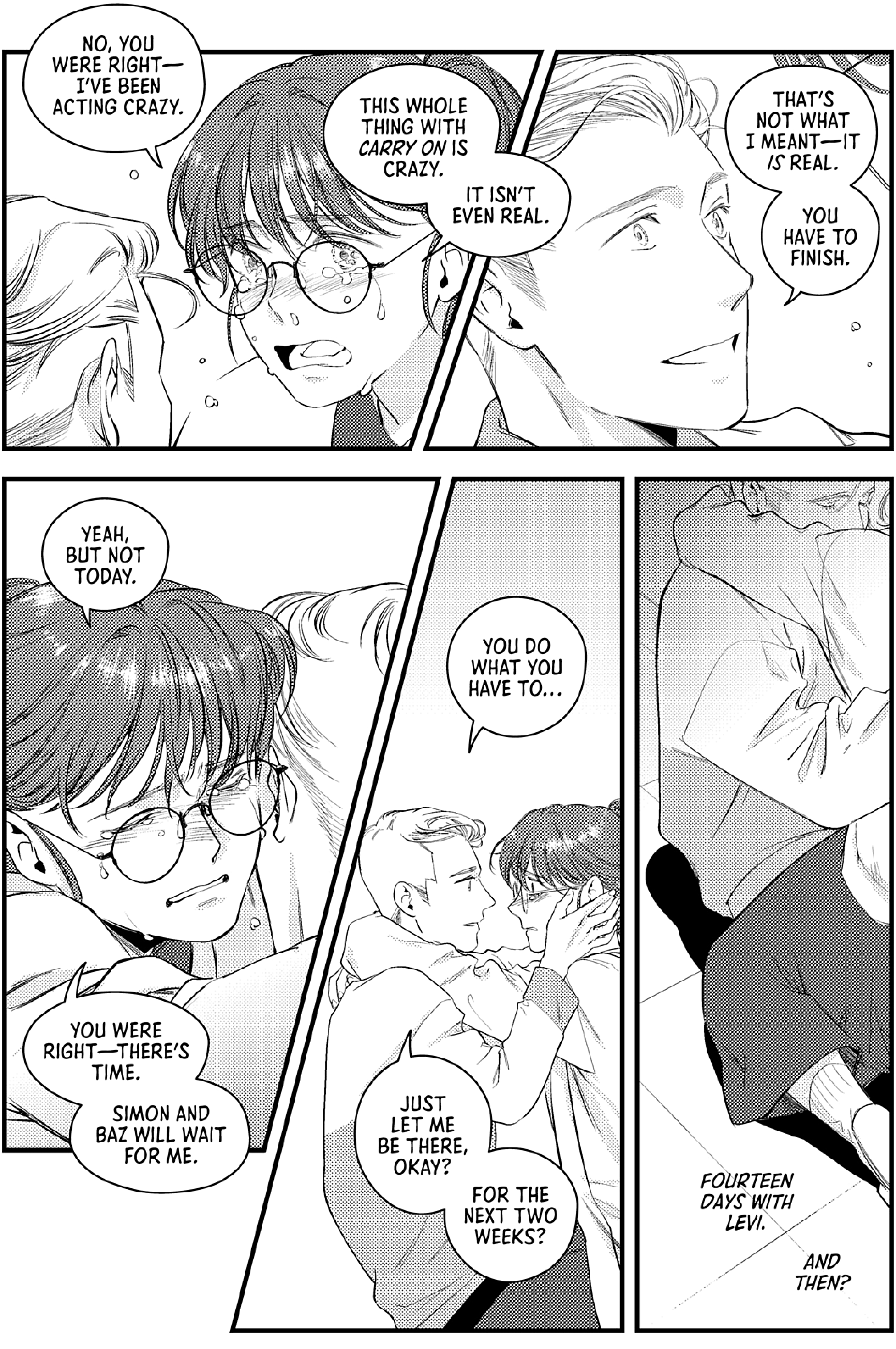

YOU'RE RIGHT—
I DON'T HAVE TIME RIGHT NOW TO ARGUE WITH YOU!
...
MAYBE I SHOULD JUST STAY HERE TONIGHT.
RIGHT.
SEE YOU IN NINE DAYS.

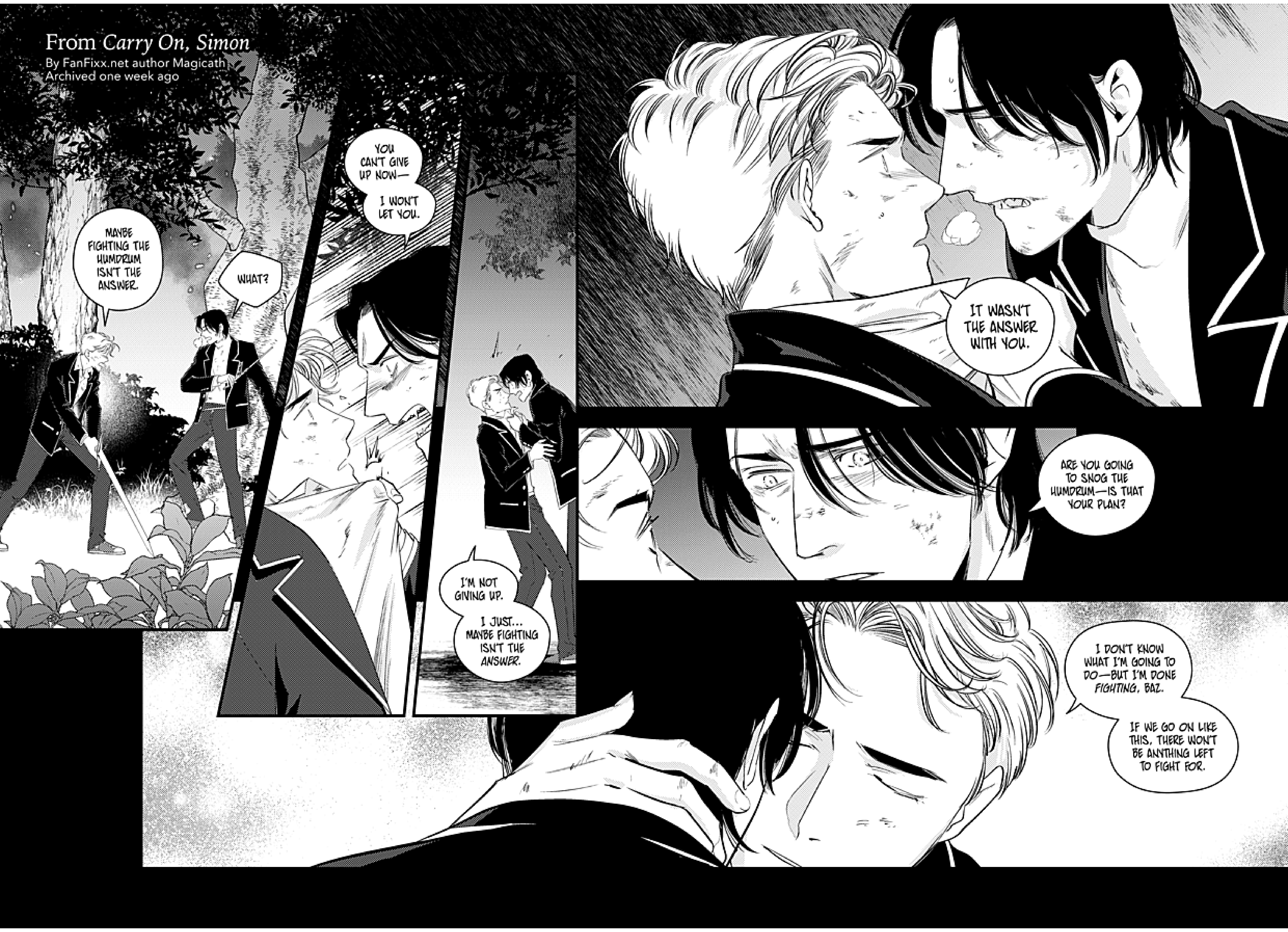

SLAM
HE DOESN'T UNDERSTAND.
WHEN THE LAST SIMON SNOW BOOK COMES OUT, IT'S OVER!
EVERYTHING IS OVER!
ALL THOSE YEARS OF IMAGINING AND REIMAGINING...
GEMMA T. LESLIE WILL GET THE LAST WORD, AND THAT WILL BE IT.
EVERYTHING I'VE BUILT IN THE LAST TWO YEARS WILL BECOME ALTERNATE UNIVERSE, OFFICIALLY NONCOMPLIANT...
HA.
AS IF IT MAKES ANY DIFFERENCE.


AS IF I CAN ACTUALLY MAKE BAZ AND SIMON LIVE HAPPILY EVER AFTER JUST BY BEATING GTL TO THE PUNCH.
"SORRY, GEMMA, I APPRECIATE WHAT YOU'VE DONE HERE, BUT I THINK WE CAN ALL AGREE THAT IT WAS SUPPOSED TO END LIKE THIS."
LEVI'S RIGHT...
IT ISN'T A RACE.
GEMMA T. LESLIE DOESN'T EVEN KNOW I EXIST. (THANK GOD.)
BUT STILL...
WHEN I CLOSE MY EYES, ALL I SEE IS BAZ AND SIMON.
ALL I CAN HEAR IS THEM TALKING IN MY HEAD.
THEY'RE IN LOVE BECAUSE I BELIEVE THEY'RE IN LOVE.
THEY NEED ME TO FIX EVERYTHING FOR THEM — THEY NEED ME TO CARRY THEM THROUGH...
DON'T THEY?


IN NINE DAYS, THE SIMON SNOW SERIES WILL BE OVER.
IN 12 DAYS, I WON'T BE A FRESHMAN ANYMORE.
AND IN 14...
IN 14 DAYS, I LOSE LEVI.
WHY DID I LET HIM WALK AWAY??

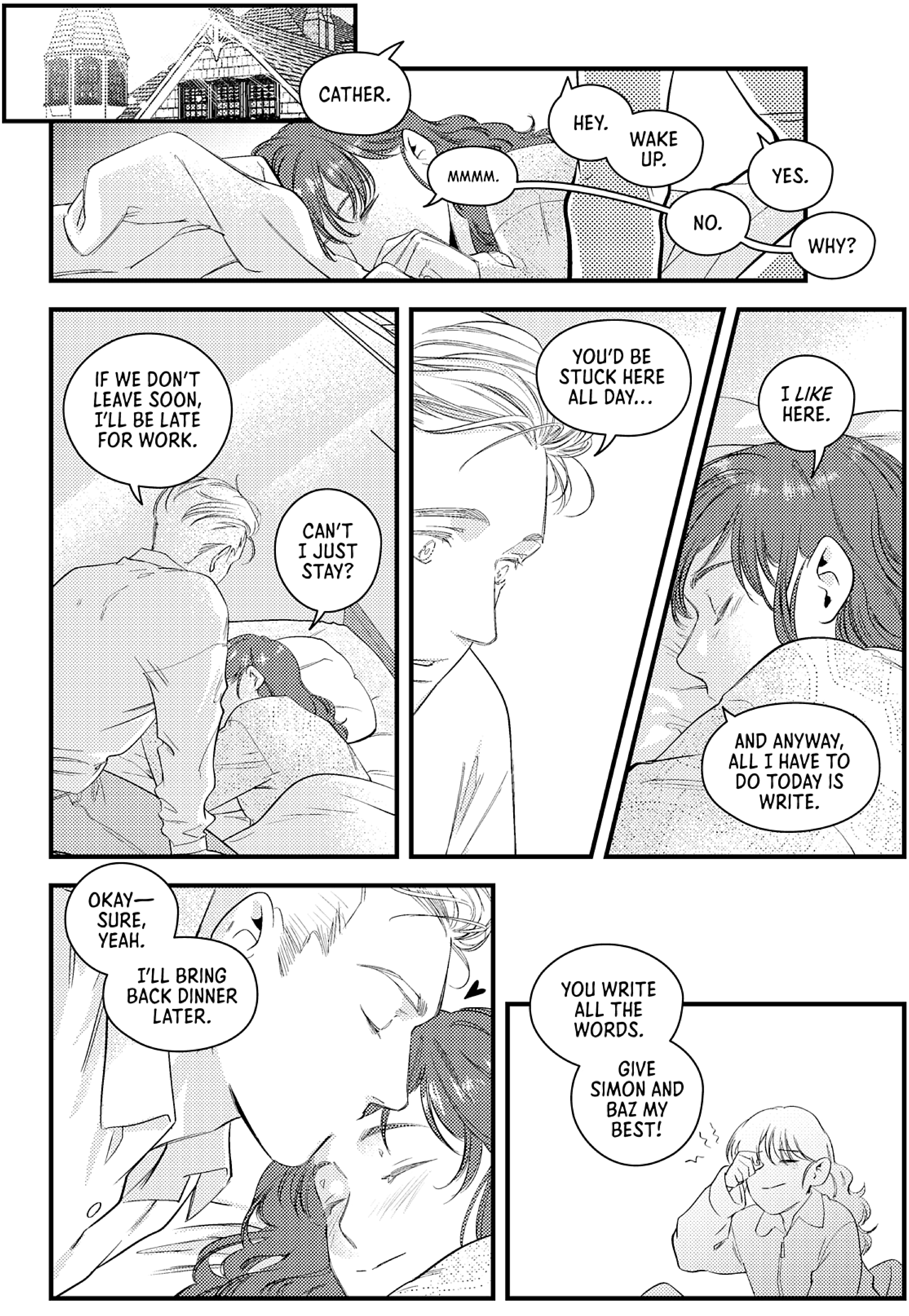

THOK
…
I'VE BEEN SO STUPID!
I CAN'T BELIEVE I SAID THAT!
I CAN'T EVEN GO NINE *HOURS* WITHOUT SEEING YOU.

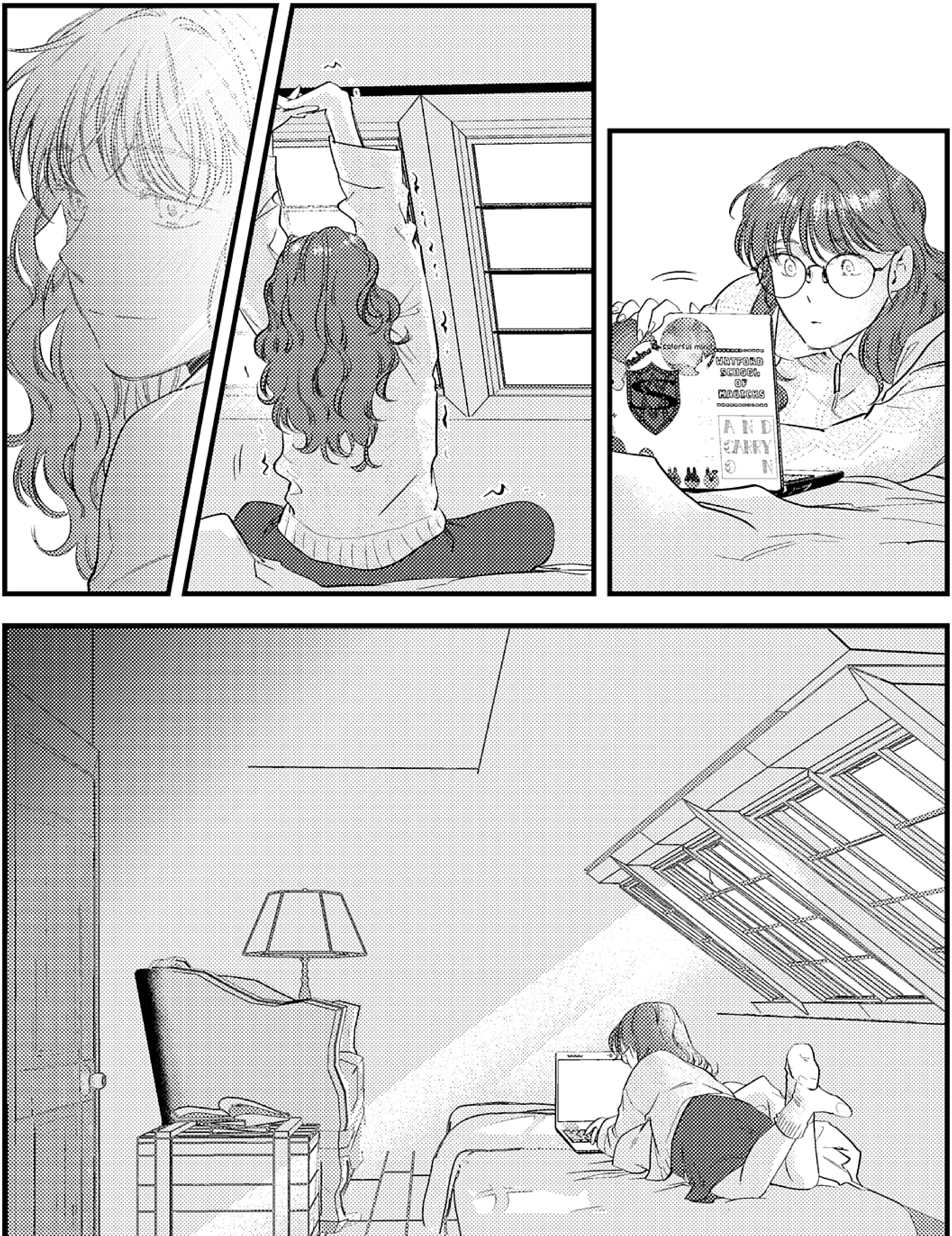

NO, YOU WERE RIGHT—I'VE BEEN ACTING CRAZY.
THIS WHOLE THING WITH *CARRY ON* IS CRAZY.
IT ISN'T EVEN REAL.
THAT'S NOT WHAT I MEANT—IT *IS* REAL.
YOU HAVE TO FINISH.
YEAH, BUT NOT TODAY.
YOU WERE RIGHT—THERE'S TIME.
SIMON AND BAZ WILL WAIT FOR ME.
YOU DO WHAT YOU HAVE TO...
JUST LET ME BE THERE, OKAY?
FOR THE NEXT TWO WEEKS?
FOURTEEN DAYS WITH LEVI.
AND THEN?

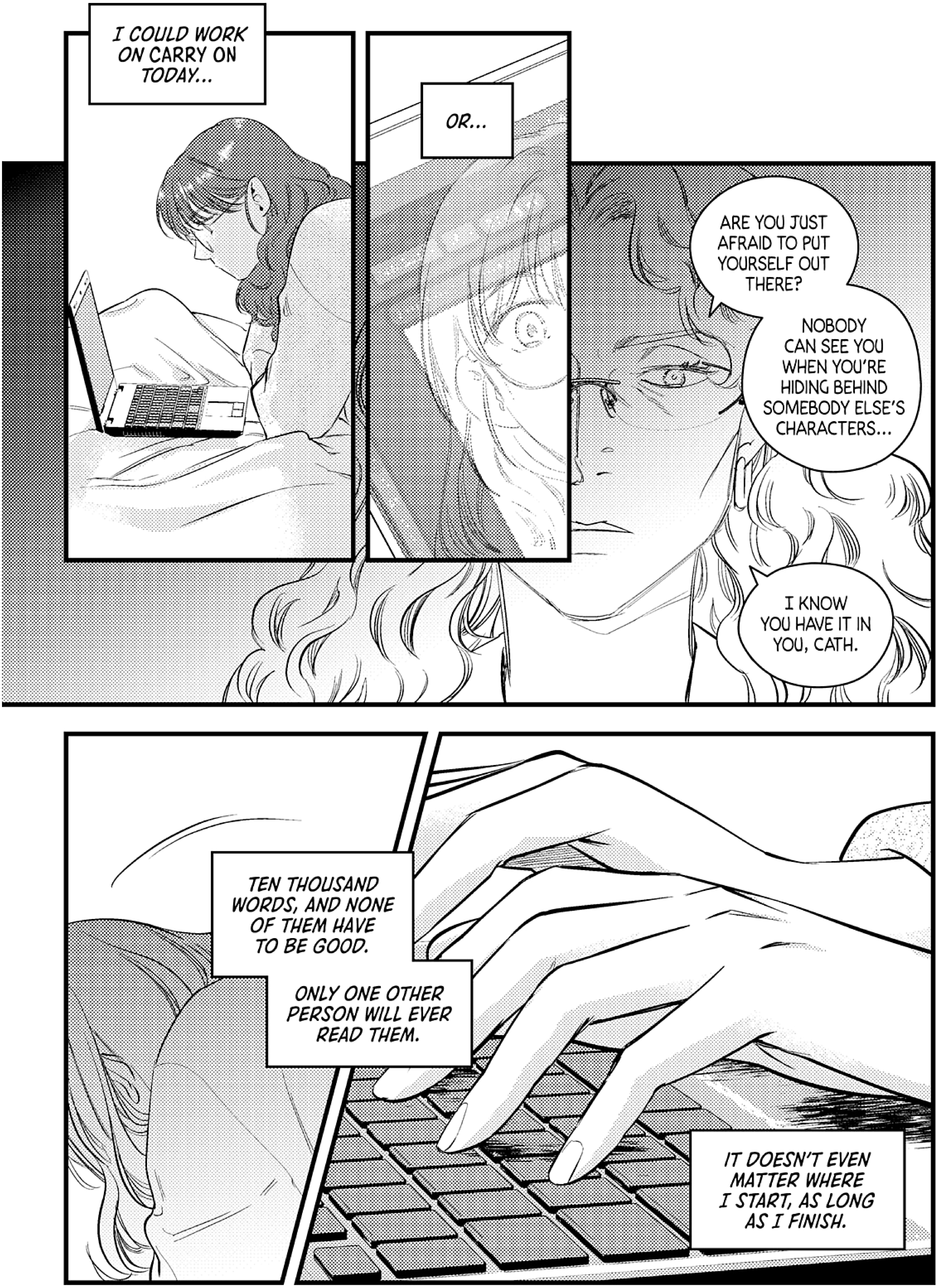


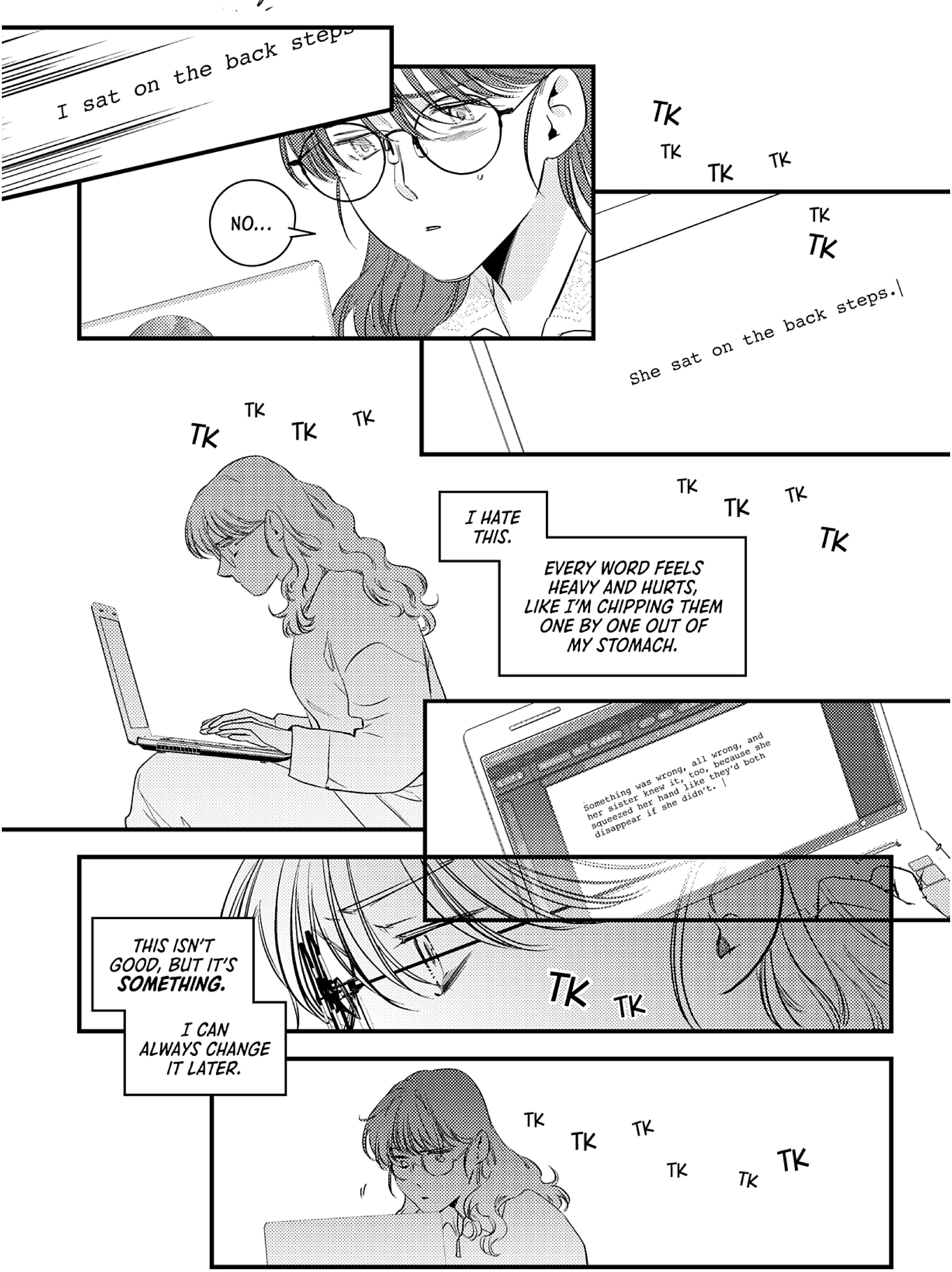
From *Carry On, Simon*
By FanFixx.net author Magicath
Archived one week ago

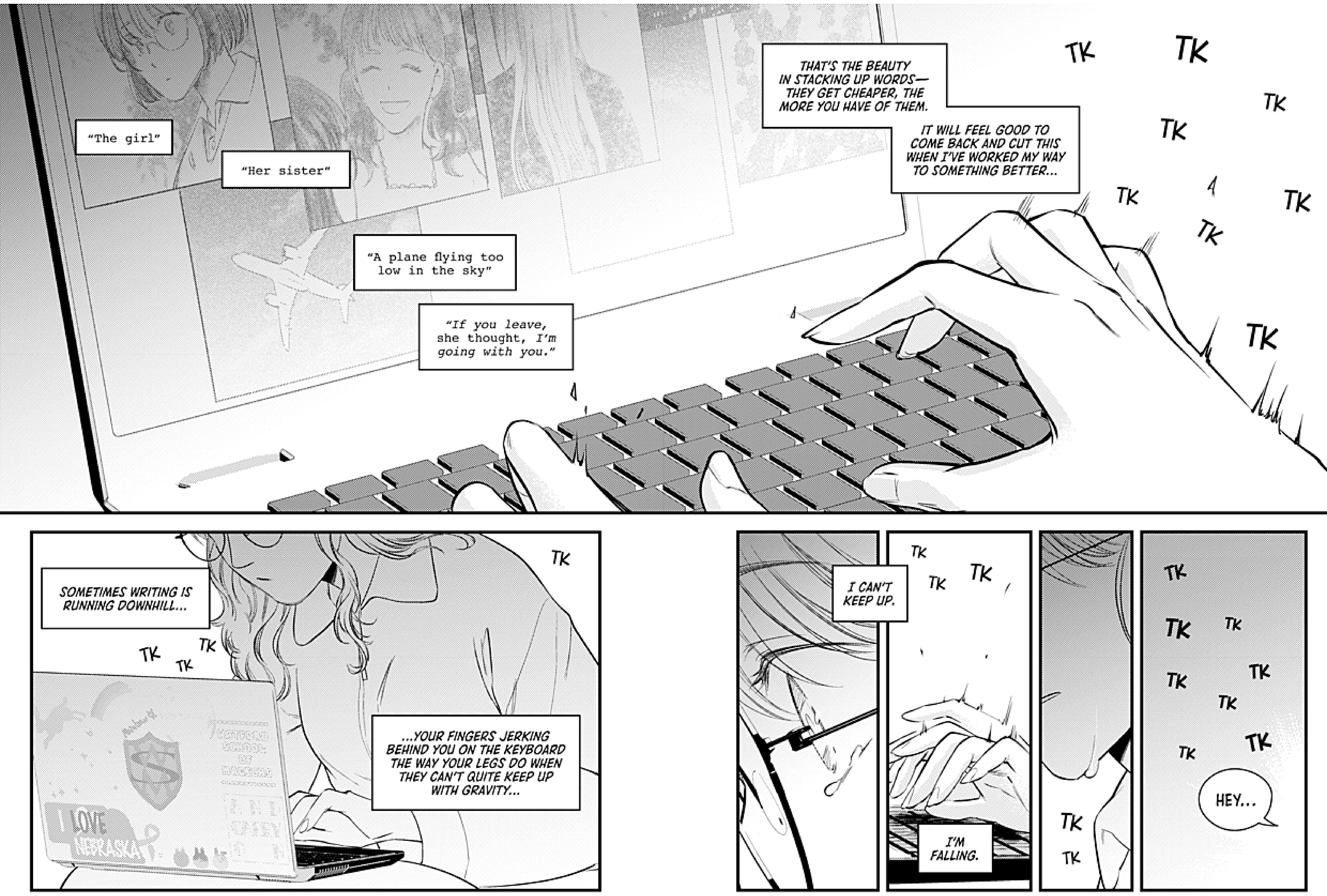
MAYBE FIGHTING THE HUMDRUM ISN'T THE ANSWER.
WHAT?
YOU CAN'T GIVE UP NOW—
I WON'T LET YOU.
I'M NOT GIVING UP.
I JUST... MAYBE FIGHTING ISN'T THE *ANSWER*.
IT WASN'T THE ANSWER WITH YOU.
ARE YOU GOING TO SNOG THE HUMDRUM—IS THAT YOUR PLAN?
I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'M GOING TO DO—BUT I'M DONE *FIGHTING*, BAZ.
IF WE GO ON LIKE THIS, THERE WON'T BE ANYTHING LEFT TO FIGHT FOR.

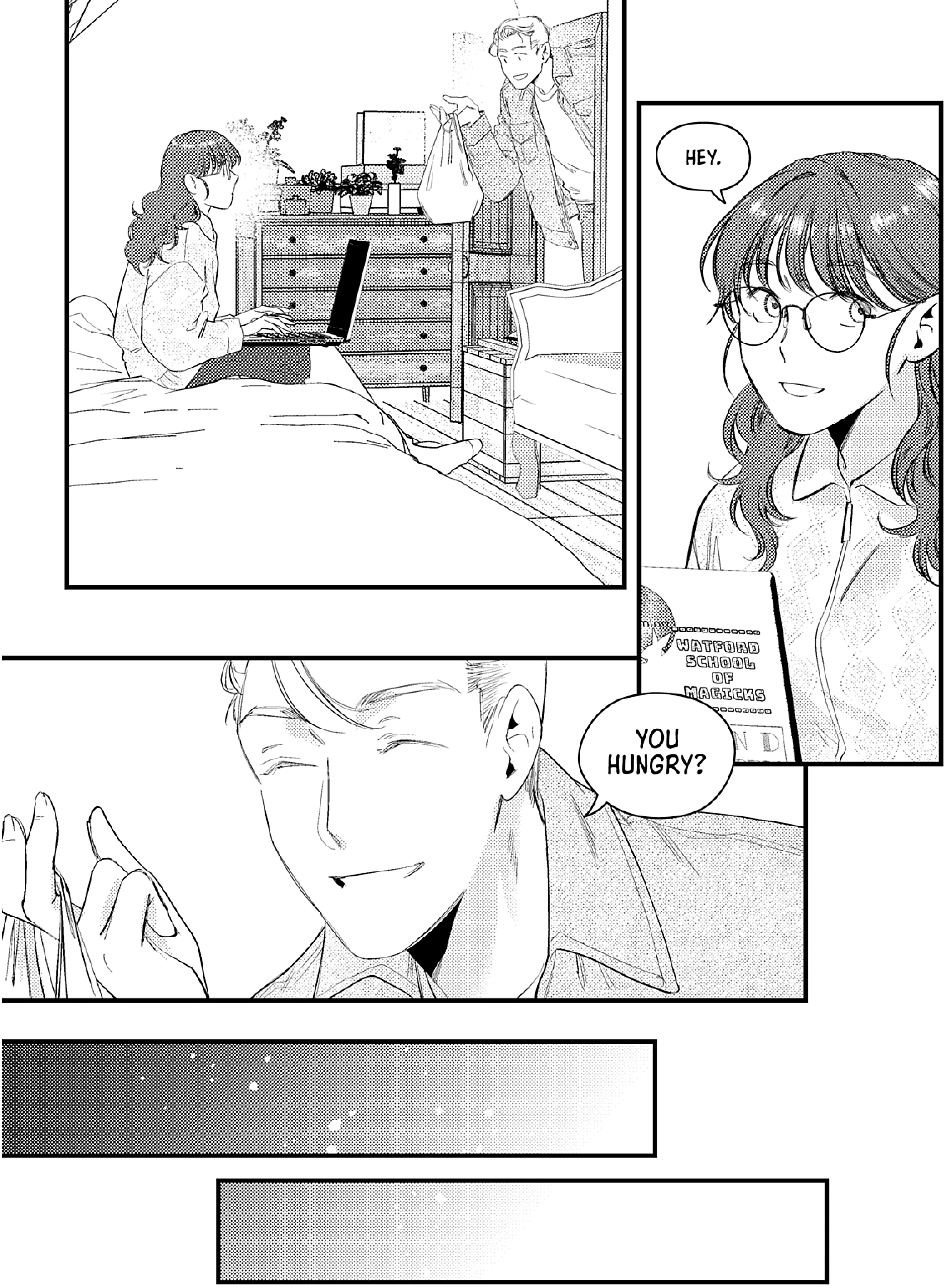

CATHER.
HEY.
WAKE UP.
MMMM.
NO.
YES.
WHY?
IF WE DON'T LEAVE SOON, I'LL BE LATE FOR WORK.
CAN'T I JUST STAY?
YOU'D BE STUCK HERE ALL DAY...
I *LIKE* HERE.
AND ANYWAY, ALL I HAVE TO DO TODAY IS WRITE.
OKAY—SURE, YEAH.
I'LL BRING BACK DINNER LATER.
YOU WRITE ALL THE WORDS.
GIVE SIMON AND BAZ MY BEST!

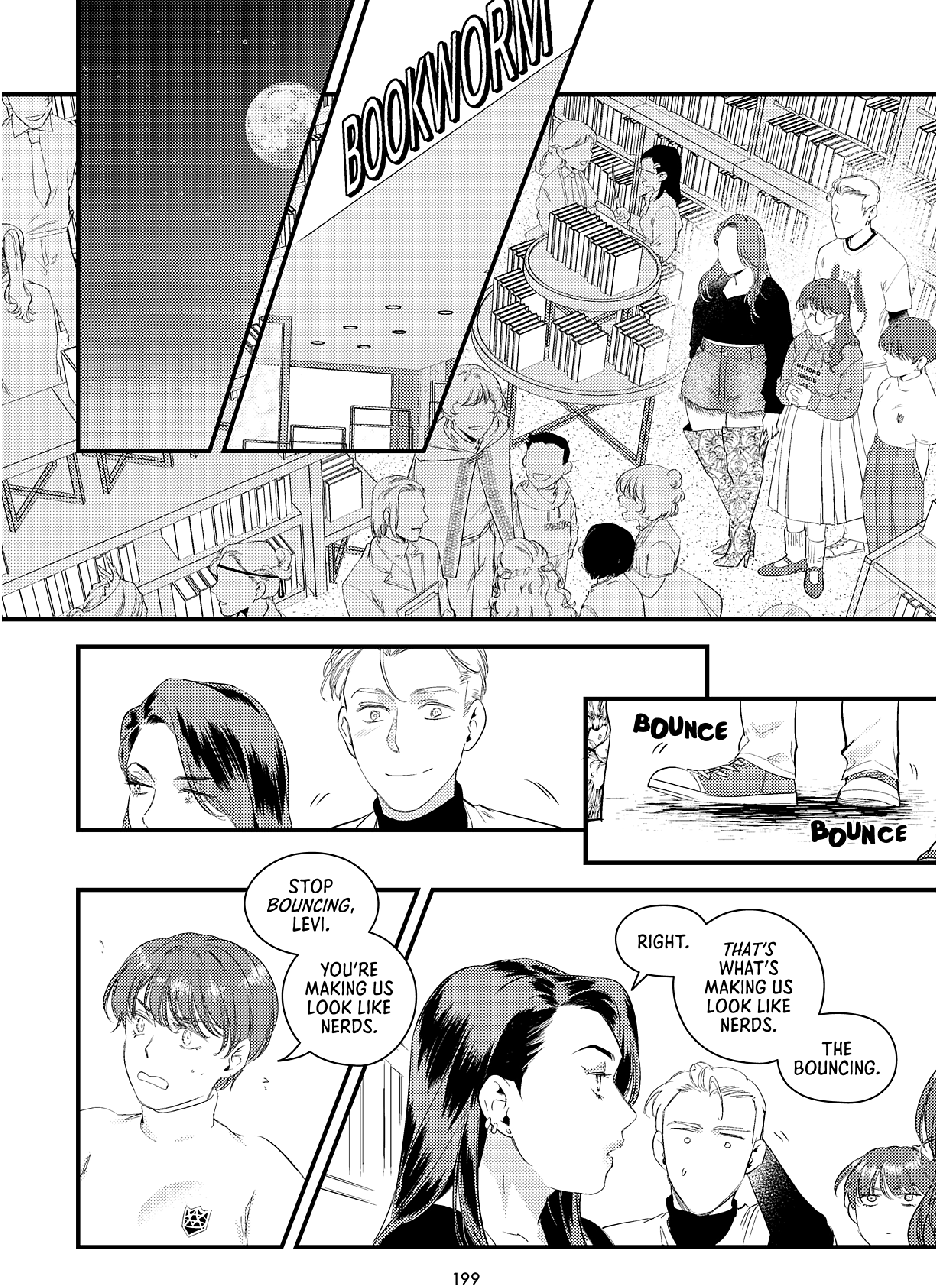

WATFORD SCHOOL OF MAGICKS
AND CARRY ON

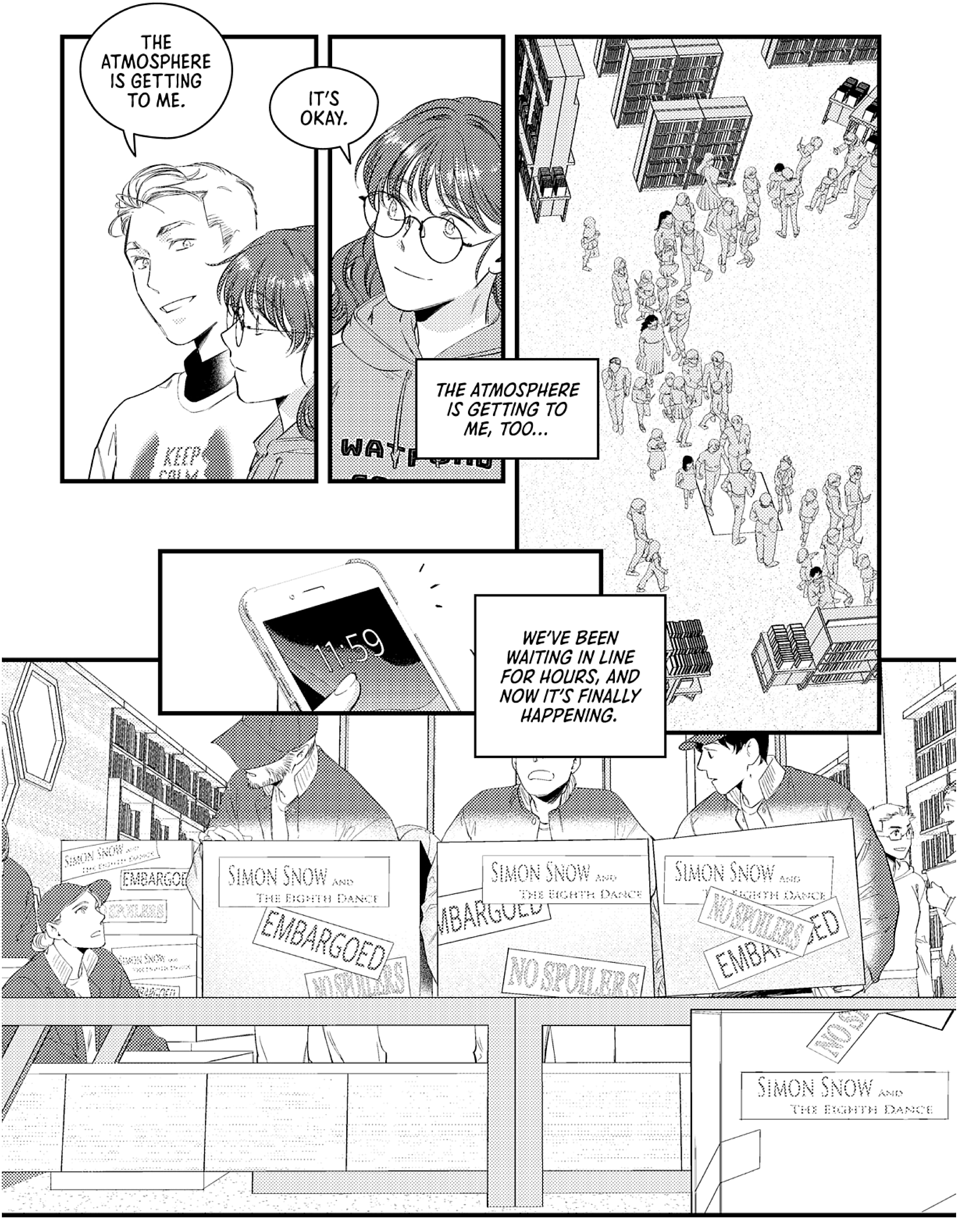

I COULD WORK ON CARRY ON TODAY...
OR...
ARE YOU JUST AFRAID TO PUT YOURSELF OUT THERE?
NOBODY CAN SEE YOU WHEN YOU'RE HIDING BEHIND SOMEBODY ELSE'S CHARACTERS...
I KNOW YOU HAVE IT IN YOU, CATH.
TEN THOUSAND WORDS, AND NONE OF THEM HAVE TO BE GOOD.
ONLY ONE OTHER PERSON WILL EVER READ THEM.
IT DOESN'T EVEN MATTER WHERE I START, AS LONG AS I FINISH.

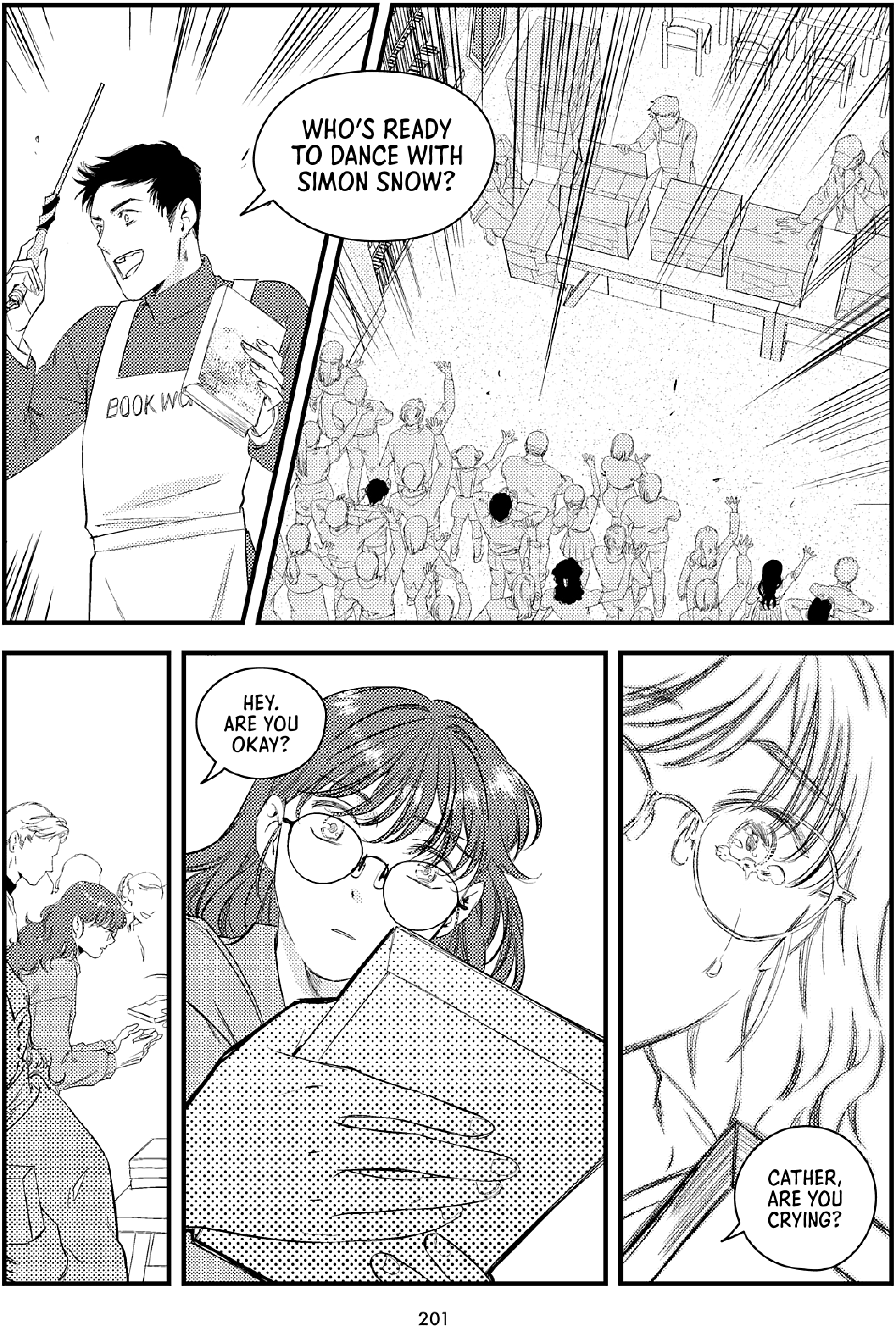

I sat on the back steps
NO...
TK TK TK TK TK TK
She sat on the back steps.|
TK TK TK TK
I HATE THIS.
EVERY WORD FEELS HEAVY AND HURTS, LIKE I'M CHIPPING THEM ONE BY ONE OUT OF MY STOMACH.
TK TK TK TK
Something was wrong, all wrong, and her sister knew it, too, because she squeezed her hand like they'd both disappear if she didn't. |
THIS ISN'T GOOD, BUT IT'S SOMETHING.
I CAN ALWAYS CHANGE IT LATER.
TK TK
TK TK TK TK TK TK

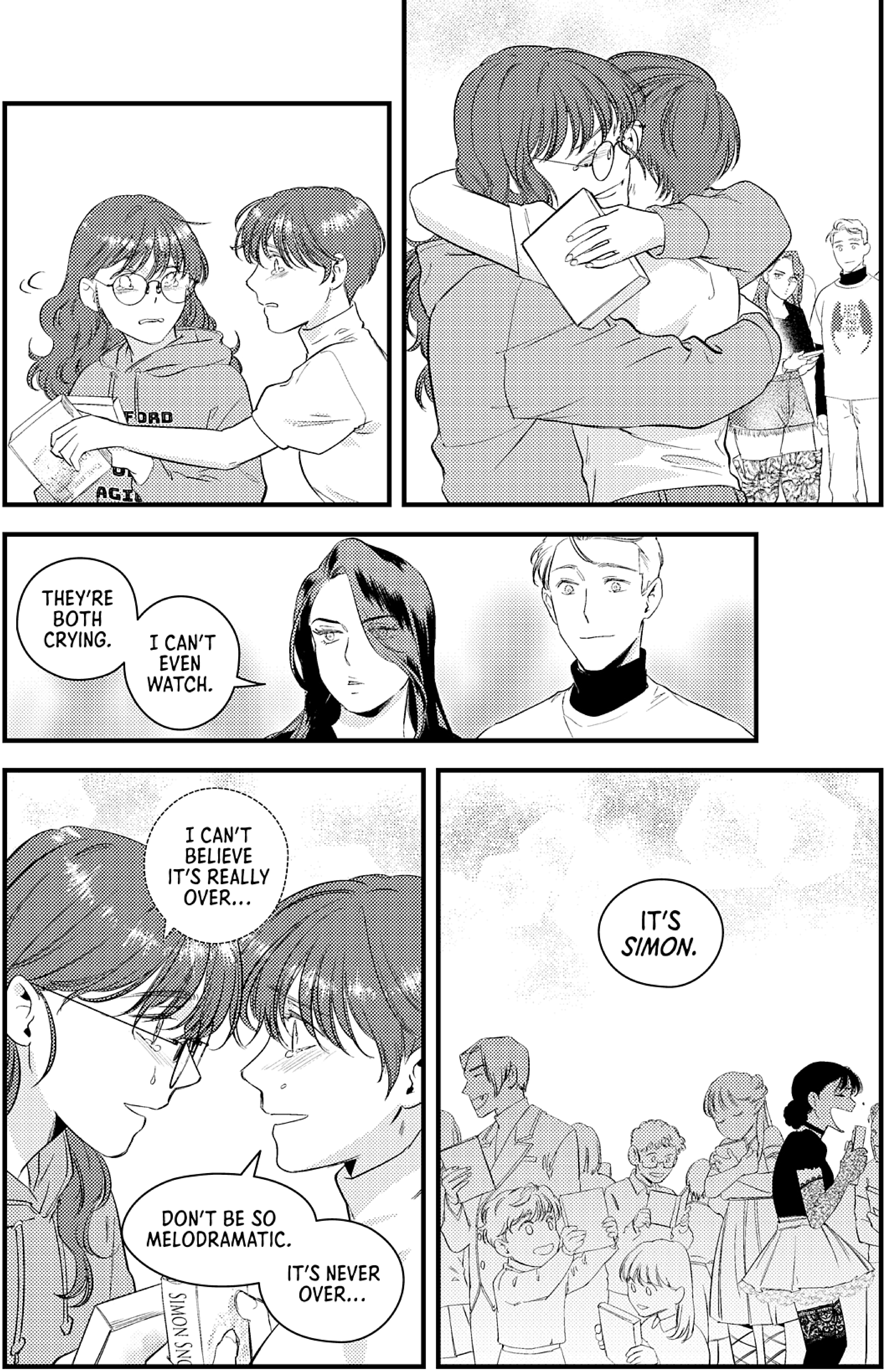

"The girl"
"Her sister"
"A plane flying too low in the sky"
"If you leave, she thought, *I'm going with you.*"
THAT'S THE BEAUTY IN STACKING UP WORDS—THEY GET CHEAPER, THE MORE YOU HAVE OF THEM.
IT WILL FEEL GOOD TO COME BACK AND CUT THIS WHEN I'VE WORKED MY WAY TO SOMETHING BETTER...
TK TK TK TK TK TK TK TK TK
SOMETIMES WRITING IS RUNNING DOWNHILL...
TK TK TK TK
I LOVE NEBRASKA
...YOUR FINGERS JERKING BEHIND YOU ON THE KEYBOARD THE WAY YOUR LEGS DO WHEN THEY CAN'T QUITE KEEP UP WITH GRAVITY...
I CAN'T KEEP UP.
TK TK TK
I'M FALLING.
TK TK
TK TK TK TK TK TK TK TK
HEY...


HEY.
WATFORD SCHOOL OF MAGICKS
YOU HUNGRY?


BOOKWORM
BOUNCE
BOUNCE
STOP *BOUNCING*, LEVI.
YOU'RE MAKING US LOOK LIKE NERDS.
RIGHT.
THAT'S WHAT'S MAKING US LOOK LIKE NERDS.
THE BOUNCING.

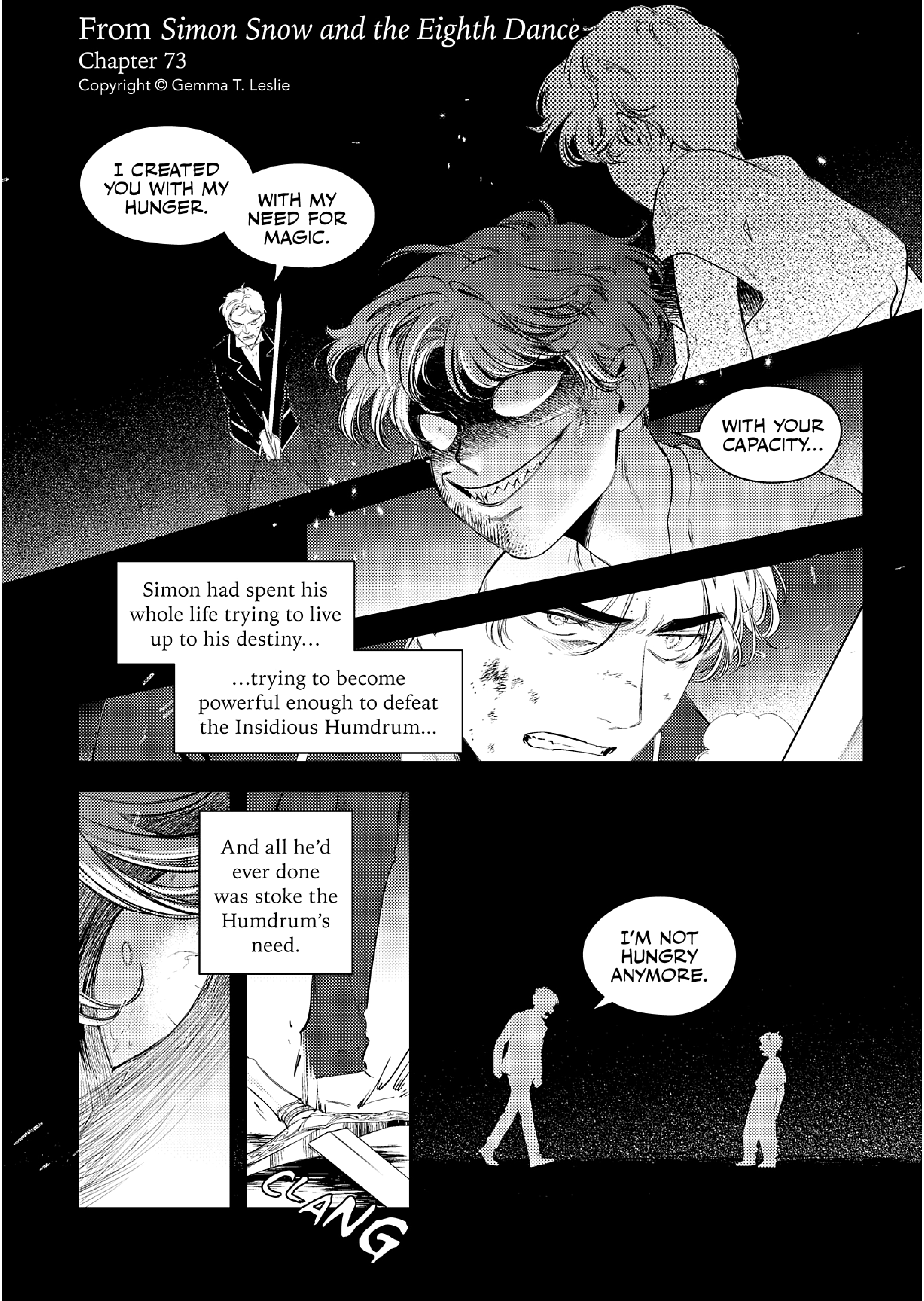

THE ATMOSPHERE IS GETTING TO ME.
KEEP CALM
IT'S OKAY.
WATFORD
THE ATMOSPHERE IS GETTING TO ME, TOO...
11:59
WE'VE BEEN WAITING IN LINE FOR HOURS, AND NOW IT'S FINALLY HAPPENING.
SIMON SNOW AND THE EIGHTH DANCE
EMBARGOED
NO SPOILERS
SIMON SNOW AND THE EIGHTH DANCE
EMBARGOED
NO SPOILERS
SIMON SNOW AND THE EIGHTH DANCE
EMBARGOED
NO SPOILERS
SIMON SNOW AND THE EIGHTH DANCE
NO SPOILERS
EMBARGOED
SIMON SNOW AND THE EIGHTH DANCE
NO SPOILERS
EMBARGOED
SIMON SNOW AND THE EIGHTH DANCE

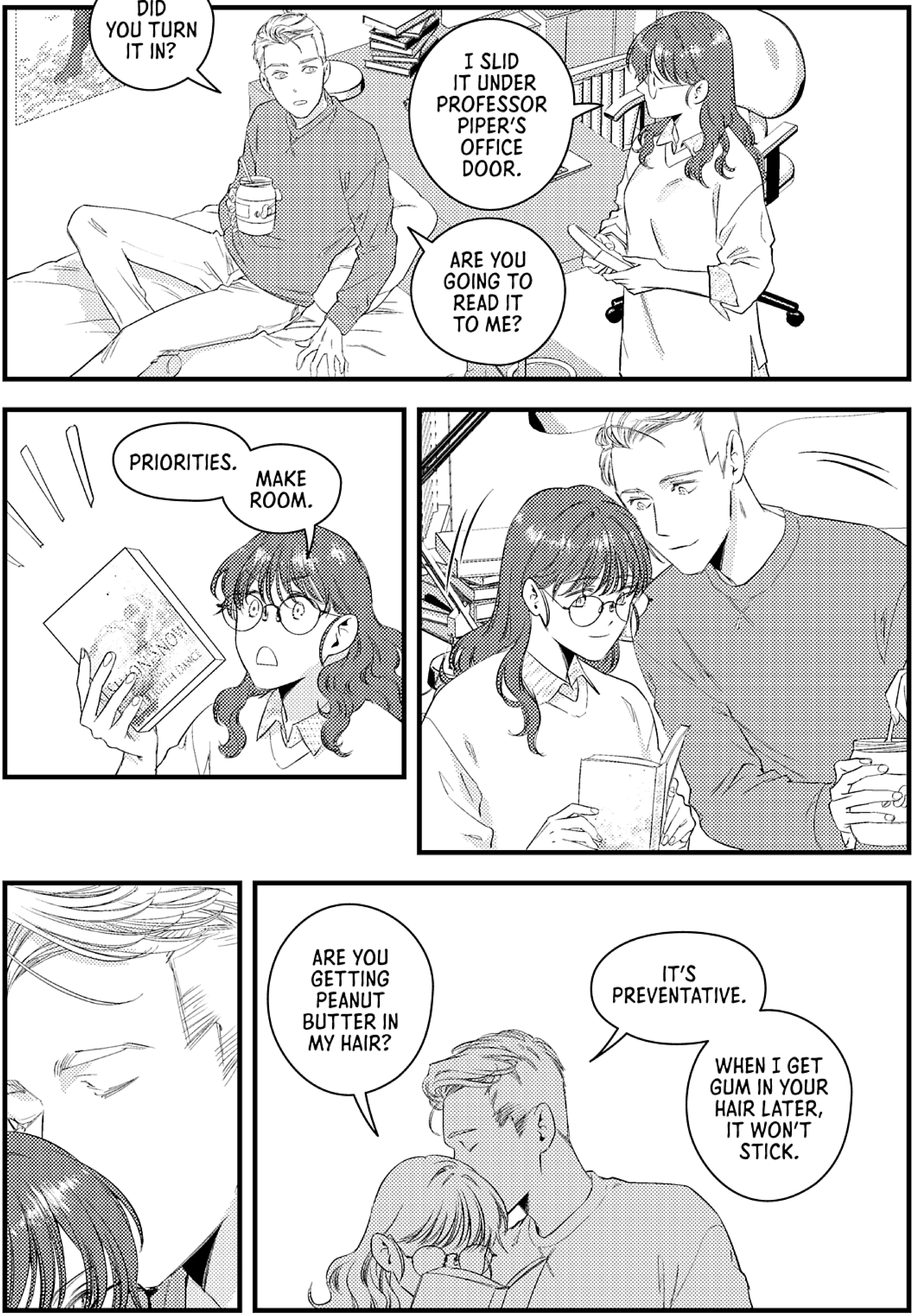

WHO'S READY TO DANCE WITH SIMON SNOW?
BOOK WO
HEY. ARE YOU OKAY?
CATHER, ARE YOU CRYING?

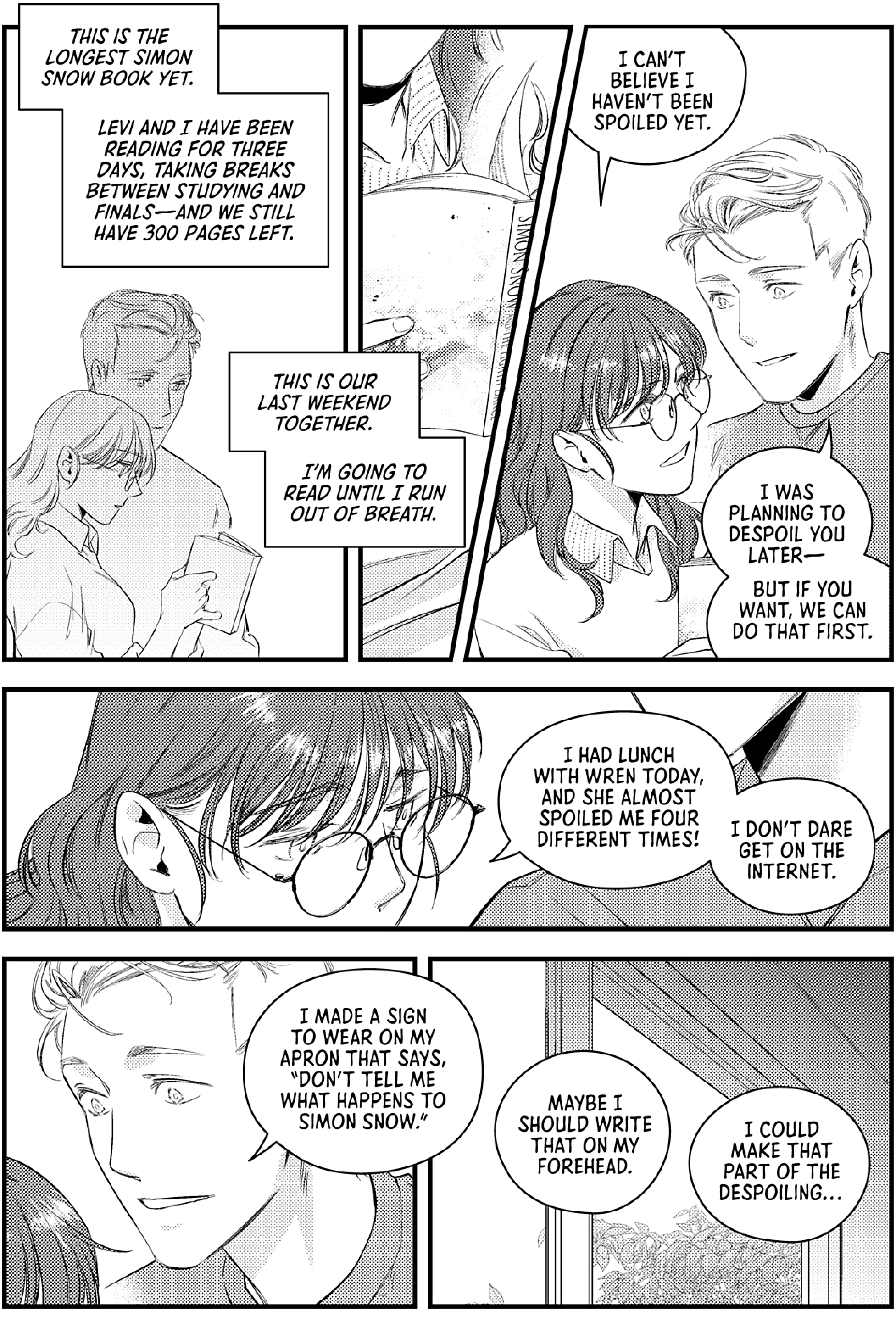

FORD
AGI
THEY'RE BOTH CRYING.
I CAN'T EVEN WATCH.
I CAN'T BELIEVE IT'S REALLY OVER...
DON'T BE SO MELODRAMATIC.
IT'S NEVER OVER...
SIMON SNO
IT'S *SIMON.*

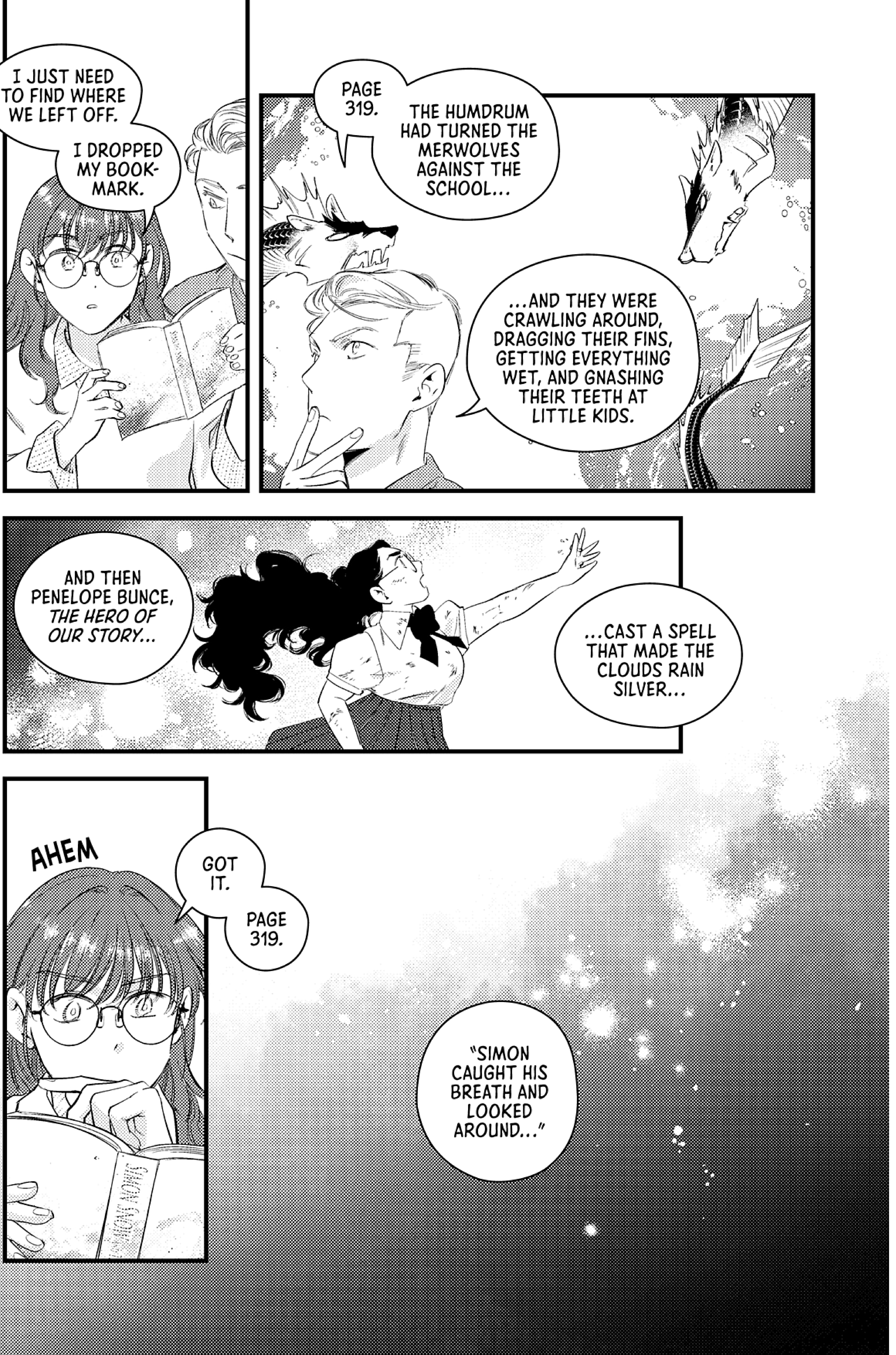
From *Simon Snow and the Eighth Dance*
Chapter 73

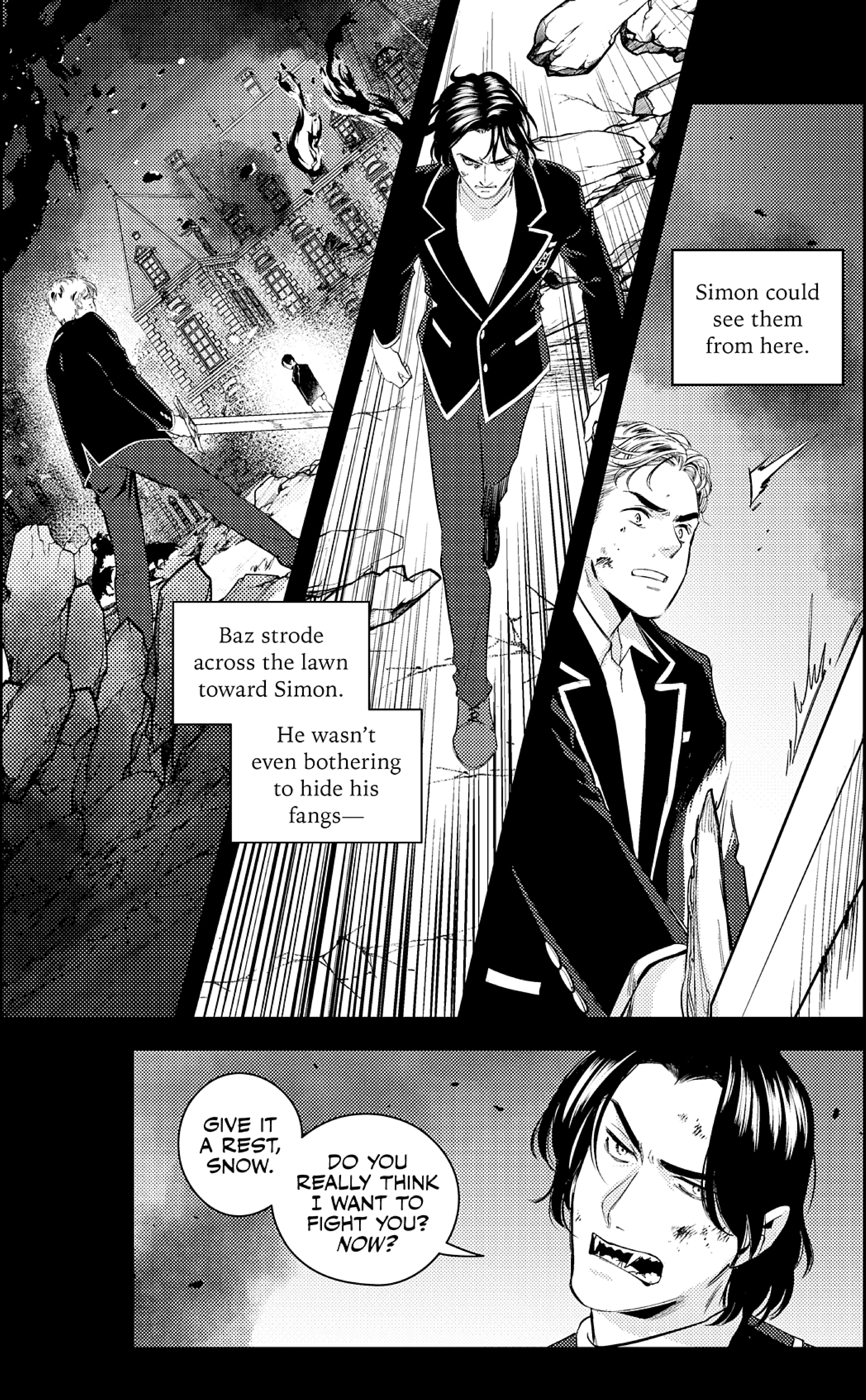
Copyright © Gemma T. Leslie

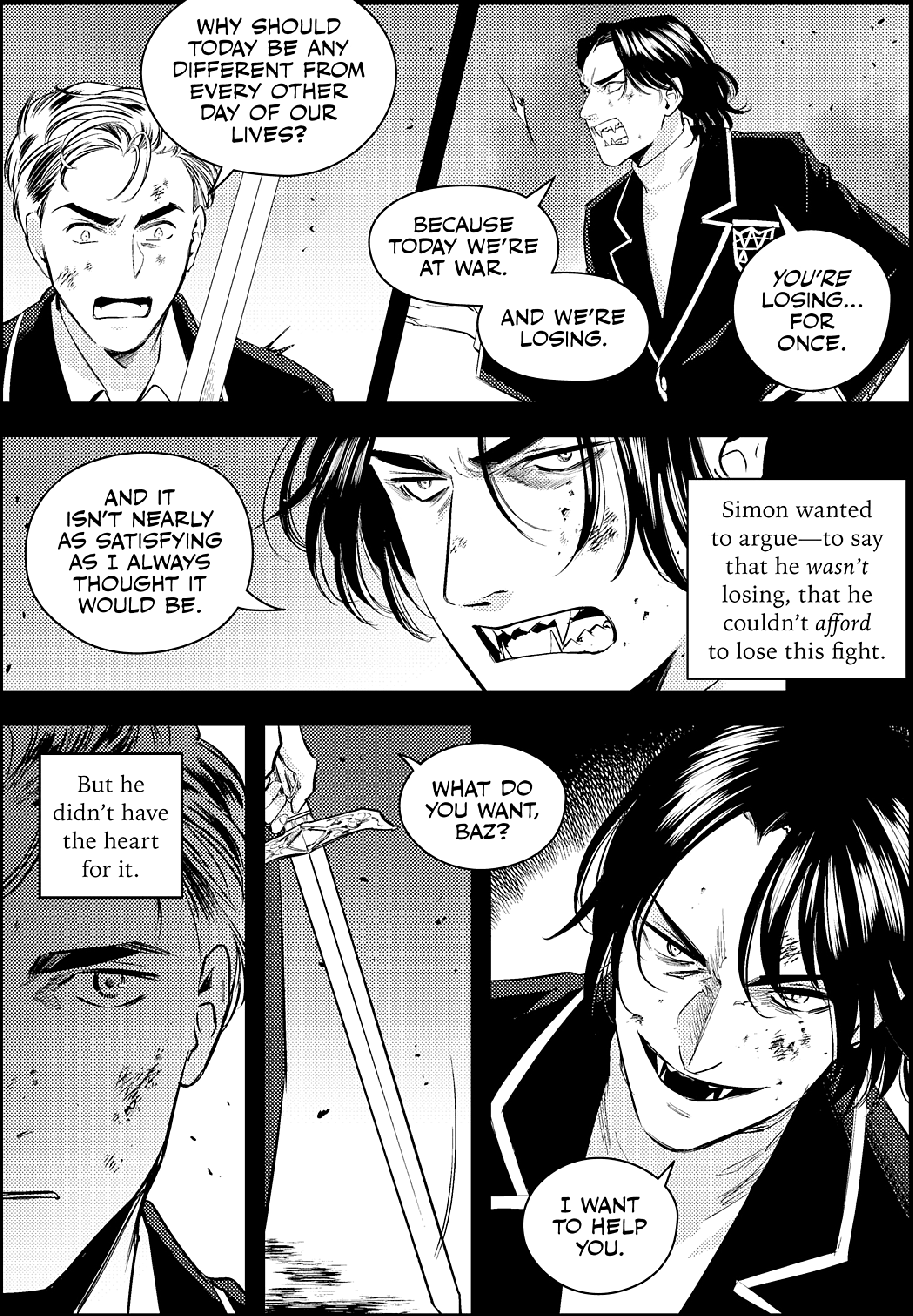

I CREATED YOU WITH MY HUNGER.
WITH MY NEED FOR MAGIC.
WITH YOUR CAPACITY...
Simon had spent his whole life trying to live up to his destiny...
...trying to become powerful enough to defeat the Insidious Humdrum...
And all he'd ever done was stoke the Humdrum's need.
CLANG
I'M NOT HUNGRY ANYMORE.

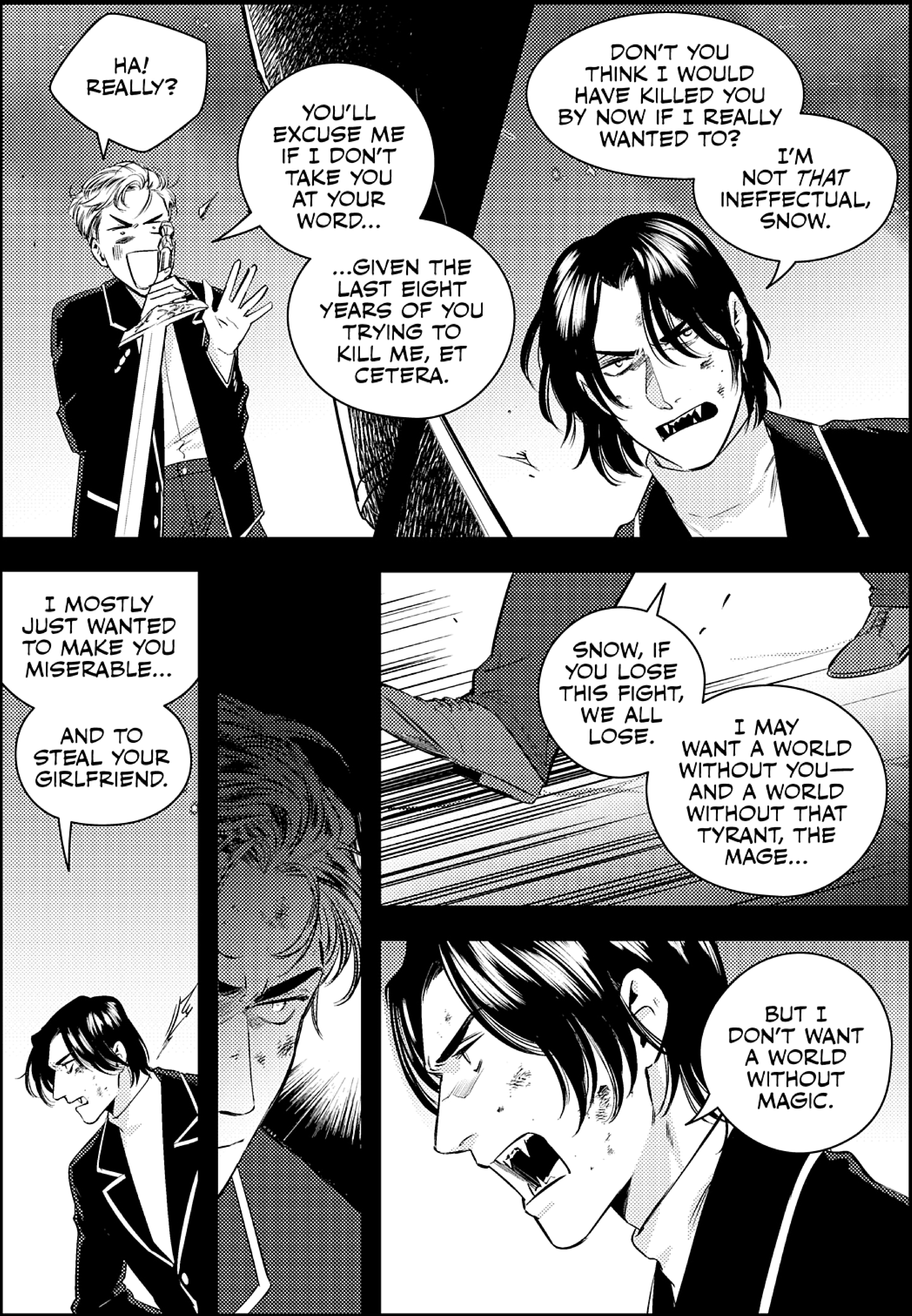

DID YOU TURN IT IN?
I SLID IT UNDER PROFESSOR PIPER'S OFFICE DOOR.
ARE YOU GOING TO READ IT TO ME?
PRIORITIES.
MAKE ROOM.
ARE YOU GETTING PEANUT BUTTER IN MY HAIR?
IT'S PREVENTATIVE.
WHEN I GET GUM IN YOUR HAIR LATER, IT WON'T STICK.

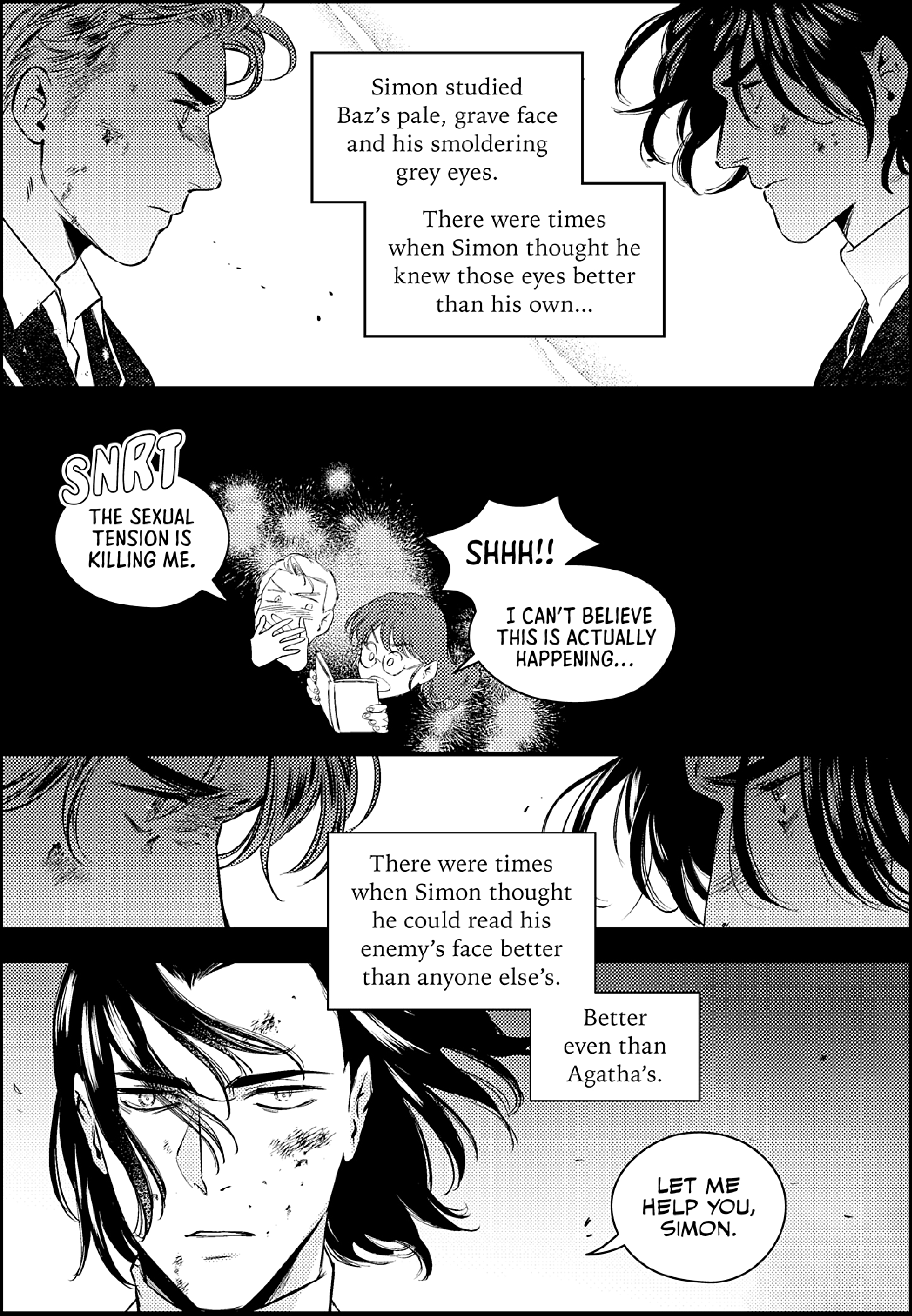

THIS IS THE LONGEST SIMON SNOW BOOK YET.
LEVI AND I HAVE BEEN READING FOR THREE DAYS, TAKING BREAKS BETWEEN STUDYING AND FINALS—AND WE STILL HAVE 300 PAGES LEFT.
SIMON SNOW
THIS IS OUR LAST WEEKEND TOGETHER.
I'M GOING TO READ UNTIL I RUN OUT OF BREATH.
I CAN'T BELIEVE I HAVEN'T BEEN SPOILED YET.
I WAS PLANNING TO DESPOIL YOU LATER—
BUT IF YOU WANT, WE CAN DO THAT FIRST.
I HAD LUNCH WITH WREN TODAY, AND SHE ALMOST SPOILED ME FOUR DIFFERENT TIMES!
I DON'T DARE GET ON THE INTERNET.
I MADE A SIGN TO WEAR ON MY APRON THAT SAYS, "DON'T TELL ME WHAT HAPPENS TO SIMON SNOW."
MAYBE I SHOULD WRITE THAT ON MY FOREHEAD.
I COULD MAKE THAT PART OF THE DESPOILING...

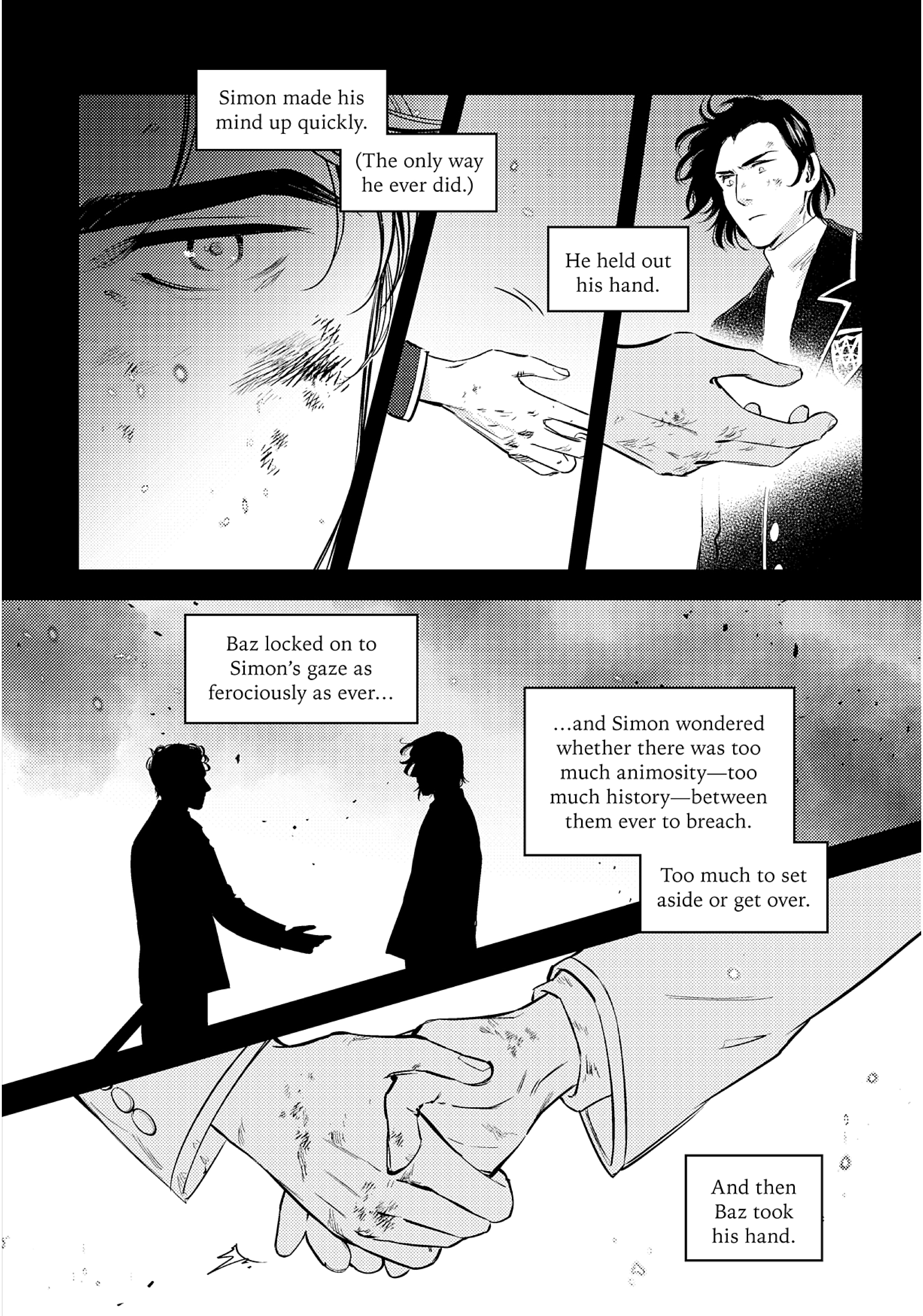

I JUST NEED TO FIND WHERE WE LEFT OFF.
I DROPPED MY BOOKMARK.
PAGE 319.
THE HUMDRUM HAD TURNED THE MERWOLVES AGAINST THE SCHOOL...
...AND THEY WERE CRAWLING AROUND, DRAGGING THEIR FINS, GETTING EVERYTHING WET, AND GNASHING THEIR TEETH AT LITTLE KIDS.
AND THEN PENELOPE BUNCE, *THE HERO OF OUR STORY*...
...CAST A SPELL THAT MADE THE CLOUDS RAIN SILVER...
AHEM
GOT IT.
PAGE 319.
"SIMON CAUGHT HIS BREATH AND LOOKED AROUND..."

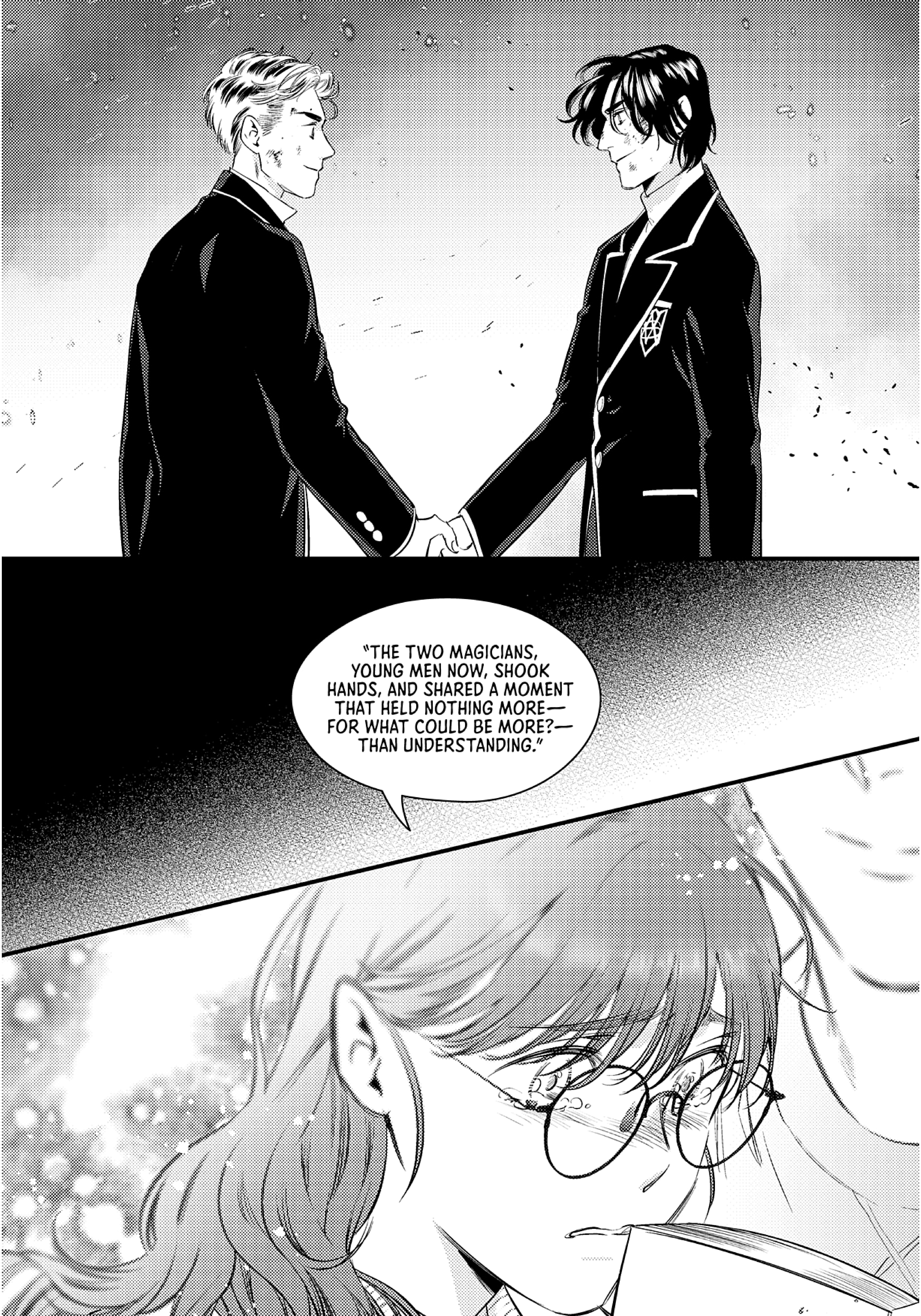

Simon could see them from here.
Baz strode across the lawn toward Simon.
He wasn't even bothering to hide his fangs—
GIVE IT A REST, SNOW.
DO YOU REALLY THINK I WANT TO FIGHT YOU? *NOW?*


WHY SHOULD TODAY BE ANY DIFFERENT FROM EVERY OTHER DAY OF OUR LIVES?
BECAUSE TODAY WE'RE AT WAR.
AND WE'RE LOSING.
YOU'RE LOSING... FOR ONCE.
AND IT ISN'T NEARLY AS SATISFYING AS I ALWAYS THOUGHT IT WOULD BE.
Simon wanted to argue—to say that he *wasn't* losing, that he couldn't *afford* to lose this fight.
But he didn't have the heart for it.
WHAT DO YOU WANT, BAZ?
I WANT TO HELP YOU.

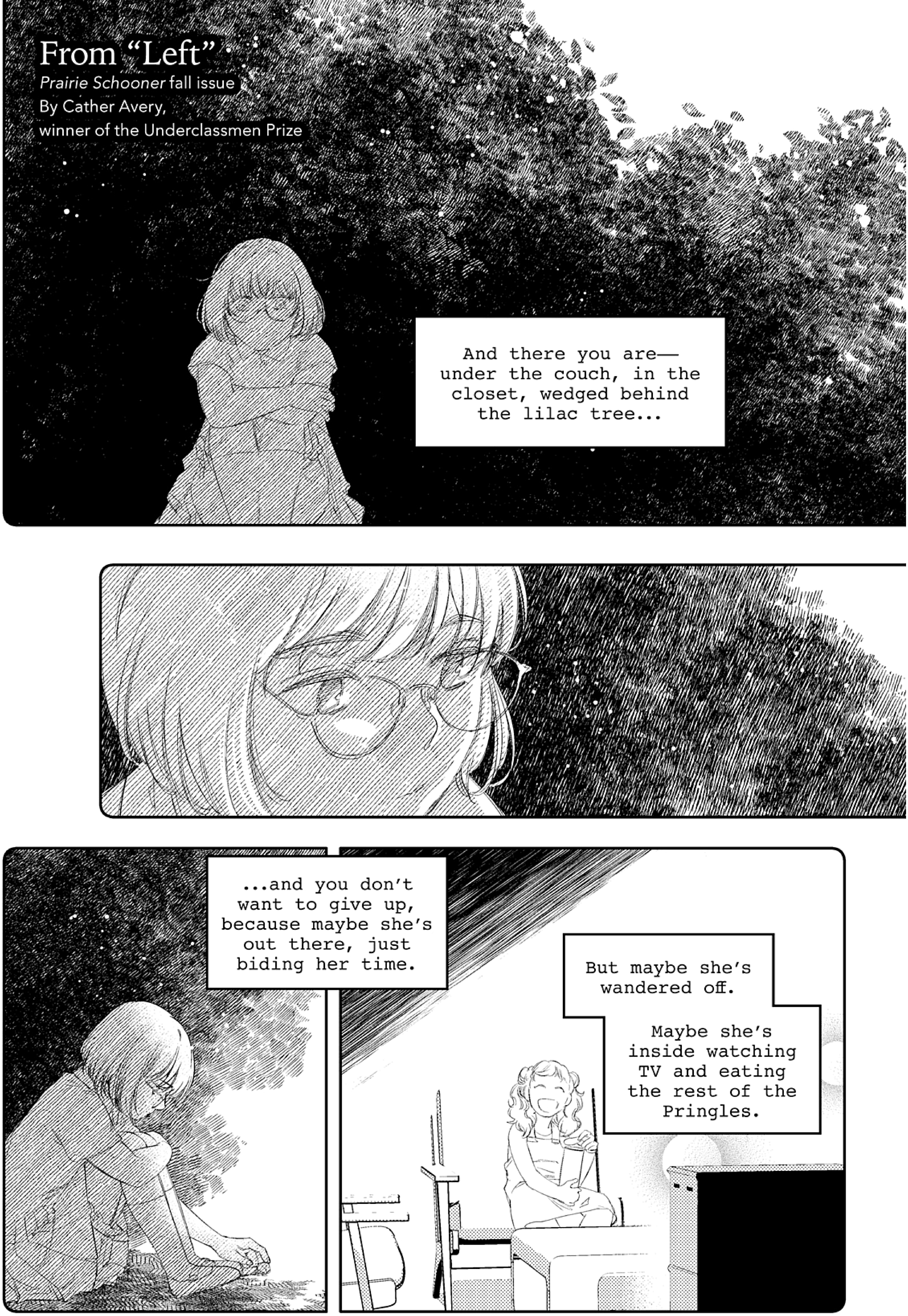

HA! REALLY?
YOU'LL EXCUSE ME IF I DON'T TAKE YOU AT YOUR WORD...
...GIVEN THE LAST EIGHT YEARS OF YOU TRYING TO KILL ME, ET CETERA.
DON'T YOU THINK I WOULD HAVE KILLED YOU BY NOW IF I REALLY WANTED TO?
I'M NOT *THAT* INEFFECTUAL, SNOW.
I MOSTLY JUST WANTED TO MAKE YOU MISERABLE...
AND TO STEAL YOUR GIRLFRIEND.
SNOW, IF YOU LOSE THIS FIGHT, WE ALL LOSE.
I MAY WANT A WORLD WITHOUT YOU—AND A WORLD WITHOUT THAT TYRANT, THE MAGE...
BUT I DON'T WANT A WORLD WITHOUT MAGIC.

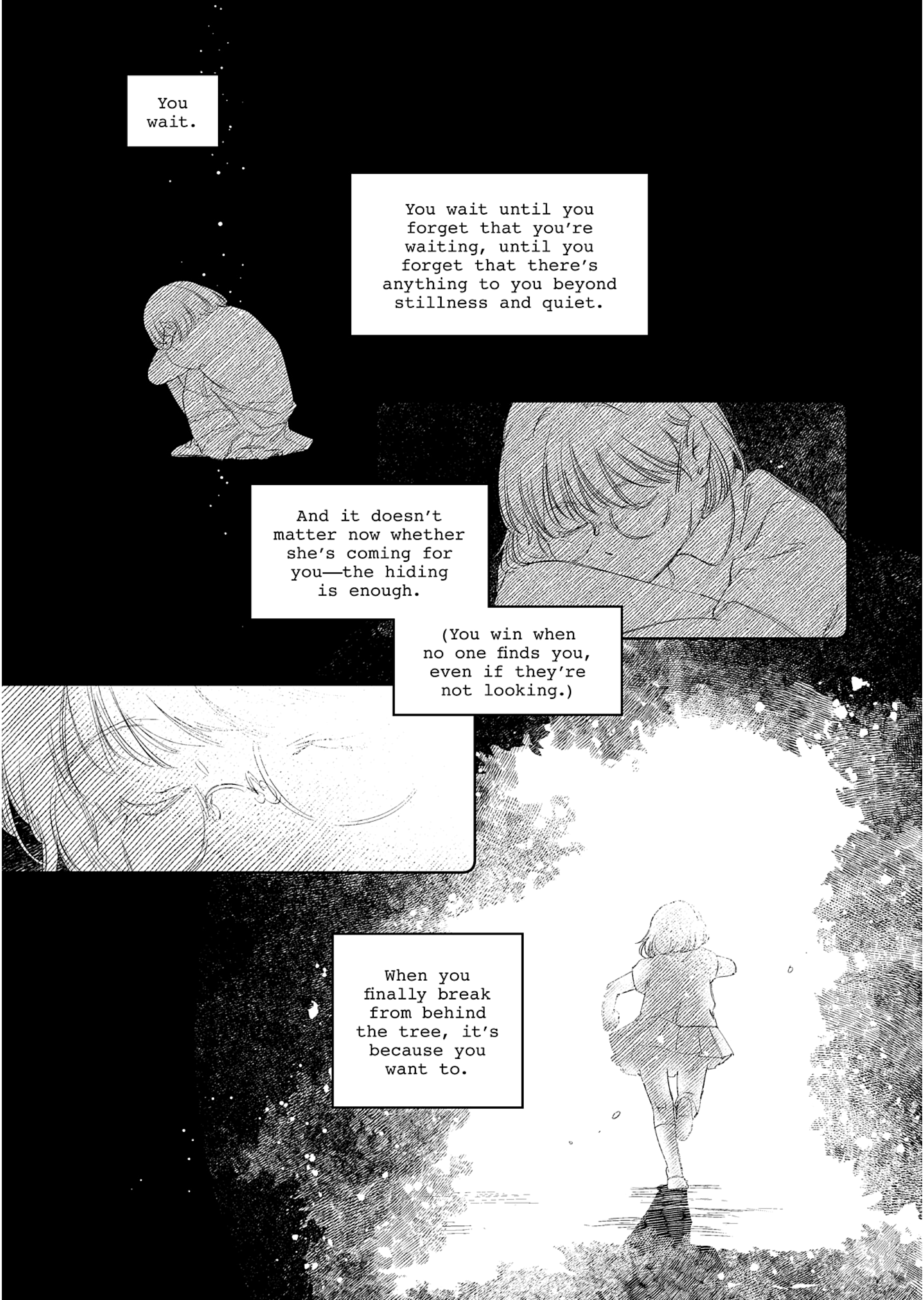

Simon studied Baz's pale, grave face and his smoldering grey eyes.
There were times when Simon thought he knew those eyes better than his own...
SNRT
THE SEXUAL TENSION IS KILLING ME.
SHHH!!
I CAN'T BELIEVE THIS IS ACTUALLY HAPPENING...
There were times when Simon thought he could read his enemy's face better than anyone else's.
Better even than Agatha's.
LET ME HELP YOU, SIMON.

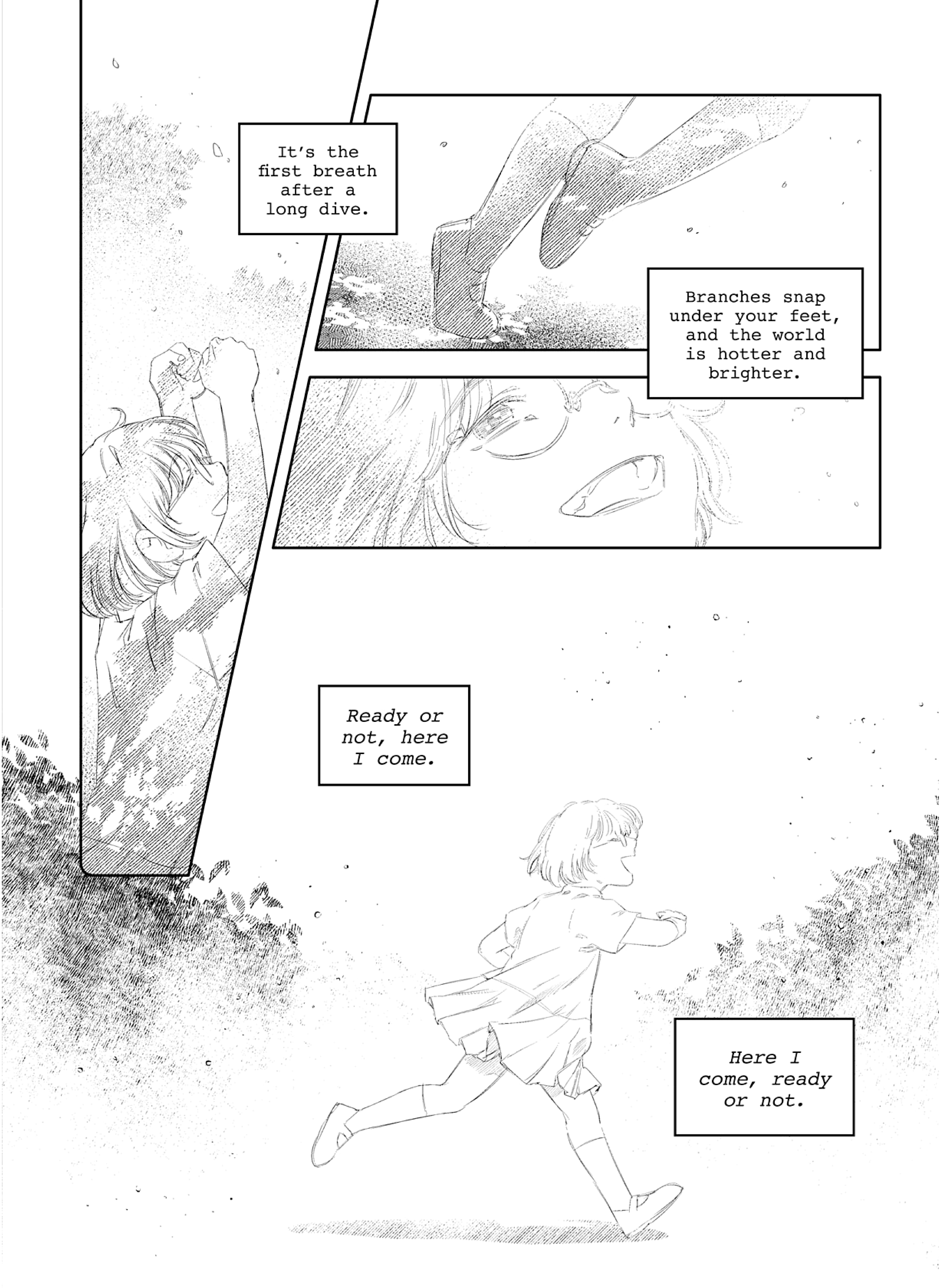

Simon made his mind up quickly.
(The only way he ever did.)
He held out his hand.
Baz locked on to Simon's gaze as ferociously as ever…
…and Simon wondered whether there was too much animosity—too much history—between them ever to breach.
Too much to set aside or get over.
And then Baz took his hand.

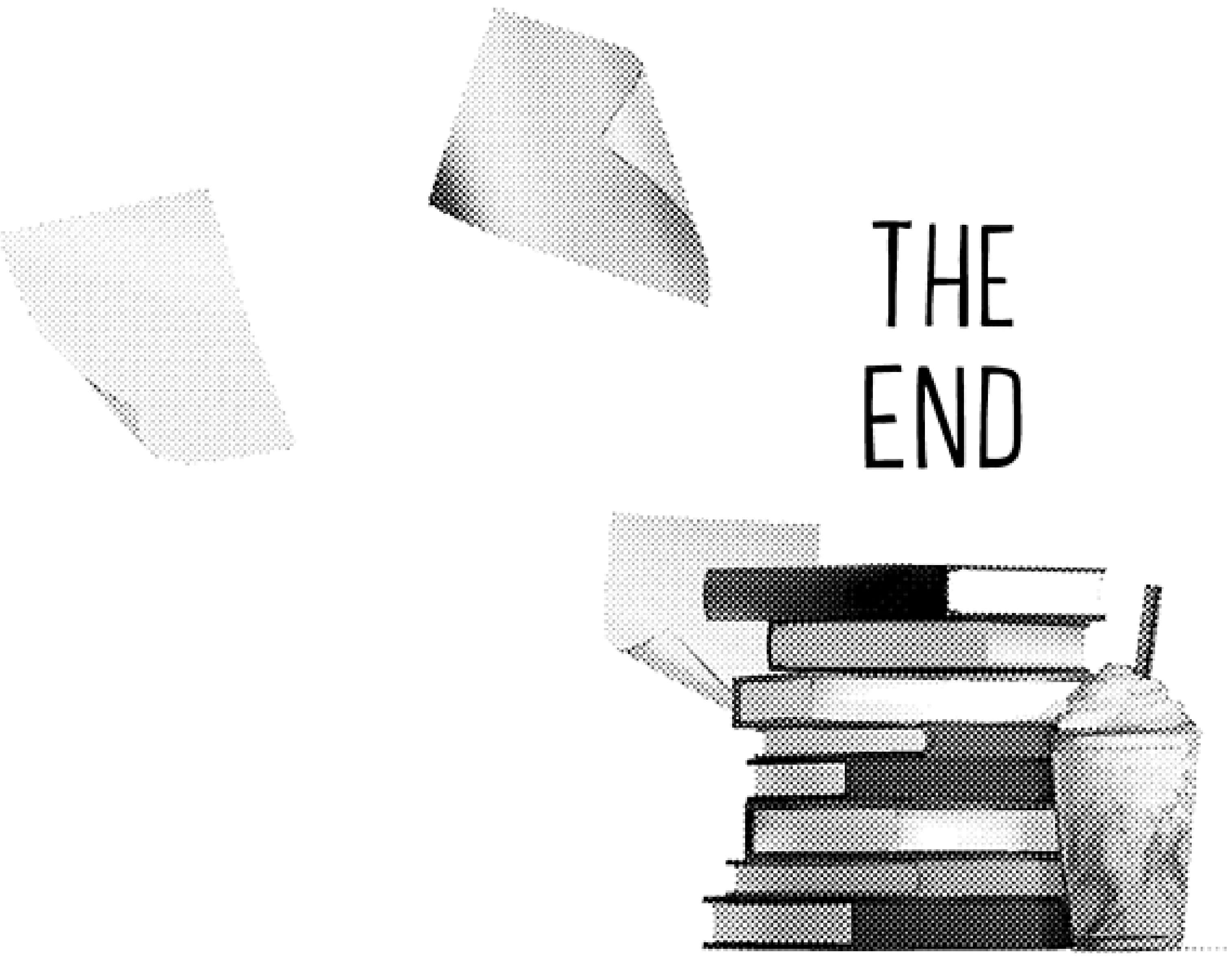

"THE TWO MAGICIANS, YOUNG MEN NOW, SHOOK HANDS, AND SHARED A MOMENT THAT HELD NOTHING MORE—FOR WHAT COULD BE MORE?—THAN UNDERSTANDING."

The problem with playing hide-and-seek with your sister is that sometimes she gets bored and stops looking for you.


From "Left"
Prairie Schooner fall issue
By Cather Avery,
winner of the Underclassmen Prize
And there you are— under the couch, in the closet, wedged behind the lilac tree...
...and you don't want to give up, because maybe she's out there, just biding her time.
But maybe she's wandered off.
Maybe she's inside watching TV and eating the rest of the Pringles.


You wait.
You wait until you forget that you’re waiting, until you forget that there’s anything to you beyond stillness and quiet.
And it doesn’t matter now whether she’s coming for you—the hiding is enough.
(You win when no one finds you, even if they’re not looking.)
When you finally break from behind the tree, it’s because you want to.

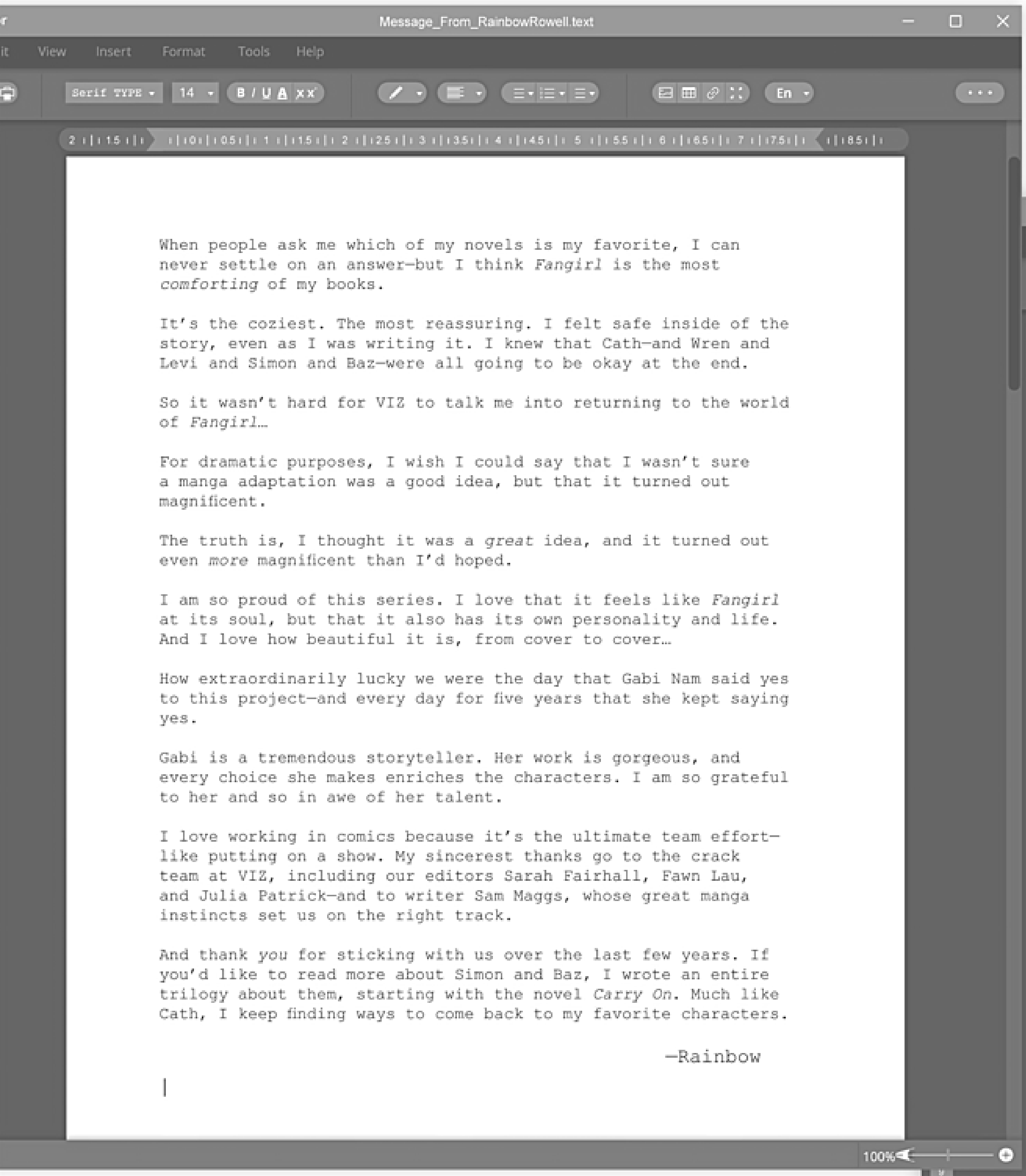

It's the first breath after a long dive.
Branches snap under your feet, and the world is hotter and brighter.
Ready or not, here I come.
Here I come, ready or not.


THE
END

Fangirl: The Manga

Rainbow Rowell, Gabi Nam

Status:	Complete
Currently reading:	4/4
Language:	English
Tags:	Simon Snow, college, sisters, fluff, forgiveness, happy endings



When people ask me which of my novels is my favorite, I can never settle on an answer—but I think *Fangirl* is the most *comforting* of my books.

It's the coziest. The most reassuring. I felt safe inside of the story, even as I was writing it. I knew that Cath—and Wren and Levi and Simon and Baz—were all going to be okay at the end.

So it wasn't hard for VIZ to talk me into returning to the world of *Fangirl*…

For dramatic purposes, I wish I could say that I wasn't sure a manga adaptation was a good idea, but that it turned out magnificent.

The truth is, I thought it was a *great* idea, and it turned out even *more* magnificent than I'd hoped.

I am so proud of this series. I love that it feels like *Fangirl* at its soul, but that it also has its own personality and life. And I love how beautiful it is, from cover to cover…

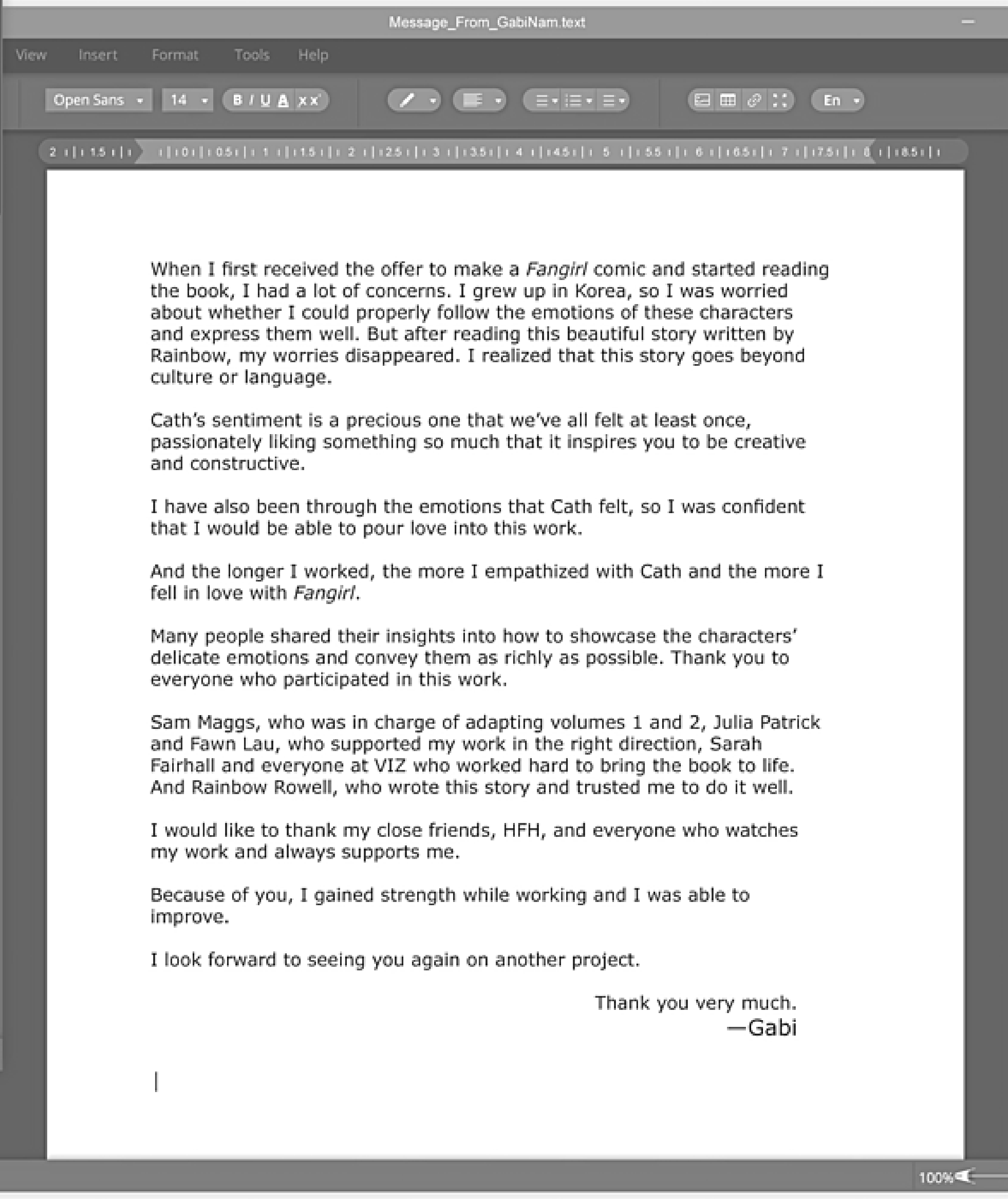
How extraordinarily lucky we were the day that Gabi Nam said yes to this project—and every day for five years that she kept saying yes.

Gabi is a tremendous storyteller. Her work is gorgeous, and every choice she makes enriches the characters. I am so grateful to her and so in awe of her talent.

I love working in comics because it's the ultimate team effort—like putting on a show. My sincerest thanks go to the crack team at VIZ, including our editors Sarah Fairhall, Fawn Lau, and Julia Patrick—and to writer Sam Maggs, whose great manga instincts set us on the right track.

And thank *you* for sticking with us over the last few years. If you'd like to read more about Simon and Baz, I wrote an entire trilogy about them, starting with the novel *Carry On*. Much like Cath, I keep finding ways to come back to my favorite characters.

—Rainbow



When I first received the offer to make a *Fangirl* comic and started reading the book, I had a lot of concerns. I grew up in Korea, so I was worried about whether I could properly follow the emotions of these characters and express them well. But after reading this beautiful story written by Rainbow, my worries disappeared. I realized that this story goes beyond culture or language.

Cath's sentiment is a precious one that we've all felt at least once, passionately liking something so much that it inspires you to be creative and constructive.

I have also been through the emotions that Cath felt, so I was confident that I would be able to pour love into this work.

And the longer I worked, the more I empathized with Cath and the more I fell in love with *Fangirl*.

Many people shared their insights into how to showcase the characters' delicate emotions and convey them as richly as possible. Thank you to everyone who participated in this work.

Sam Maggs, who was in charge of adapting volumes 1 and 2, Julia Patrick and Fawn Lau, who supported my work in the right direction, Sarah Fairhall and everyone at VIZ who worked hard to bring the book to life. And Rainbow Rowell, who wrote this story and trusted me to do it well.

I would like to thank my close friends, HFH, and everyone who watches my work and always supports me.

Because of you, I gained strength while working and I was able to improve.

I look forward to seeing you again on another project.

Thank you very much.
—Gabi

RAINBOW ROWELL

Creator

RAINBOW ROWELL lives in Omaha, Nebraska, with her family. She is the #1 *New York Times* bestselling author of *Attachments*, *Eleanor & Park*, *Landline*, and the Simon Snow Trilogy. Her comics credits include Marvel's *Runaways* and *She-Hulk*, and the graphic novel *Pumpkinheads*.

You can visit her website at www.rainbowrowell.com

GABI NAM

Illustrator

GABI NAM is a South Korean artist who has lived abroad in Japan and France. She self-publishes her work in South Korea and specializes in the black-and-white manga style. *Fangirl: The Manga* is her English debut.

fangirl

THE MANGA

4

VIZ ORIGINALS EDITION

Based on the original novel *Fangirl* by Rainbow Rowell

Written and Adapted by RAINBOW ROWELL
Illustrated by GABI NAM

Lettering: ERIKA TERRIQUEZ
Cover and Interior Design: ADAM GRANO
Editor: JULIA PATRICK, FAWN LAU

Copyright © Rainbow Rowell
Art Copyright © Gabi Nam

The stories, characters, and incidents mentioned
in this publication are entirely fictional.

No portion of this book may be reproduced or
transmitted in any form or by any means without
written permission from the copyright holders.

Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication data is available.

Printed in the U.S.A.

Published by VIZ Media, LLC
P.O. Box 77010
San Francisco, CA 94107

10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1
First printing, August 2024

ratings.viz.com RATED T+ OLDER TEEN

PARENTAL ADVISORY
FANGIRL: THE MANGA is rated T+ for Older Teen and is recommended for ages 16 and up. This volume contains mature language and themes.

VIZ ORIGINALS
viz.com